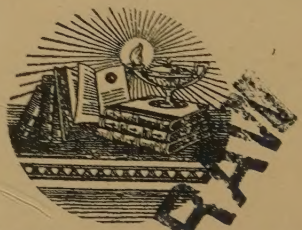
784.498
H147s

DEO ADJUVANTE
NON
TIMENDUM



XAVIER UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

SEC. 384.498
H147s
ACCES. 43693

WITHDRAWN

DONATED BY

MEMOIRS OF

The American Folk-Lore Society.

VOLUME X.

1917.

Spanish-American Folk-Songs

AS SUNG AND PLAYED BY

MRS. FRANCISCA DE LA GUERRA DIBBLEE, MISS CARLOTA MANUELA CORELLA, MISS E. A. SEEGER, MRS. GEOFFREY HAMER, MRS. THEODORE BARNES, MRS. KARBE, SEÑORITA LUZ GONZALES DOSAL, MRS. DANE COOLIDGE, SEÑORA RAMIREZ, SEÑORA R. FUENTES, MRS. L. BUHLER, MISS I. BUHLER, SEÑORA LOBO, MR. WALTER C. RIOTTE, MR. W. FINDLAY, PEDRO DIAZ, MAXIMILIAN SALINAS, FATHER O'SULLIVAN.

COLLECTED BY

ELEANOR HAGUE.

LANCASTER, PA., AND NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.
G. E. STECHERT & Co., NEW YORK, Agents:
1917.

43693

M1747
.N14

TO

ALL THOSE TO WHOM

FOLK-SONGS

ARE A SOURCE OF JOY

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

Copyright, 1917,
By the AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

All rights reserved.

PRESS OF
THE NEW ERA PRINTING COMPANY
LANCASTER, PA.
1917

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Introductory 11

1. Serenata (*Southern California*) 27
2. El trobador (*Southern California*) 28
3. La casita (*Central Mexico*) 29
4. Yo no sé si me quieres (*Southern California* or *Northern Mexico*) 31
5. Los ojos mexicanos (near *Mexico City*) 32
6. Dime, mujer adorada (*Santa Barbara, Cal.*) 33
7. Yo te amo, idolatro (*Costa Rica*) 33
8. Pregúntale a las estrellas (*Puebla, Mex.*) 34
9. Reir es necesario (*Central Mexico*) 35
10. Angel de mis amores (*Oaxaca, Mex.*) 37
11. Un Adios. Canción (*Oaxaca, Mex.*) 38
12. La paloma blanca (*Arizona* and *Northern Mexico*) 38
13. Que bello es querer (*Mexico City*) 39
14. Tiemblo con tus miradas (*Northern Sonora*) 40
15. Encantadora María (*Oaxaca, Mex.*) 41
16. Crepúsculo (*Southern Mexico*) 42
17. ¡O blanca virgen a tu ventana! (*Santa Barbara, Cal.*) 42
18. Tu eres mas bella (*Costa Rica*) 44
19. Vuela suspiro (*Argentina*) 45
20. Las tristas horas (*Puebla, Mex.*) 45
21. Chula la mañana (*Mexico*) 47
22. Los celos de Carolina (*Southern California*) 48
23. Carmela (*Mexico*) 49
24. Si formas tuvieran mis pensamientos (*Los Angeles, Cal.*) . . 50
25. Entré un jardín (*San Juan Capistrano, Cal.*) 50
26. El sufrimiento (*Mexico City*) 51
27. Serenata (*Southern Oaxaca* and *Vera Cruz*) 52
28. El tormento de amor (*Southern California*) 54
29. Mi sueño (*Oaxaca, Mex.*) 55
30. Baja esos ojos (*Coahuila, Mex.*) 56
31. Las blancas flores (*Southern California*) 57
32. La estrella del norte (*Mexico*) 58
33. Un pajarito (*Mexico City*) 58
34. Noche serena (*Northern Mexico*) 60
35. Por ti respiro (*Mexico*) 61
36. El suspiro (*Oaxaca, Mex.*) 62
37. Vivo llorando la suerte (*Mexico City*) 63

PAGE

38. Yo pienso en ti (*Southern California*) 64
39. A la luz de la luna (*Lower California*) 65
40. Como quieres (*Oaxaca, Mex.*) 67
41. Que no te amo (*Mexico City*) 68
42. Vivo penando (*Santa Barbara, Cal.*) 68
43. María, María (*California*) 69
44. Media noche (*Lower California*) 70
45. Si vieras, vida mia (*Oaxaca, Mex.*) 72
46. Como nací en la calle (*Mexico City*) 73
47. Nadie me quiere (*Southern California*) 74
48. La mulata (*Cuba* and *Mexico City*) 75
49. Mi mamá me consejaba (*Costa Rica*) 76
50. No me mates (*Costa Rica*) 76
51. Me puse a torear (*Mexico City*) 77
52. Todo tiene su hasta aquí (*Southern California*) 78
53. Una negra guachinanga (*Cuba*) 79
54. Bartolillo (*Costa Rica*) 80
55. A cantar a una niña (*Costa Rica*) 81
56. El galan incógnito (*Spain* and *Spanish America*) 82
57. La Guajira (*Cuba*) 83
58. Aunque ames (*Spain* and *Spanish America*) 85
59. En los montes mas remotos (*Andes Mountains*) 86
60. La paloma cuencana (*Andes Mountains*) 87
61. La jaula de oro (*Mexico City*) 87
62. Cantares (*Mexico City*) 88
63. El demonio en la oreja (*Cuba*) 88
64. Boanerges (*Mexico*) 89
65. Las mañanitas (*Oaxaca, Mex.*) 90
66. No hay árbol (*Costa Rica*) 90
67. Hay un marino (*Spain* and *Spanish America*) 91
68. Si va el vapor (*Mexico* and *Central America*) 92
69. Un lago delicioso (*Costa Rica*) 93
70. El conde del cruel araño (*Mexico City*) 94
71. El periquito (*Cuba*) 95
72. La india (*Oaxaca, Mex.*) 96
73. Tecolote (*Central America*) 97
74. Señora, su periquito (*Northern Mexico*) 97
75. Vámonos por Santa Anita (*Northern Mexico*) 98
76. La Rana (*Mexico*) 98
77. Ya viene el alba (*San Juan Capistrano, Cal.*) 99
78. Arrullo (*Chili, Argentina, Porto Rico*) 100
79 El clavel (*Mexico*) 100
80. Jarabe mixteca (*Oaxaca, Mex.*) 101
81. Levántese niña (*California*) 101

PAGE
82. La petenera zapoteca (*Oaxaca*) 102
83. Guadalajara Tapatí (*Mexico*) 102
84. Cueca or zamacueca (*Chili*) 103
85. Que gusto me da 103
86. Sandunga (*Tehuantepec*) 103
87. Jarabe (*Central Mexico*) 104
88. La Chilena (*Oaxaca, Mex.*) 104
89. El palomo (*Sierra Juarez*) 105
90. La borrachita (*Guadalajara*) 105
91. La malagueña (*Jamiltepec*) 106
92. Quieres que te ponga (*Southern California*) 106
93. Yo soy una chinaquita (*Mexico*) 107
94. Hatuey (*Cuba*) 108
95. ¡Ay! Vienen los yankees (*Southern California*) 109
Bibliography 110

SPANISH–AMERICAN FOLK–SONGS.

Introductory.

SPANISH music, both secular and religious, had attained its highest development at the time when the Spanish colonization of America was beginning. The troubador spirit had cast its spell over the nobility of Spain; and there was much popular music as well, born of the Spaniards' inherent desire to sing and dance. Arab musicians and music-teachers were to be found in most of the southern towns of the peninsula, whence came also many of the early settlers of the colonies. There are various records which show that music was considered important in the new country, and that with the soldiers, laborers, and priests, came also musicians; for there is an old document, dating from only twenty years after Columbus' first discovery, which speaks of two musicians who were brought from Spain to a town in Cuba, "to make gaiety for the populace." Another document records that one of the soldiers of Cortez was named Ortiz and was a "tocador de bihuela, y enseñaba a danzar" (teacher of the *bihuela*, and taught dancing). Thus the folk-music of this people has a longer history on this continent than either that of the French-Canadians or Negroes, and it is just as much true music of the people. Moreover, the best of these songs are more highly developed in type than those of the other races.

Early Spanish-American colonial life was very simple, and the settlements were often remote from outside influences. All this was favorable to the development of folk-song; and therefore it follows not only that the immigrants went on singing their old songs, but that succeeding generations developed new ones. These were as truly the growth of this country as the American-born singers themselves; for as a rule, owing to intermarriage with the Indians

and varying living-conditions, the inheritance was no longer unmixed Spanish. The few families who are still pure Spanish are justly proud of the fact. In the West Indies and a few other regions, Negro blood also became an important element in the racial mixture. The result of all this intermingling is shown in their songs, which are seldom merely importations from the old country or simply primitive Indian. Even those sung by the people in whom the Indian strain is prominent show Spanish influences of rhythm and style and key; so that, for instance, one finds a "Petenera zapoteca" (No. 82). The *peteneras* came originally from southern Spain; and this, their counterpart, is sung and danced by the Zapotec Indians of Oaxaca. In the *Habanera*[1] one finds Negro influences in the rhythm; or one sees a *Malagueña* (No. 91), — a form obviously of Spanish origin, but here sung by the half-breed Indians. In this case, as in some others, the resemblance is not very strong between the original Spanish type and the Spanish-American. At times even Moorish influences are discernible, brought from the old country by the early settlers. In fact, the region that came under Spanish dominion was so large, and varied so widely in ancestry and exterior conditions, that the folk-music also grew to have correspondingly differing characteristics.

Mexico City developed rapidly; for by 1574 we read of fifteen thousand Spanish inhabitants, besides Indians, with a well-built Spanish residence quarter, and some streets wide enough for six coaches to be driven abreast; also monasteries, churches, schools, public buildings, and four hospitals, of which one was for Indians. In 1697 Coreal says of the town that it had a population of one hundred thousand. He also says, "Les femmes sont spirituelles, agréables, vives, amoureuses, et belles, mais les maris sont en recompense d'un esprit mal fait, vains et entêtés de leur

[1] *Habanera* or *danza*, a song-form named from Havana, where it originated, and whence it has spread to both sides of the ocean. As a rule, the *danza* consists of two well-defined sections, differing from each other in key, or phrasing, or emotional quality. Sometimes one finds a *danza* in three sections; as, for instance, No. 33 ("Un pajarito") or No. 48 ("Paseando una mañana").

mérite." Various other writers seem to agree with him about the women, but are less severe on the men. He describes Mexico City as "Sans contredit, la ville de tout l'Amérique ou l'on pouvait dépenser, et le plus agréablement." There were theatres and operas as well as other forms of entertainment, and life in the capital must have been full of gay scenes and vivid contrasts.

Enormous fortunes were made in the mines, which opened the way to various forms of pleasure and expenditure. Moreover, the rich could get various European luxuries. One reads descriptions in Mme. Calderon de la Barca's letters, and elsewhere, of beautiful dresses and jewels; and in the Museum in Mexico there are wonderful old costumes and pieces of antique furniture. Thomas Gage quotes a by-word of the day: "Four things are fair, — the women, the apparel, the horses, and the streets." He adds, "and the beauty of the coaches, which do exceed in cost the best of the Court of Madrid and other parts of Christendom, for they spare no silver nor gold nor precious stones, nor cloth of gold, nor the best of silk from China, to enrich them." Throughout all the Spanish colonies, and from the earliest times, the things from Europe were always sought after and treasured; for they were hard to get, and, if they were lost, there was never any assurance that they could be replaced.

In the country regions there was greater simplicity of life as to physical conditions, and mental as well; for schools were few and far between, and outside of Mexico City and Lima, and one or two other university towns, the standards in education were easy-going. We read that books concerning the Americas could not be delivered there without permission of the proper authorities, and every book had to be registered and described when shipped.[1] "Profane matter, fabulous matter, and romance" were all forbidden by the Inquisition. Such an attitude on the part of the authorities discouraged many kinds of effort and study;

[1] The first printing-press in Mexico was set up in 1536 or 1537, and all the first publications were religious or linguistic.

and it is a credit to the colonies that scholarship in the universities, within the permitted fields of work, should have reached as high a standard as that found anywhere in Europe during the same period. The missions to the Indians were very important in the early development of the colonies; for, as they were scattered broadcast, in regions both hospitable and inhospitable, many towns sprang into life around them. Music was much used in the effort to convert the Indians, and Remesal describes the doctrine of salvation, translated into native tongue and sung to the accompaniment of native instruments.

In many parts of the country Indian labor was used for the ranches, mines, and so forth; while in some sections Negroes were brought over from Africa. Theoretically the Indians were not enslaved, while the Africans were; but in actual fact there was little difference between the position of one and that of the other. In the early days, from four to six slaves made possible a comfortable existence, — one to hunt, one to fish, and the rest for cultivation of the land. Some families acquired as many as two or three hundred. The large estates had to be self-supporting in all the essentials of life; and in the well-to-do families there was great lavishness in all that pertained to the table, and service in the household.

In California the better families were very proud of keeping their Castilian blood pure; and, though their life was remote from all European intercourse, it was easy and agreeable, so far as fertile country and kindly climate could make it, and gay because of the nature of the people. They lived to a ripe old age, keeping their faculties and hair and teeth. They were temperate and happy in disposition, not caring about business, but skilled in all forms of bodily exercise, and their horsemanship was extraordinarily fine. The women married young, and were industrious housewives. There were few doctors, and apparently their services were not much needed. There are still alive elderly people who remember the merry visiting back and forth between the various ranches, the ladies going in the big

family coach, and the gentlemen on horseback. Many stories have come down to us of the gayeties, balls, parties, picnics, and so on. Captain Hall says that in Peru it used to be the general habit, in regard to balls, for ladies who happened not to be invited to go in disguise and stand at the windows, sometimes even entering the room. They were known as *tapadas*, because of having their faces covered; and their purpose was to observe the proceedings of their unconscious friends, whom they tormented by comments whenever they were within hearing.

On the country estates the owners always looked after the passing traveller, as hotels were unheard of; and this had its defects as well as its advantages, for the traveller was dependent upon the good will of his host as well as on the size of his establishment. Most of the reports which have come to us show, however, no lack of good will. It is said that more than one wealthy man used to keep his gold stored in his attic, uncounted, but ready to loan to friends without interest or security. There are descriptions also of early travellers in California being sent off on the best horses belonging to the *hacienda* where they had stopped for the night; and apparently it was the fashion for the *hacendado* to leave a tray of silver coins, covered with a cloth, on a table in his guest-room, from which one might draw, but was not expected to take more than enough for immediate need. Even before the United States took over the government of California, in 1848, this practice had nearly disappeared, because of unscrupulous travellers and promoters from the States who had not hesitated to misuse Spanish hospitality. Such has been the sad fate of many fine old customs.

Travelling was difficult and dangerous in every way. Even the journey from Vera Cruz to Mexico City was full of perils; and a longer trip, such as going overland to New Mexico or Arizona, must have been an enormous undertaking. The travelling-carriages are described as having many cushions, a large place for food underneath the body of the vehicle, pockets for guns, and space for baggage, so that they must have been quite cumbersome affairs.

During many years the authorized commerce of the colonies with the mother country was restricted to two fleets a year. This led to much smuggling, and the custom was discontinued in 1748. In 1774 the prohibition against intercolonial commerce was removed. According to Friar Thomas Gage, the stir and excitement occasioned in the town of Progreso on the arrival of the fleet was intense. For days beforehand caravans of mules and donkeys laden with silver, cocoa, and other products, were coming into town. They unloaded on the square by simply dumping their belongings in great heaps, which apparently no one thought of stealing. Then, when the fleet arrived, there followed days of bargaining, and later of celebration, after which Progreso went to sleep till the next fleet was due.

The remoteness from European standards led to a tenacity in regard to old customs that exists to the present day. In certain parts of Mexico a young man will still steal his bride; but as a rule they hold to the old Spanish manner of courtship, which, although it has nearly died out in the mother country, still exists in Mexico for all classes. When a young man notices a girl whose looks charm him, either in the street with her *dueña* or at Mass, he follows her home, and then finds out from his friends about her people. Probably she has noticed his attention; and if she likes it, she finds some opportunity to smile at him, or drop a flower; whence begins the part of courtship known as *Hacer el oso* ("to play the bear"). He comes under her window every evening, and she leans over the balcony and talks with him. In that way she has the opportunity to become acquainted more freely than in her severely chaperoned parlor. He may persuade a servant to take notes to her and bring back her answers, all of which is considered quite *comme il faut*, and is not necessarily binding. This goes on sometimes for months; and if the poor youth happens to strike the rainy season, it makes no difference: he must "play the bear," rain or shine, even if he has to stand up to his knees in water. If his day-time occupation takes him past her house at regular hours, there is further opportunity for a greeting,

of which she is sure to take advantage. Finally the suitor makes the acquaintance of the whole family; but in accordance with the tradition of the Latin races, even after a formal engagement, the strict chaperonage by either a *dueña* or a balcony-rail goes on until marriage. In serenade No. 56, which seems to have originated in the Spanish province of Asturias, the reference is obviously to this custom; for the girl comes to her balcony at the young man's signal, and gives an answering whistle.

In the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, and the arid parts of old Mexico, external conditions of life were harsh, and meant hardship and poverty for the people who settled there, so that there were few families of wealth and distinction and little patriarchal life. One New Mexican custom is worthy of note. The region is essentially good for sheep-raising, and not for much else. The first sheep were introduced shortly after the arrival of the Spaniards; and soon most of the land was controlled by a few wealthy sheep-owners, while the rest of the population became little more than slaves, spending their lives herding these vast flocks. Thus there were practically only two classes, — the booted and the barefooted. On these big estates the wool was spun and woven; and once a year, in March, occurred what was known as the *conducta*.[1] At that time a representative from each Spanish family took his gun, also a supply of food and the result of the winter's weaving piled on the backs of his burros, and went to the Rendezvous. Because of Apaches and Comanches, safety for the Spaniards lay in numbers; so the band of travellers went together into Sonora, and there exchanged their blankets for cattle, coffee, fruits, silks, and so on. This took from March till September; and then they set off for the annual buffalo-hunt, so as to get the year's supply of buffalo-meat to be dried. After that was over, it was time to go to the salt-lakes for the year's supply of salt; and then the horses needed to be rested before beginning all over again.

Each adoring swain, before he could gain his damsel's

[1] See The Land of Poco Tiempo, by C. F. Lummis, p. 20 (New York, Scribner's).

hand, must perforce join the *conducta* for his future father-in-law; and even after he had successfully put that through (a year's work without pay), he must buy or steal an Indian girl who should become the attendant of his bride. As Indian girls cost about five hundred dollars apiece in the market (far more than most young men possessed), stealing was in order. Not till all these things were accomplished could the poor youth really claim his lady-love.

During the whole Colonial period one finds quaint European characters scattered through Spanish America, — derelicts washed ashore in some quiet nook after storms of various kinds on the other side of the ocean. Thomas Gage describes a man who had originally been a slave in Seville, who ran away to this country, married an Indian woman, and lived for many years among the Indians. Captain Andrews tells about an ex-Napoleonic general, who had seen many great deeds and exciting times, and who died a husbandman and charcoal-burner in Brazil, living at some distance from one of the large towns, and far from court intrigues and the hatreds of men. In 1855 there was an old, red-headed, hot-tempered Scotch woman living in Panama. She had married a native husband, and made him lead the bull on which it pleased her to ride about the town, — an unbeautiful rebirth of the Europa legend. In 1861 a disillusioned, love-sick French count was living entirely alone on an island in the Caribbean Sea. He was at such a distance from the mainland, that only a few times during the year would he leave his retreat, going ashore in his sailboat for the absolute necessities. The rest of the time he spent quite by himself, and it was only through the exigencies of weather that he was discovered by the crew of a vessel which had to seek shelter near by. Tucked away in another remote corner there lived, until quite lately, a man who had been, early in life, principal violinist in one of the important courts in Europe. He had had the temerity to fall in love with a lady way above him in station, and exile and many wanderings were all he got for his pains.

In this volume the song called "El trobador" (No. 2)

comes from southern California, where it is quite familiar. The melody is strikingly similar to the Polish revolutionary song called "Valiant Lagienka;" but it has taken on a more southern mode of expression, and a warmer texture in its melody. The words have been entirely remade. Is it not possible that some tale from the past might be unearthed, of Polish refugees away off in the new country? Even the Spanish words speak of banishment and exile.

The early instrument throughout Spanish America was the guitar, or its predecessor the *bihuela*, a guitar-like instrument of Moorish origin: and although violins and harps were numerous, the guitar was and is really the most beloved. The native Mexican would use this instrument to accompany any of the songs in this book, playing either chords or arpeggios; and as a rule he would make the accompaniment simple, although an occasional guitar-player becomes a virtuoso and performs extraordinary feats. They are especially fond of the very honeyed quality of successive thirds, which they carry to an extreme. In this collection there are several dances, which were played for me while I was in Mexico by a man named Maximilian Salinas, who is big and brown, with a shock of coarse, half-long, black hair, immaculate clothes, the biggest sombrero in the state of Oaxaca, and the manners of a Spanish grandee. He reminded me, though in a more picturesque way, of the men one sometimes sees in city streets, playing three or four different instruments, with their hands, head, and feet; for he played a melody and its second on a mouth-organ, which was fastened to the upper side of a guitar on which he played a really sonorous accompaniment.

Harps were formerly often used, especially in South America. Pianos were first imported about 1840; and their possession is, as everywhere, a sign of comfortable fortune. In South America, and also among some of the native tribes in Mexico, a drum is used, made of a single piece of hollowed wood covered with rawhide. The true Indian, however, in his white cotton clothes, zarape, and big sombrero,

has a very tender spot in his heart for a mouth-organ; and I have spent various diverting hours in the plaza or the market-place, listening to some serenely unconscious, brown-skinned mortal tooting busily to himself.

Within the last decade, phonographs of all degrees and qualities have become very common, and the result works in both ways. Sometimes songs are preserved by this means, and their radius enlarged; at other times one hears the worst of worn-out, decrepit "Bowery" tunes, with Spanish words replacing the English.

Among the people who sing, one finds all kinds of voices, good and bad; but uneducated singers usually have a fondness for nasal tone quality, and also for extra-ornamenting a melody with superfluous grace-notes and turns, in the manner of southern Spain. This is a part of their Moorish inheritance, for the Moors carry it to a point where the original melody sometimes becomes unrecognizable. There is one man among the various people who have sung for me, Pedro Diaz, also of Oaxaca, who is a very interesting example of what the untrained, half-breed singer can be. He is a tailor by trade, very delicate and slight in build, with a charming baritone voice. His temperament is really artistic, so that without education or training he instinctively feels the right interpretation of a song. In the melodies which he sang for me, and most of which he said he had learned from his uncle when he was a little boy, he made almost no mistakes in taste. His songs are among the very best that I have found, with flowing phrases which are often long and well balanced, and climaxes that are well developed. Up to the time that I heard him sing, I had felt that the more complicated types of songs were perhaps sung only by people who had at least some training and education, but his music changed this theory of mine. It is interesting also to notice that often, even in the most cultivated families, music is more a matter of instinct and feeling than of much training. People who know little or nothing about the technical side of the art will nevertheless sing a second part to a song by ear, and without blundering.

A knowledge of the songs of Spanish America usually begins with "La paloma" and "La golondrina,"[1] both of which are very familiar there; but as they are still comparatively young, there may be a reasonable doubt as to whether they can be classed properly as folk-songs. These are but two examples; and, among many others, certain ones seem to be very generally known throughout Mexico, — as, for instance, "Carmen, Carmela" (No. 23) and "Si va el vapor" (No. 68), — while others are purely local.

It is a difficult matter, and often impossible, to trace the history of any folk-song. The result of my effort to learn about these is given each time preceding the music, as a note. I have been able to trace only five of these melodies back to Spain; but I do not like to say positively that more of them might not be found in the mother country, although I have searched diligently through many volumes of Spanish folk-music,[2] and have made inquiries in many directions. A few are combinations of parts of older songs that have been brought from Spain; but even in these there seems always to be some new element, either in tune or words. There are three songs (Nos. 3, 5, and 8, "La casita," "Los ojos mexicanos," and "Pregúntale a las estrellas") — all in the very familiar *danza* or *Habanera* form — which, for their second section, seem to have had a common ancestor, although I have failed to find it. The songs in *danza* rhythm are numerous, and include some of the most charming and interesting of those found in Spanish America; as, for instance, No. 33 ("Un pajarito"), No. 4 ("Yo no sé si me quieres"), and No. 15 ("Encantadora María"), in which

[1] These can be bought in any music-store. In addition, Charles F. Lummis of Los Angeles, Cal., has published a little group of Spanish-American songs in his Land of Poco Tiempo, and, with the co-operation of Arthur Farwell, two other songs in sheet-music form, — Las horas de luto and La cara negra. Mr. Lummis has made a remarkable collection of phonograph records. Some years ago J. F. McCoy published ten songs in sheet-music form in Santa Barbara, Cal., most of which are now out of print. Stimmen der Völker is a book brought out by Albert Friedenthal, which has some good and some questionable statements. Wagner and Levien of Mexico City have also published a pamphlet of songs. H. W. Gray has a volume of twelve Folk-Songs from Mexico and South America.

[2] A bibliography will be found at the back of the volume.

the melodies are far more original than those of the group that I mentioned above.

There are various points that tend to make one believe in the Mexican origin of this music; as, for instance, the relative popularity of the various rhythms. That most ardent student of folk-songs, Carl Engel, has found that in Spain the number of songs in three-part rhythm makes about ninety per cent of the whole, whereas in Mexico three-part rhythms are used much less often. By contrast, the *danza* rhythm I have found occurring as often as one in five or six, instead of only about one in fifteen, as in Spain. Apart from their special leaning in Mexico towards the *danza* rhythm, they seem to divide their affection fairly between two-part and three-part rhythms, in all their varieties. The *danza* tunes which are intended especially for songs are said never to be used for dancing. The reverse is true as well.

Engel also says that among a hundred Spanish tunes, he found seventy-eight in major, twenty in minor, and two beginning in major and ending in minor, with none that started in minor and ended in major.[1] In Mexico I have found the proportion of major tunes about the same, and almost a fifth of the total number of tunes that I have heard there make use of both scales. As a rule, these go from minor into the relative major, contrary to the Spanish form; but one of these songs, No. 4 ("Yo nó sé si me quieres"), changes from minor into the tonic major, which gives it an unusual character and a charming effect.

The texts of the songs differ widely in their range. Many of them are in the form of the old Spanish *coplas*, with lines of eight or sometimes of seven or six syllables, four lines making the ordinary length of stanza. Sometimes the first and fourth lines rhyme, often the second and third. Many times one finds only assonance instead of rhyme; but in Spanish, with its musical qualities, this is found to be satisfying. Sometimes the words are very childish in thought

[1] I have found a few Spanish songs beginning in minor and ending in major, but they are rare.

and expression; and while some of them are delightfully naïve, others have a sense of rustic humor which, to our ears, borders on vulgarity. I have given at least one example of each kind that I could find; although there are a few that I have not translated, as the words seem uninteresting or poor, while the tune has some kind of merit. One of the naïve ones deals with food, another with the bull-fight, and so on. A few of the songs are political, and these are grouped by themselves. Occasionally a song tells a story, but the greater number are love-songs of various types. It is in these that one finds the most interesting melodies, and words as well, for the sentiment and expression are often very charming and truly poetic. A few of the love-songs are happy and joyous, — like No. 3 ("La casita"), with its planning of a little house for the beloved, which is to be a bower of flowers by a rippling stream, — but as a rule the love-songs have some element of pathos or tragedy; such as separation, or forgotten devotion, or hopeless longing. Occasionally one finds cynicism, as in the song called "Aunque ames" (No. 58), which gives the worldly-wise counsels of an older woman to a young girl; or humor, as in the serenade "El galan incógnito" (No. 56).

In the folk-songs of other countries one is apt to find a large proportion of work-songs, drinking and war songs, and the like. Is it not possible that the various prohibitions of the Inquisition, and the censorship exercised by the mother country, should have influenced the folk-songs of the colonies by narrowing the range of subjects?

There is one characteristic of these texts which they have in common with the songs of all Latin races; that is, they often condense two or more syllables into one beat of the rhythm. As a rule, this is done with words that are made up principally of vowel-sounds, which run together easily in singing. In the case where one word ends with a vowel, and another follows immediately with a vowel, but one note has been placed below, for the native singer would weld the two into one unbroken sound.

Singing and dancing are so linked together, both in Latin

America and in Spain, that it is often hard to know how to classify their music. Many of the songs in this collection belong with dances; as, for instance, No. 92 ("Quieres que te ponga"), which has a dance for two people, and No. 85 ("Que gusto me da"), which has a solo dance, and so forth. The *Jarabes*, *Malagueñas*, and others, are all to be danced as well as sung.

In all of this music I have made my transcription as accurate as possible, taking no liberties with the tune, but giving it just as it was sung for me. Some of the songs were first recorded on a phonograph; and others were taken by dictation, when a phonograph was not available. With a person of small musical intelligence this is a difficult matter, for each repetition will vary; and if one calls attention to that, the singer becomes embarrassed, and loses all the more completely the thread of what he is doing.

This little volume stirs but the uppermost surface of the vast sea of charming music lying to the south of us. Unfortunately, these songs are fast dying out; for, as a rule, the younger generation is more apt to indulge in rag-time than in the songs of its parents. This tendency is prevalent to a greater extent here than in Mexico, but, sad to say, it is increasing in both countries. In the last ten years even, many of the old singers have died; and, as a rule, their songs have died with them, unrecorded, and untransmitted by word of mouth. If the prospective song-collector could get away from the towns and centres of civilization in Mexico to some of the big remote ranches, he ought to be able to find whole classes of songs quite different from those in this book, — *alboradas*, long, serious, beautiful songs, sung in the dawn on the way out to work; and ballad-like songs sung about the fire at night, when work is over; and other kinds as well. By those who have been fortunate enough to hear them, these are described as unusually beautiful. For the moment, Mexico is a difficult place to move about in; but if peace could once more be restored to that racked country, a wonderful opportunity would be opened to the song-hunter. Meanwhile all of South America is available.

Why should we feel that the Americas have nothing to give us in folk-music?

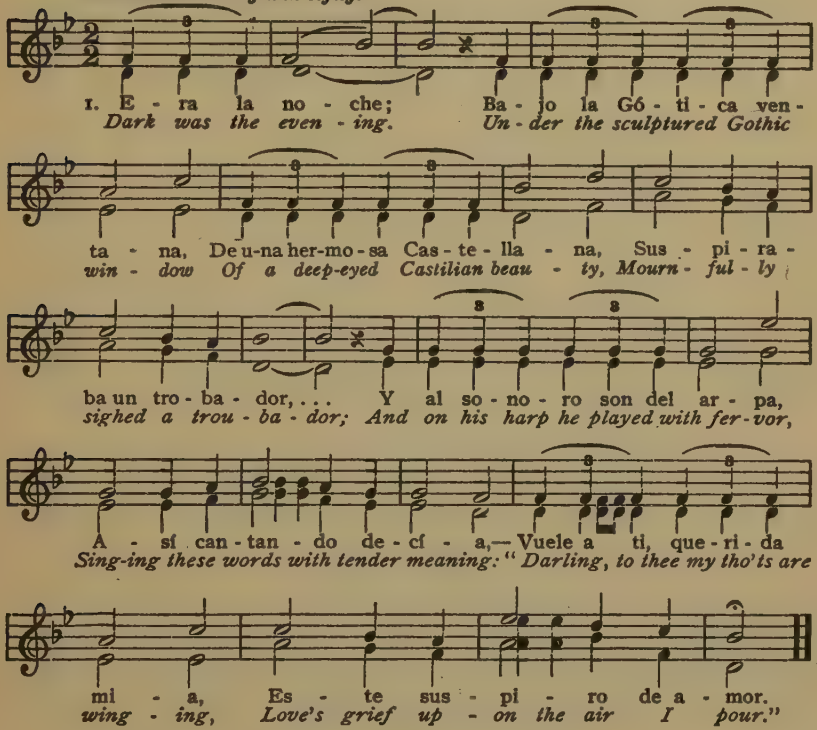
My best thanks are due to those who have sung for me, without whose help these songs might have gone the way of so many others; also to the various kind friends, — Miss Esther Singleton, Mrs. Marguerite Wilkinson, Mrs. Tileston Wells, Mrs. W. W. Rockwell, Mrs. Raleigh Gildersleeve, Miss Edna Thompson, Mr. Edward Kilenyi, and others who have aided me in the translation and helped me with information and advice, for which I am deeply grateful.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.,
Oct. 23, 1916.

I. SERENATA.[1]

(From southern California. Sung by Mrs. Francisca de la G. Dibblee.)

To be chanted slowly and softly.


1. E - ra la no - che; Ba - jo la Gó - ti - ca ven -
Dark was the even - ing. Un - der the sculptured Gothic
ta - na, De u-na her-mo - sa Cas - te - lla - na, Sus - pi - ra -
win - dow Of a deep-eyed Castilian beau - ty, Mourn - ful - ly
ba un tro - ba - dor, . . . Y al so - no - ro son del ar - pa,
sighed a trou - ba - dor; And on his harp he played with fer - vor,
A - sí can - tan - do de - cí - a,— Vuele a ti, que - ri - da
Sing-ing these words with tender meaning: " Darling, to thee my tho'ts are
mi - a, Es - te sus - pi - ro de a - mor.
wing - ing, Love's grief up - on the air I pour."

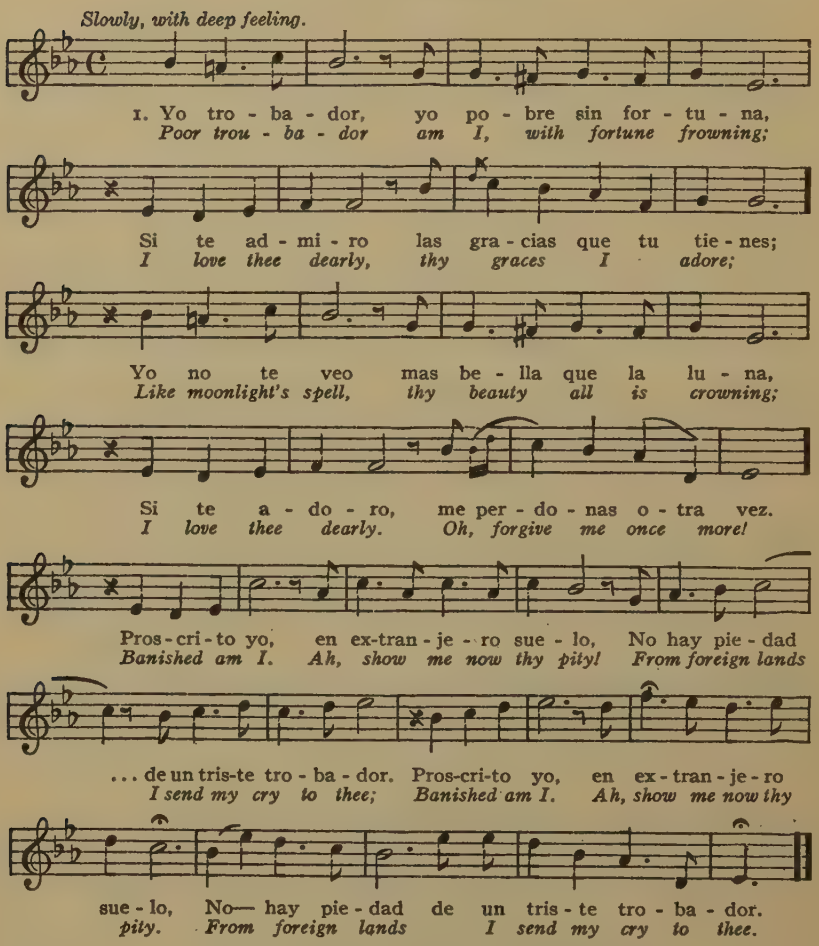
2. ¡De mi triste desconsuelo
Ten piedad, noble señora!
Sólo tu piedad implora
Tu respetuoso amador.
Nunca mi pasión quisiste
Beldad, que admiro y adoro,
Mientras mi postrer suspiro
Será un suspiro de amor.

2. "Take pity on my lamentation!
Ah, noble lady, show thy mercy!
Thy mercy only I'm imploring.
Thy reverent suitor now am I.
Never has my passion pleased thee,
Beauty much h nored, much adorèd,
While my deep sighs of true devotion
Float upward toward thee as I die."

[1] From Folk-Songs from Mexico and South America, by courtesy of H. W. Gray Co.

2. EL TROBADOR.[1]

(From southern California.)


Slowly, with deep feeling.
1. Yo tro - ba - dor, yo po - bre sin for - tu - na,
Poor trou - ba - dor am I, with fortune frowning;
Si te ad - mi - ro las gra - cias que tu tie - nes;
I love thee dearly, thy graces I adore;
Yo no te veo mas be - lla que la lu - na,
Like moonlight's spell, thy beauty all is crowning;
Si te a - do - ro, me per - do - nas o - tra vez.
I love thee dearly. Oh, forgive me once more!
Pros - cri - to yo, en ex-tran - je - ro sue - lo, No hay pie - dad
Banished am I. Ah, show me now thy pity! From foreign lands
... de un tris-te tro - ba - dor. Pros-cri-to yo, en ex - tran - je - ro
I send my cry to thee; Banished am I. Ah, show me now thy
sue - lo, No— hay pie - dad de un tris - te tro - ba - dor.
pity. From foreign lands I send my cry to thee.

2. Cese el llorar, amante de amargura.
Cese el gemir, querido trobador.
Tu amante fiel se rinde a tu ternura
Y lauros mil coronarán tu amor.
Compensarán los goces y las glorias
Todo el rigor de mi anterior desdén.
Y envidiarán los siglos y las historias
Al trobador y a su querido bien.

3. Tu dulce voz, tu cítara sonora,
Ensalzarán la pompa del festín.
Te brinda la dama encantadora,
Y brindarán todos al paladín.

[1] From Folk-Songs from Mexico and South America, by courtesy of H. W. Gray Co.

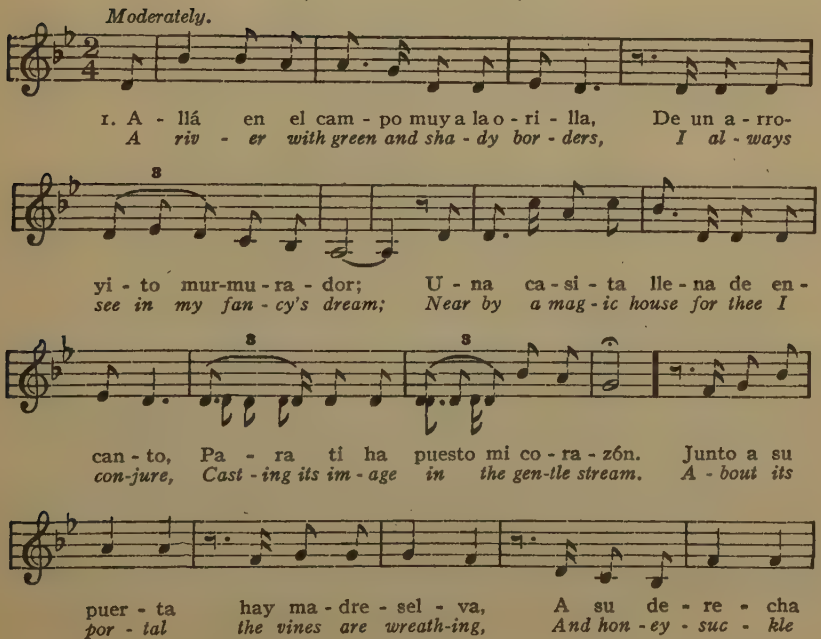
¡Ay! trobador, ven a mis tiernos brazos.
Tu amante fiel te los ofrece, ¡ven!
Y estrecharán indisolubles lazos
Al trobador y a su querido bien.

2. Cease now thy tears, thou ever mournful lover;
Cease now thy sighs, beloved troubador.
Thy tenderness has won this faithful maiden,
And laurel wreaths shall crown thee evermore.
Glories and joys henceforth shall recompense thee
For all my former harshness and disdain,
While history and all the future ages
Shall envy us, the maid and knight, in vain.

3. Thy sweet guitar, thy dulcet voice resounding
In song, shall grace our festal wedding-day;
Thy damsel fair shall toast thy long devotion,
Yea, all will toast the paladin who may.
O troubador! come to my fond embraces,
Now offered thee from this adoring heart,
And they will forge eternal bonds between us,
And ne'er the maid and troubador shall part.

3. LA CASITA.

(From Central Mexico.)


Moderately.
1. A - llá en el cam - po muy a la o - ri - lla, De un a - rro-
A riv - er with green and sha - dy bor - ders, I al - ways
yi - to mur-mu - ra - dor; U - na ca - si - ta lle - na de en -
see in my fan - cy's dream; Near by a mag - ic house for thee I
can - to, Pa - ra ti ha puesto mi co - ra - zón. Junto a su
con-jure, Cast - ing its im - age in the gen-tle stream. A - bout its
puer - ta hay ma - dre - sel - va, A su de - re - cha
por - tal the vines are wreath-ing, And hon - ey - suc - kle

se ve un jaz - mín; Y ha - cia o - tro la - do muchas vio-
perfumes the air; jes - sa - mine, ro - ses, and mul - ti - tudes of
le - tas, Y o-tras mil flo - res se ven a - llí.
blos - soms, Add to its love - li - ness ev - ery - where.

2. El no-me-olvides sirve de alfombra,
Allí los lirios se ven lucir,
Y las violetas le dan su sombra,
Cuando n las tardes va el colibrí.
Está sembrada de muchas flores,
Que el arroyito baña, y el sol
Cuando en la tarde presta sus rayos,
Para alentarlas con su calor.

3. Allí la calma nunca se pierde,
Nunca hay tristeza, nunca hay dolor,
Allí se goza la paz del alma,
Sin más testigos que el campo y Dios.
Si tú me quieres, con el cariño
Con que te adora mi corazón,
Vámonos juntos a esa casita,
A ser felices, mi bien, tú y yo.

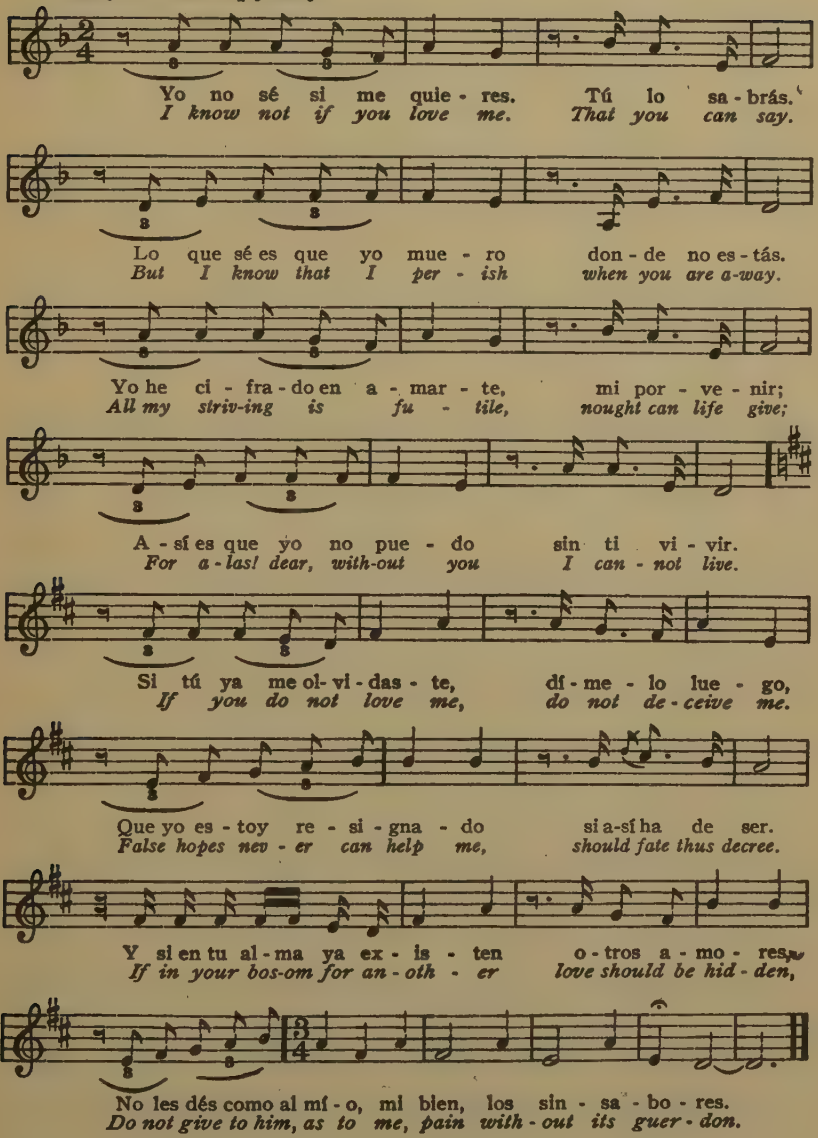
2. Forget-me-nots make an azure carpet,
Snow-white lilies grow tall and fair,
And violets peep out from mossy shadows,
Calling th humming-birds to linger there.
The radiant sunlight caresses warmly
The blooming flowers, and gives them force;
And they are watered by the refreshing river,
Which pauses lovingly in its course.

3. Here calm and repose are ever reigning,
And grief always shall be unknown.
Here thou shalt find, my love, the soul's contentment,
In the surrounding peace which is God's own.
If thou canst love me with true devotion,
And in the measure I thee adore,
Come with me, darling, come with me to this cottage!
We shall be joyful forevermore.

4. YO NO SÉ SI ME QUIERES.

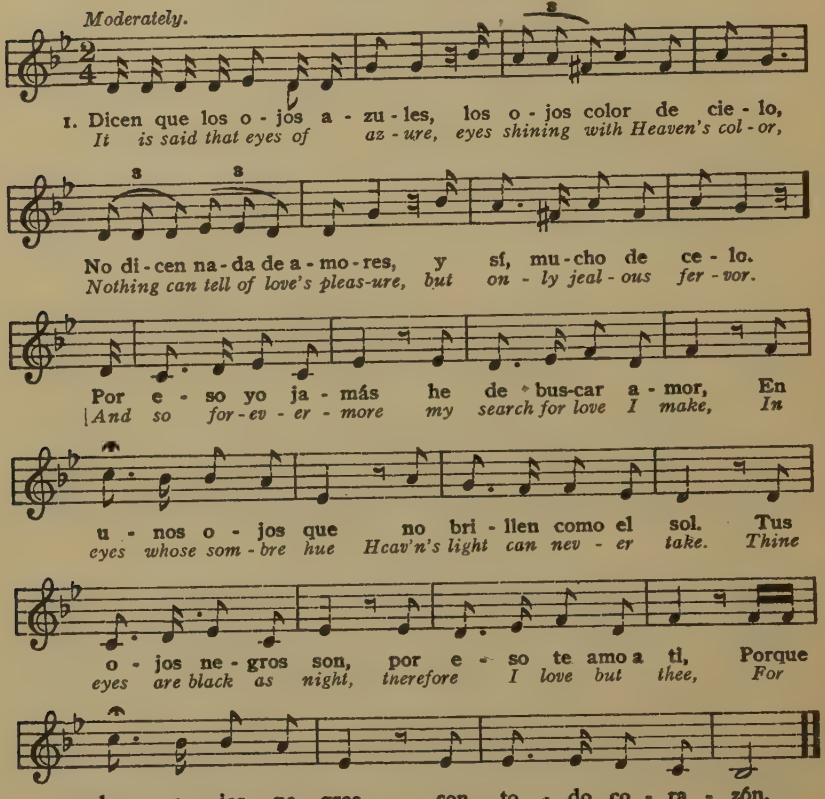
(From southern California or northern Mexico.)

Slowly and with deep feeling.


Yo no sé si me quie - res. Tú lo sa - brás.
I know not if you love me. That you can say.
Lo que sé es que yo mue - ro don - de no es - tás.
But I know that I per - ish when you are a-way.
Yo he ci - fra - do en a - mar - te, mi por - ve - nir;
All my striv-ing is fu - tile, nought can life give;
A - sí es que yo no pue - do sin ti vi - vir.
For a - las! dear, with-out you I can - not live.
Si tú ya me ol- vi - das - te, dí - me - lo lue - go,
If you do not love me, do not de - ceive me.
Que yo es - toy re - si - gna - do si a-sí ha de ser.
False hopes nev - er can help me, should fate thus decree.
Y si en tu al - ma ya ex - is - ten o - tros a - mo - res,
If in your bos-om for an - oth - er love should be hid - den,
No les dés como al mí - o, mi bien, los sin - sa - bo - res.
Do not give to him, as to me, pain with - out its guer - don.

5. LOS OJOS MEXICANOS.

(From the neighborhood of Mexico City.)


Moderately.
1. Dicen que los o - jos a - zu - les, los o - jos color de cie - lo,
It is said that eyes of az - ure, eyes shining with Heaven's col - or,
No di - cen na - da de a - mo - res, y sí, mu - cho de ce - lo.
Nothing can tell of love's pleas-ure, but on - ly jeal - ous fer - vor.
Por e - so yo ja - más he de bus-car a - mor, En
And so for-ev - er - more my search for love I make, In
u - nos o - jos que no bri - llen como el sol. Tus
eyes whose som - bre hue Heav'n's light can nev - er take. Thine
o - jos ne - gros son, por e - so te amo a ti, Porque
eyes are black as night, therefore I love but thee, For
los o - jos ne - gros son to - do co - ra - zón.
eyes as black as thine speak of true love for me.

2. Dicen que los ojos verdes
Son emblema del olvido,
Pues ellos prometen un alma,
Cosa que nunca han tenido.

Por eso yo jamás, etc.

3. Dicen que los ojos negros,
Para platicar de amores,
En una mirada de ellos,
Le dicen a uno primores.

Por eso yo jamás, etc.

2. It is said that green eyes promise a soul to each beholder.
They ne'er fulfil that promise, forgetfulness they figure.

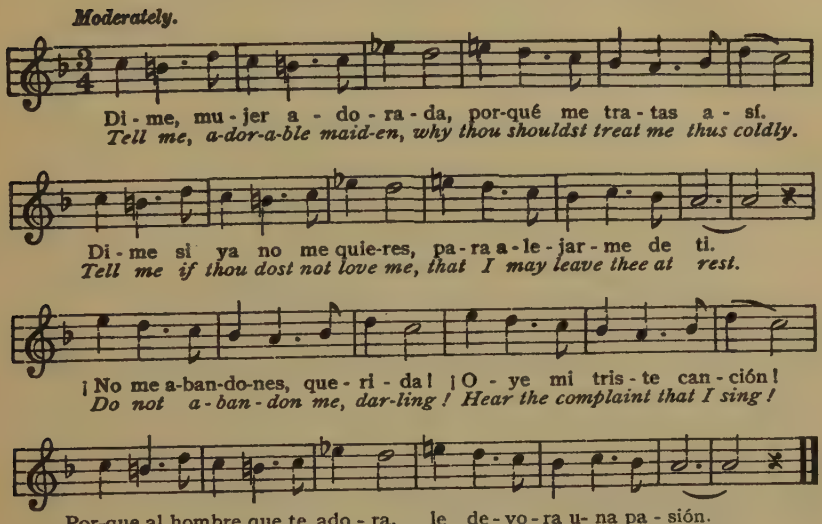
And so forevermore, etc.

3. It is said that black-eyed glances show tenderness in loving,
Fair days and hopes foretelling, sweet joys and fancies giving.

And so forevermore, etc.

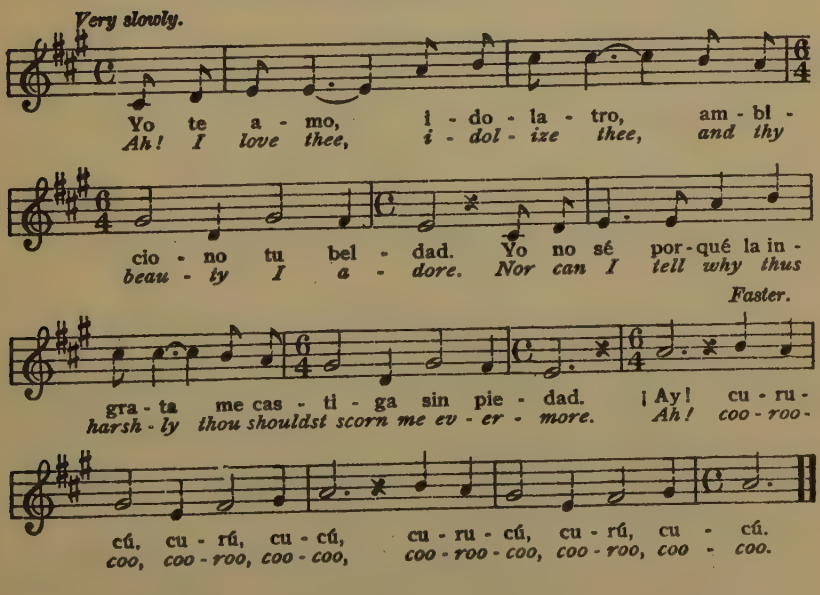
6. DIME, MUJER ADORADA.

(From Santa Barbara. Sung by Mrs. F. de la G. Dibblee.)


Moderately.
Di - me, mu - jer a - do - ra - da, por-qué me tra - tas a - sí.
Tell me, a-dor-a-ble maid-en, why thou shouldst treat me thus coldly.
Di - me si ya no me quie-res, pa - ra a - le - jar - me de ti.
Tell me if thou dost not love me, that I may leave thee at rest.
¡ No me a-ban-do-nes, que - ri - da ! ¡ O - ye mi tris - te can - ción !
Do not a - ban - don me, dar-ling ! Hear the complaint that I sing !
Por-que al hombre que te ado - ra, le de - vo - ra u - na pa - sión.
For to dis-trac-tion I love thee, I am by pas-sion op - pressed.

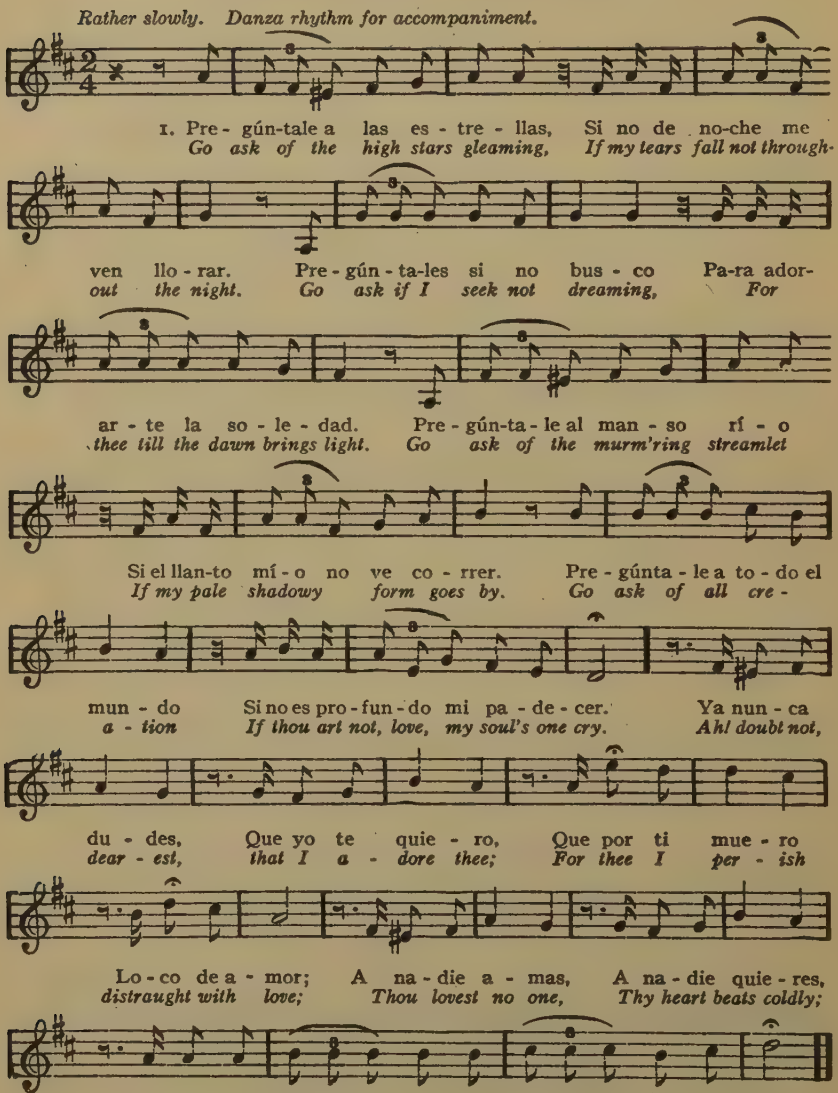
7. YO TE AMO, IDOLATRO.

(From Costa Rica. Sung by W. C. Riotte.)


Very slowly.
Yo te a - mo, i - do - la - tro, am - bi -
Ah! I love thee, i - dol - ize thee, and thy
cio - no tu bel - dad. Yo no sé por-qué la in -
beau - ty I a - dore. Nor can I tell why thus
Faster.
gra - ta me cas - ti - ga sin pie - dad. ¡ Ay ! cu - ru -
harsh - ly thou shouldst scorn me ev - er - more. Ah ! coo - roo -
cú, cu - rú, cu - cú, cu - ru - cú, cu - rú, cu - cú.
coo, coo - roo, coo - coo, coo - roo - coo, coo - roo, coo - coo.

8. PREGÚNTALE A LAS ESTRELLAS.[1]

(From Puebla. Sung by Mrs. Geoffrey Hamer.)


Rather slowly. Danza rhythm for accompaniment.
1. Pre - gún-tale a las es - tre - llas, Si no de no-che me ven llo - rar.
Go ask of the high stars gleaming, If my tears fall not through-out the night.
Pre - gún - ta-les si no bus - co Pa-ra ador- ar - te la so - le - dad.
For thee till the dawn brings light. Pre - gún-ta - le al man - so rí - o
Go ask of the murm'ring streamlet
Si el llan-to mí - o no ve co - rrer. Pre - gúnta - le a to - do el mun - do
If my pale shadowy form goes by. Go ask of all cre - a - tion
Si no es pro - fun - do mi pa - de - cer. Ya nun - ca du - des,
If thou art not, love, my soul's one cry. Ah! doubt not,
Que yo te quie - ro, Que por ti mue - ro
dear - est, that I a - dore thee; For thee I per - ish
Lo - co de a - mor; A na - die a - mas, A na - die quie - res,
distraught with love; Thou lovest no one, Thy heart beats coldly;
¡O - ye las que-jas, o - ye las que-jas De mi a - mor!
Oh, hear the pleading, oh, hear the pleading, of my fond love!

2. Pregúntale a las flores,
Si mis amores les cuento yo,
Cuando la callada noche
Cierra su broche, suspiro yo.

[1] From Folk-Songs from Mexico and South America, by courtesy of H. W. Gray Co.

Pregúntale a las aves,
Si tú no sabes lo que es amor.
Pregúntale a todo el prado,
Si no he luchado con mi dolor.

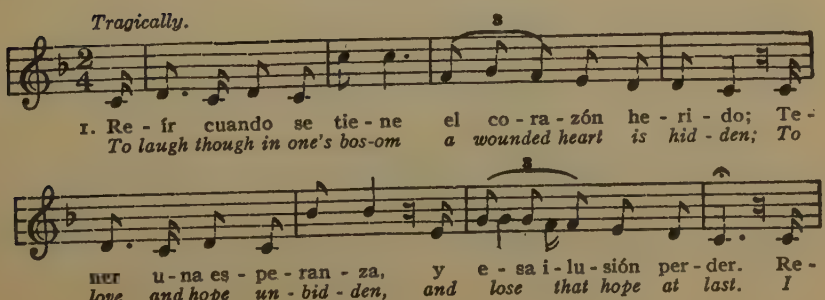
Tú bien comprendes,
Que yo te quiero,
Que por ti muero,
Solo poŕ ti;
Porque te quiero,
Bien de mi vida.
Sólo en el mundo,
Sólo en el mundo,
Te quiero a ti.

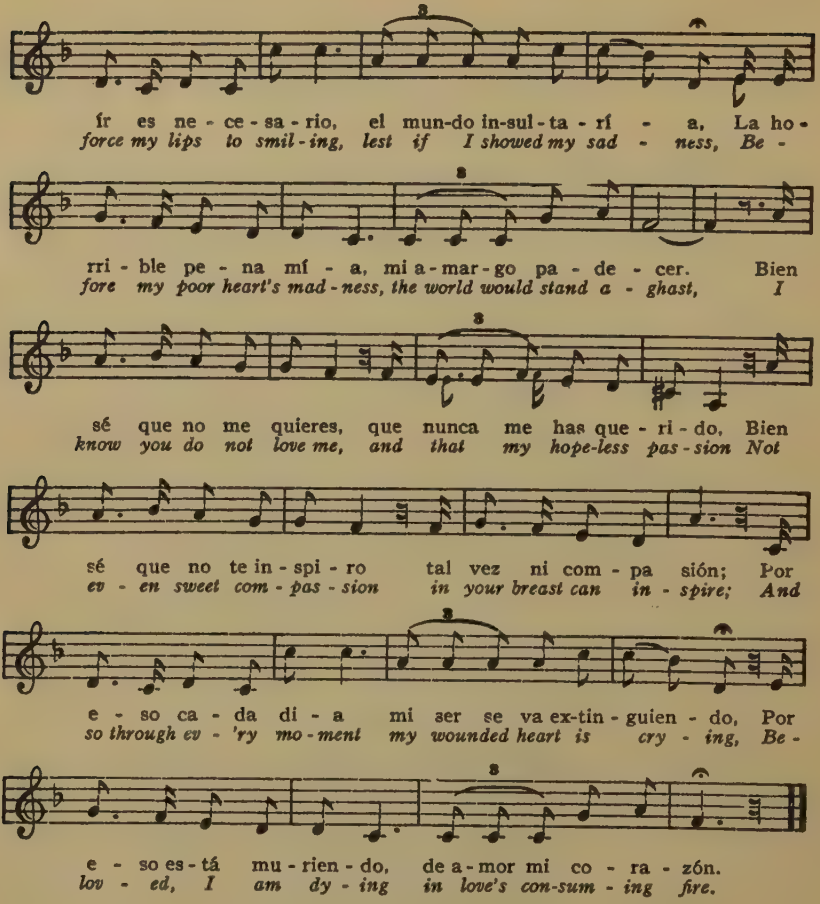
2. Go ask of the sweet flowers blooming
If of my sorrows I told not all.
Go ask of the wild birds singing
If I sigh when the night doth fall.
Go ask of the dewy meadows
If thy love holds not my heart in thrall.
Go ask of all creation
If for thee, darling, I pine and call.

Ah, hear me, dearest,
How well I love thee!
For thee I perish
Distraught with love.
My only solace
Is to adore thee.
My heart's devotion,
My heart's devotion,
I offer thee.

9. REIR ES NECESARIO.

(From Central Mexico.)


Tragically.
1. Re - ír cuando se tie - ne el co - ra - zón he - ri - do; Te -
To laugh though in one's bos-om a wounded heart is hid - den; To
ner u - na es - pe - ran - za, y e - sa i - lu - sión per - der. Re -
love and hope un - bid - den, and lose that hope at last. I

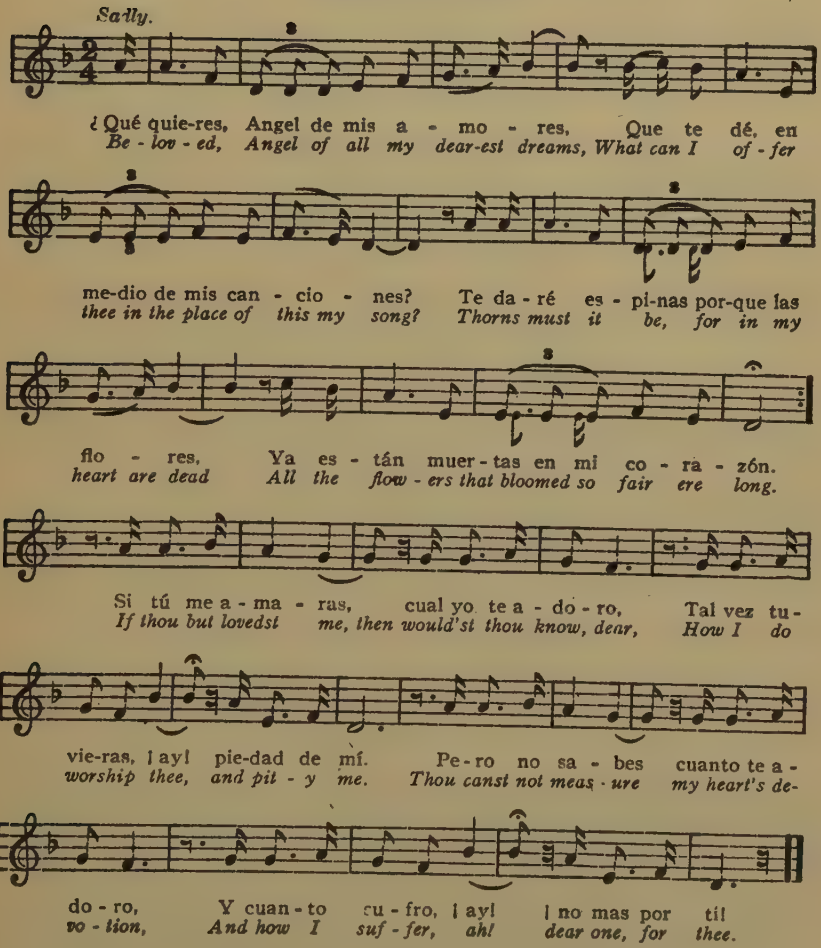

ír es ne - ce - sa - rio, el mun-do in-sul-ta - rí - a, La ho -
force my lips to smil-ing, lest if I showed my sad - ness, Be -
rri - ble pe - na mí - a, mi a-mar-go pa - de - cer. Bien
fore my poor heart's mad-ness, the world would stand a - ghast, I
sé que no me quieres, que nunca me has que - ri - do, Bien
know you do not love me, and that my hope-less pas-sion Not
sé que no te in - spi - ro tal vez ni com - pa sión; Por
ev - en sweet com - pas - sion in your breast can in - spire; And
e - so ca - da di - a mi ser se va ex-tin - guien - do, Por
so through ev - 'ry mo-ment my wounded heart is cry - ing, Be -
e - so es - tá mu - rien - do, de a-mor mi co - ra - zón.
lov - ed, I am dy - ing in love's con-sum - ing fire.

2. Si porque el mundo ignore
Mi loco desvarío,
Por eso canto y río,
En medio del dolor.
No importa que esta risa
Consuma mi existencia,
Si al cabo esta dolencia,
La sufro por tu amor.
Vivir más, ya no puedo,
Mi vida es de dolores,
De amargos sinsabores,
De angustia y de pesar.
Yo llevo aquí en el alma
Un mar de acerbo llanto,
Sufrir y sufrir tanto,
Y sin poder llorar.

2. I sing and laugh with madness, my sorrow hiding ever;
'Tis torture past all measure, and the world ne'er can know.
It heeds not that my laughter burns to my inmost being,
And that my life is fleeing through my love's ceaseless woe.
I can exist no longer, I cannot face the morrow.
The fulness of my sorrow within my breast I keep.
A sea of pain o'erwhelms me, my life is past enduring,
My grief beyond the curing, and yet I may not weep.

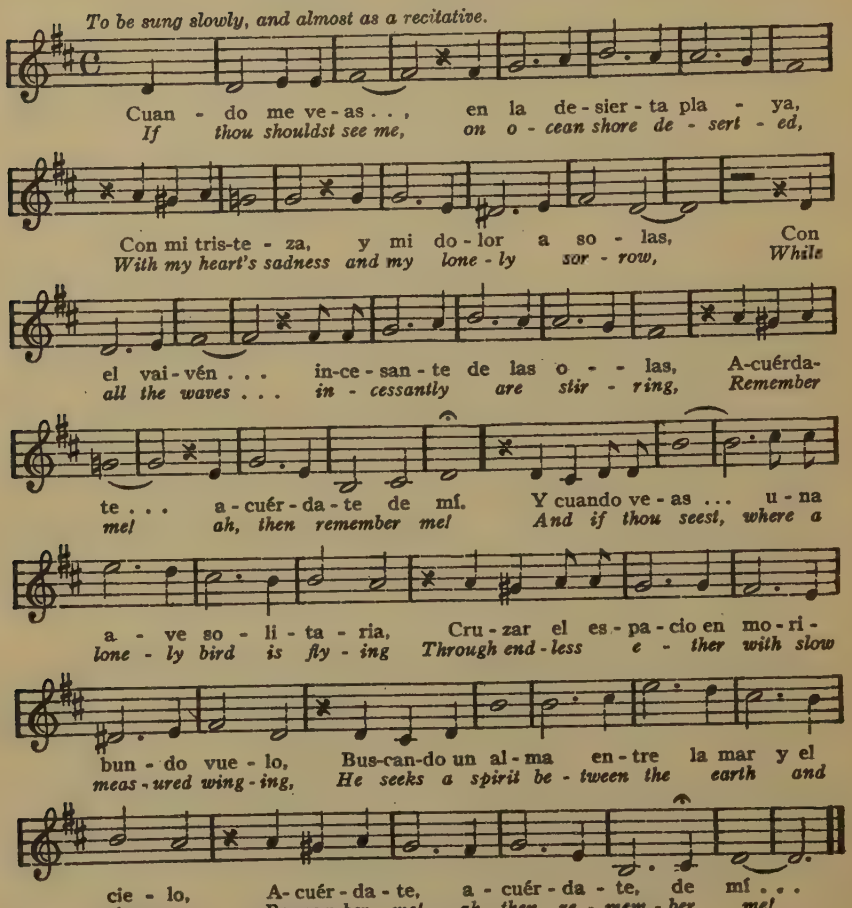
10. ANGEL DE MIS AMORES.

(From Oaxaca, Mex.)


Sadly.
¿Qué quie-res, Angel de mis a - mo - res, Que te dé, en
Be - lov - ed, Angel of all my dear-est dreams, What can I of - fer
me-dio de mis can - cio - nes? Te da - ré es - pi-nas por-que las
thee in the place of this my song? Thorns must it be, for in my
flo - res, Ya es - tán muer - tas en mi co - ra - zón.
heart are dead All the flow - ers that bloomed so fair ere long.
Si tú me a - ma - ras, cual yo te a - do - ro, Tal vez tu -
If thou but lovedst me, then would'st thou know, dear, How I do
vie-ras, ¡ay! pie-dad de mí. Pe - ro no sa - bes cuanto te a -
worship thee, and pit - y me. Thou canst not meas - ure my heart's de-
do - ro, Y cuan - to cu - fro, ¡ay! ¡no mas por tí!
vo - tion, And how I suf - fer, ah! dear one, for thee.

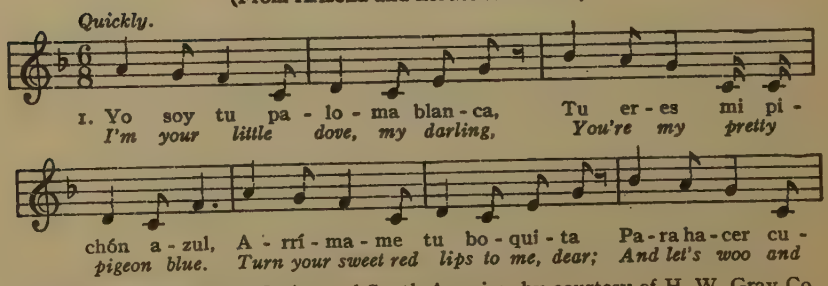
11. UN ADIOS. CANCIÓN.

(From Oaxaca. Sung by Pedro Diaz.)

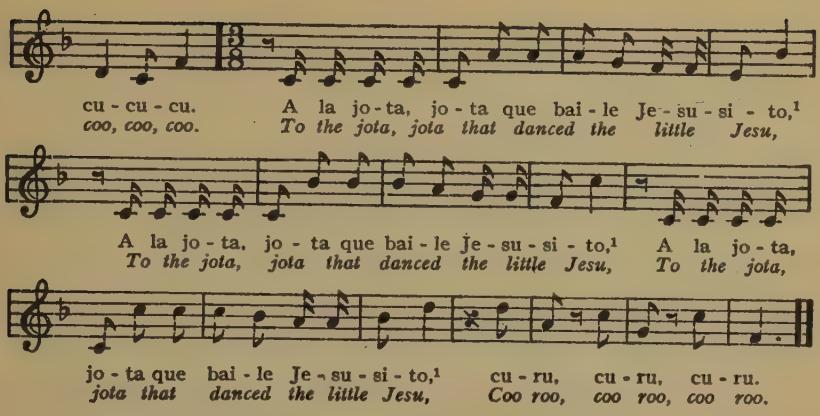

To be sung slowly, and almost as a recitative.
Cuan - do me ve - as . . , en la de - sier - ta pla - ya,
If thou shouldst see me, on o - cean shore de - sert - ed,
Con mi tris-te - za, y mi do - lor a so - las, Con
With my heart's sadness and my lone - ly sor - row, While
el vai - vén . . . in-ce - san - te de las o - - las, A-cuérda-
all the waves . . . in - cessantly are stir - ring, Remember
te . . . a - cuér - da - te de mí. Y cuando ve - as . . . u - na
me! ah, then remember me! And if thou seest, where a
a - ve so - li - ta - ria, Cru - zar el es - pa - cio en mo - ri -
lone - ly bird is fly - ing Through end - less e - ther with slow
bun - do vue - lo, Bus-can-do un al - ma en - tre la mar y el
meas - ured wing - ing, He seeks a spirit be - tween the earth and
cie - lo, A - cuér - da - te, a - cuér - da - te, de mí . . .
heaven, Re-mem-ber me! ah, then re - mem - ber me!

12. LA PALOMA BLANCA.[1]

(From Arizona and northern Mexico.)


Quickly.
1. Yo soy tu pa - lo - ma blan - ca, Tu er - es mi pi -
I'm your little dove, my darling, You're my pretty
chón a - zul, A - rrí - ma - me tu bo - qui - ta Pa - ra ha - cer cu -
pigeon blue. Turn your sweet red lips to me, dear; And let's woo and

[1] From Folk-Songs from Mexico and South America, by courtesy of H. W. Gray Co.


cu - cu - cu. A la jo - ta, jo - ta que bai - le Je - su - si - to,[1]
coo, coo, coo. To the jota, jota that danced the little Jesu,
A la jo - ta, jo - ta que bai - le Je - su - si - to,[1] A la jo - ta,
To the jota, jota that danced the little Jesu, To the jota,
jo - ta que bai - le Je - su - si - to,[1] cu - ru, cu - ru, cu - ru.
jota that danced the little Jesu, Coo roo, coo roo, coo roo.

2. ¿Úrsula, qué estás haciendo? —
—Mamacita, estoy hilando
Para hacer una corbata
De las que se están usando.

3. La flor de la calabaza,
Es una bonita flor,
Para dársela a los hombres,
Cuando llega la ocasión.

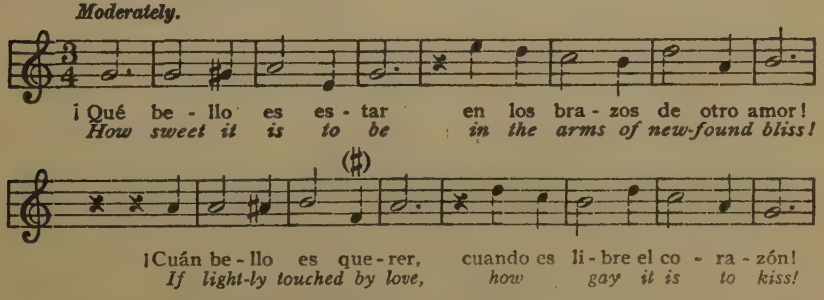
2. "Ursula, what are you doing?" —
"Mother, dear, 'tis a cravat,
That I'm making for my lover,
It's the kind we all like best."

3. Squashes have a yellow blossom,
It's a very pretty flower.
To a man one sometimes gives it,
If he's not a welcome lover.

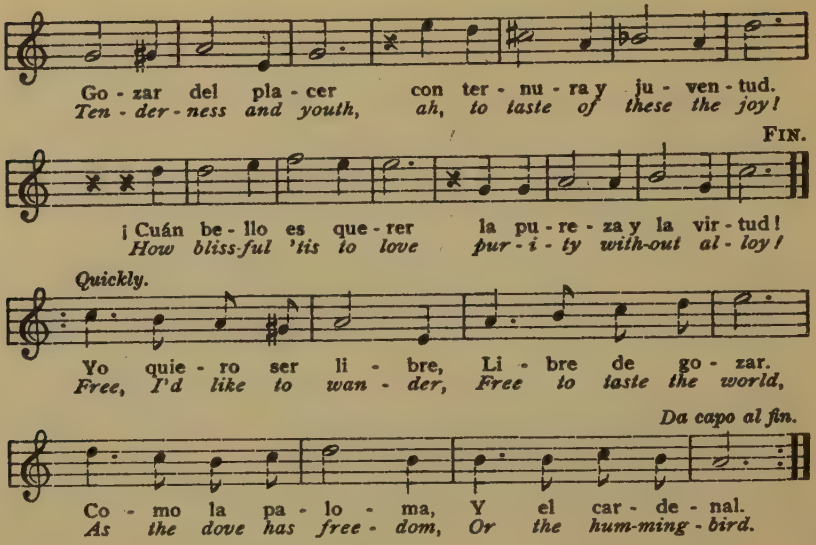
13. QUE BELLO ES QUERER.

(From Mexico City. Sung by Señora Ramirez.)

NOTE. — The parenthetical sharp in line 2 indicates that the tone was sometimes sung with voice raised half a tone or less, sometimes natural.

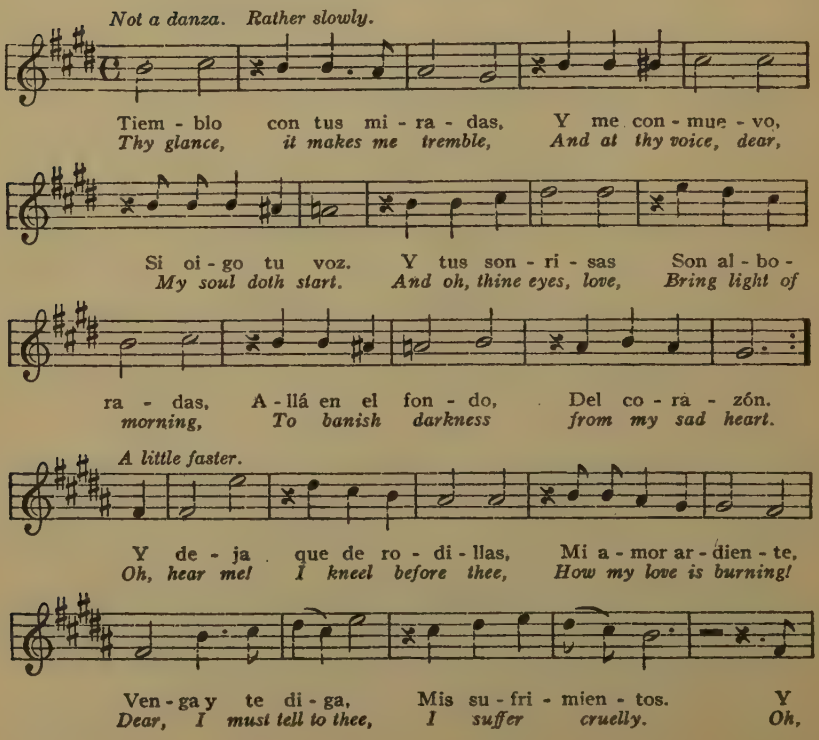

Moderately.
¡Qué be - llo es es - tar en los bra - zos de otro amor!
How sweet it is to be in the arms of new-found bliss!
¡Cuán be - llo es que - rer, cuando es li - bre el co - ra - zón!
If light-ly touched by love, how gay it is to kiss!

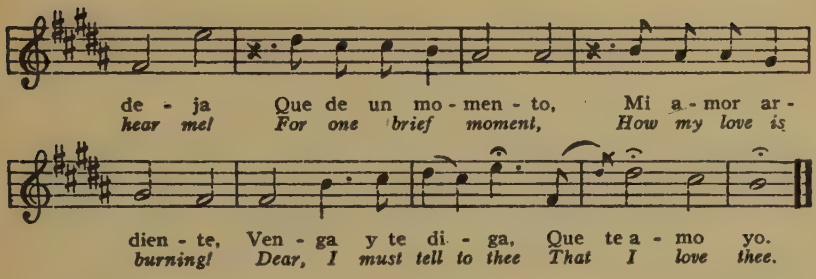
[1] Second stanza, "coquito."


Go - zar del pla - cer con ter - nu - ra y ju - ven - tud.
Ten - der - ness and youth, ah, to taste of these the joy!
FIN.
¡ Cuán be - llo es que - rer la pu - re - za y la vir - tud!
How bliss-ful 'tis to love pur - i - ty with-out al - loy!
Quickly.
Yo quie - ro ser li - bre, Li - bre de go - zar.
Free, I'd like to wan - der, Free to taste the world,
Da capo al fin.
Co - mo la pa - lo - ma, Y el car - de - nal.
As the dove has free - dom, Or the hum-ming - bird.

14. TIEMBLO CON TUS MIRADAS.

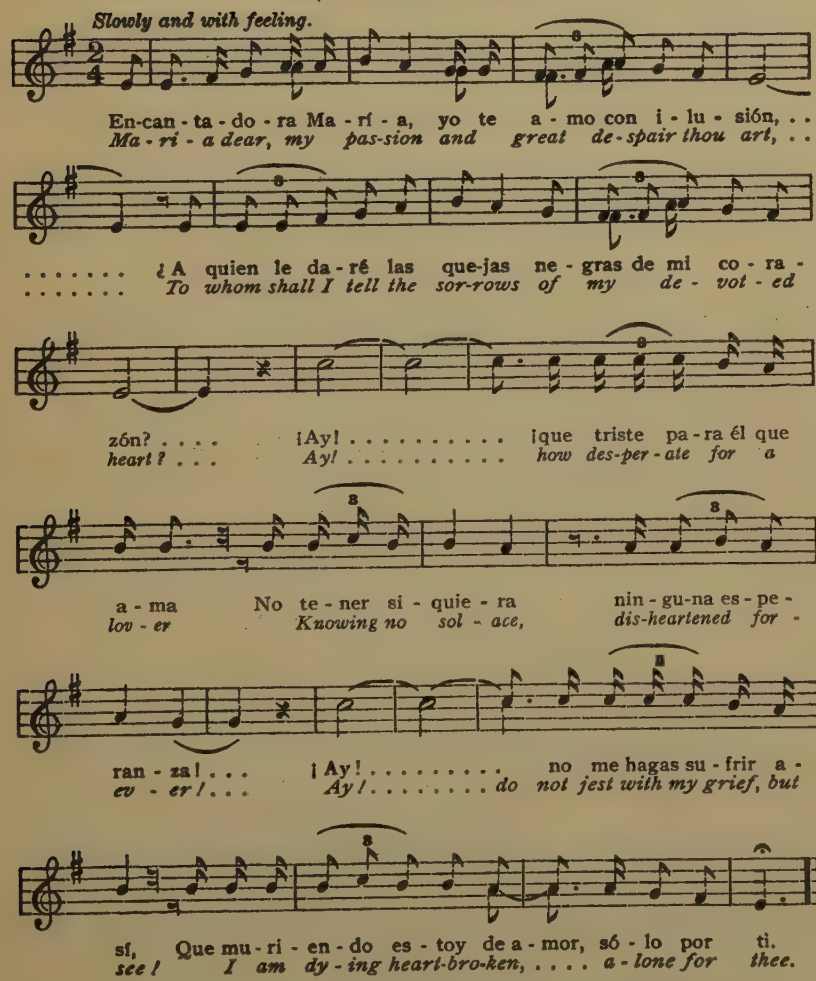
(From northern Sonora.)


Not a danza. Rather slowly.
Tiem - blo con tus mi - ra - das, Y me con - mue - vo,
Thy glance, it makes me tremble, And at thy voice, dear,
Si oi - go tu voz. Y tus son - ri - sas Son al - bo -
My soul doth start. And oh, thine eyes, love, Bring light of
ra - das, A - llá en el fon - do, Del co - ra - zón.
morning, To banish darkness from my sad heart.
A little faster.
Y de - ja que de ro - di - llas, Mi a - mor ar - dien - te,
Oh, hear me! I kneel before thee, How my love is burning!
Ven - ga y te di - ga, Mis su - fri - mien - tos. Y
Dear, I must tell to thee, I suffer cruelly. Oh,


de - ja Que de un mo - men - to, Mi a - mor ar -
hear me! For one brief moment, How my love is
dien - te, Ven - ga y te di - ga, Que te a - mo yo.
burning! Dear, I must tell to thee That I love thee.

15. ENCANTADORA MARÍA.[1]

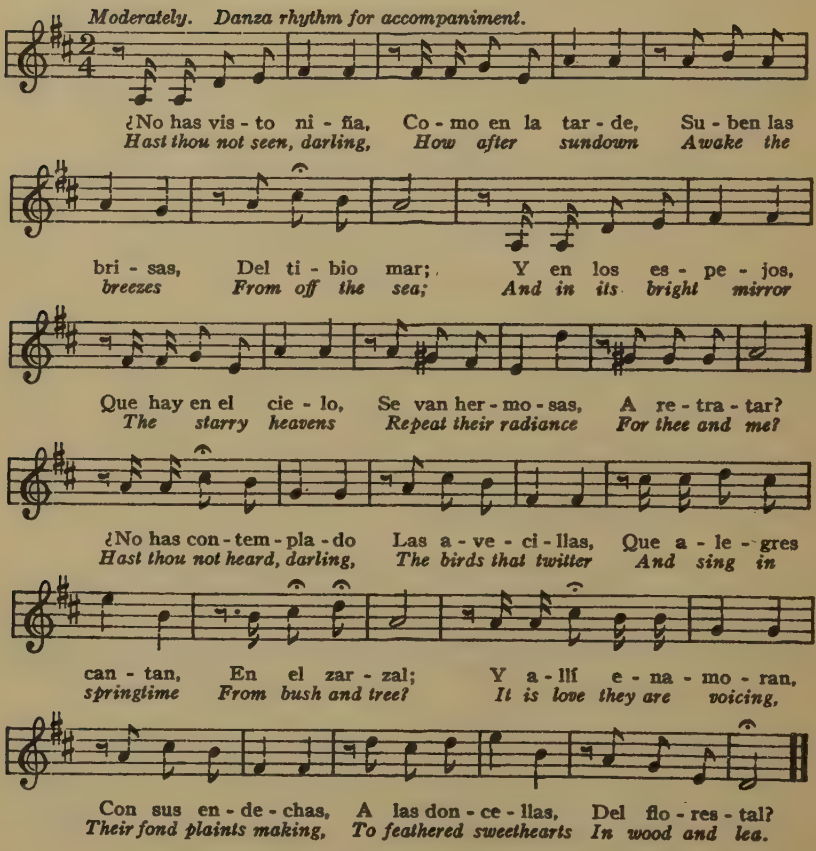
(From Oaxaca, Mex.)


Slowly and with feeling.
En-can - ta - do - ra Ma - rí - a, yo te a - mo con i - lu - sión, . .
Ma - ri - a dear, my pas-sion and great de-spair thou art, . .
. . . . . ¿A quien le da - ré las que-jas ne - gras de mi co - ra -
. . . . . To whom shall I tell the sor-rows of my de - vot - ed
zón? . . . . ¡Ay! . . . . . ¡que triste pa - ra él que
heart? . . . Ay! . . . . . how des-per - ate for a
a - ma No te - ner si - quie - ra nin - gu-na es - pe -
lov - er Knowing no sol - ace, dis-heartened for -
ran - za! . . . ¡Ay! . . . . . no me hagas su - frir a -
ev - er! . . . Ay! . . . . . do not jest with my grief, but
sí, Que mu - ri - en - do es - toy de a - mor, só - lo por ti.
see! I am dy - ing heart-bro-ken, ... a - lone for thee.

[1] From Folk-Songs from Mexico and South America, by courtesy of H. W. Gray Co.

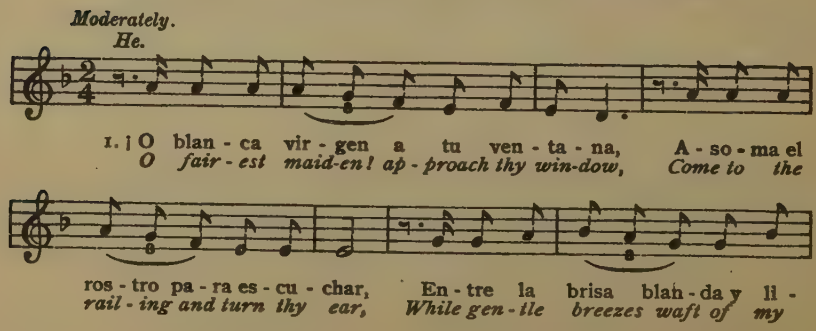
16. CREPÚSCULO.

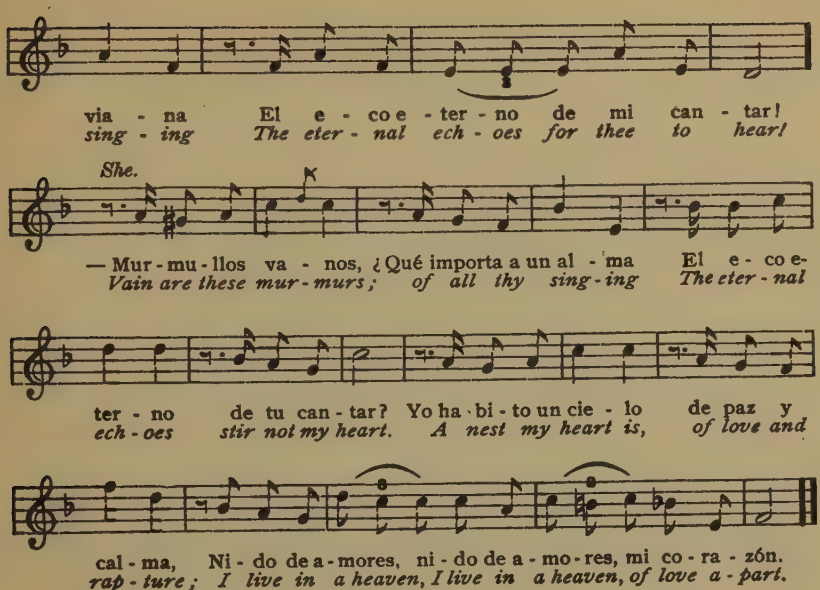
(From southern Mexico.)


Moderately. Danza rhythm for accompaniment.
¿No has vis - to ni - ña, Co - mo en la tar - de, Su - ben las
Hast thou not seen, darling, How after sundown Awake the
bri - sas, Del ti - bio mar; Y en los es - pe - jos,
breezes From off the sea; And in its bright mirror
Que hay en el cie - lo, Se van her - mo - sas, A re - tra - tar?
The starry heavens Repeat their radiance For thee and me?
¿No has con - tem - pla - do Las a - ve - ci - llas, Que a - le - gres
Hast thou not heard, darling, The birds that twitter And sing in
can - tan, En el zar - zal; Y a - llí e - na - mo - ran,
springtime From bush and tree? It is love they are voicing,
Con sus en - de - chas, A las don - ce - llas, Del flo - res - tal?
Their fond plaints making, To feathered sweethearts In wood and lea.

17. ¡O BLANCA VIRGEN A TU VENTANA!

(From Santa Barbara. Sung by Mrs. Francisca de la G. Dibblee.)


Moderately.
He.
1. ¡O blan - ca vir - gen a tu ven - ta - na, A - so - ma el
O fair - est maid-en! ap - proach thy win-dow, Come to the
ros - tro pa - ra es - cu - char, En - tre la brisa blan - da y lí -
rail - ing and turn thy ear, While gen - tle breezes waft of my


via - na El e - co e - ter - no de mi can - tar!
sing - ing The eter - nal ech - oes for thee to hear!
She.
— Mur - mu - llos va - nos, ¿Qué importa a un al - ma El e - co e-
Vain are these mur - murs; of all thy sing - ing The eter - nal
ter - no de tu can - tar? Yo ha - bi - to un cie - lo de paz y
ech - oes stir not my heart. A nest my heart is, of love and
cal - ma, Ni - do de a - mores, ni - do de a - mo - res, mi co - ra - zón.
rap - ture; I live in a heaven, I live in a heaven, of love a - part.

2. *Él.* Águila entonces
Será mi vida,
Hasta tu cielo
Podré volar. —
Élla. Pez de colores,
Me haré perdida
Entre las olas
Del hondo mar. —
Él. Entre los mares
Te buscaría,
Serían las olas
Tu pescador. —
Élla. En ave entonces
Me tornaría
E iría volando,
E iría volando de flor en flor.

3. *Élla.* Encina negra
Seré en la roca, —
Él. Yo, yedra tierna
Te abrazaré. —
Élla. Monja blanca,
Ceñiré toca, —
Él. Confesor santo
Tu voz oiré. —
Élla. Si del convento
Pasas la puerta,
Muerta entre flores
Me encontrarás. —

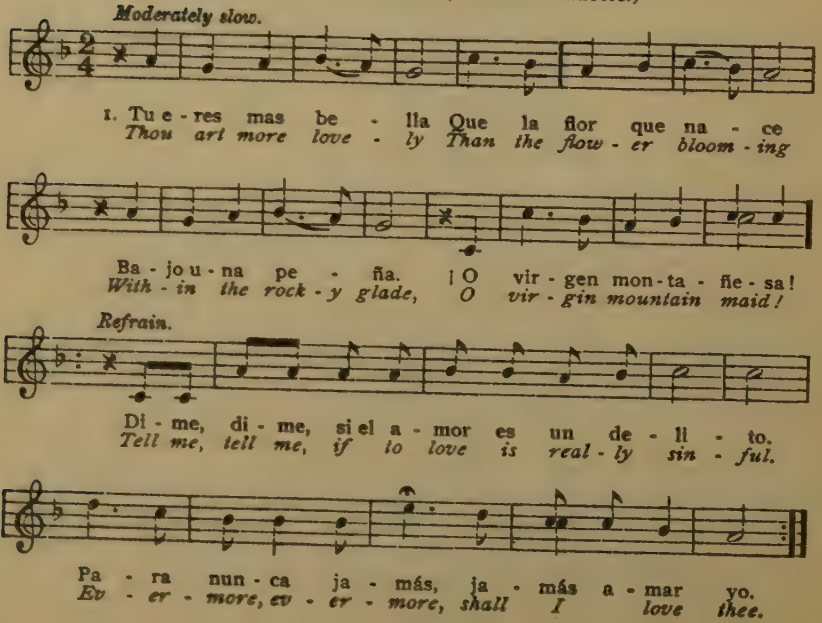
Él. Si entre las flores
Te encuentro muerta,
Seré yo tierra,
Seré yo tierra,
Y mía serás.

2. *He.* Then to an eagle my life I'll alter,
Up to thy heaven swift I shall fly.
She. Then to a fish of the sea I'll change me,
Hidden beneath the waves I'll lie.
He. Within the ocean, I'll quickly seek thee,
The waves will help me to find thee there.
She. Then to a bird I'll turn my being,
My flight shall take me, my flight shall take me,
from flower to flower.

3. *She.* A live oak I'll be amid the bowlders.
He. As clinging ivy, I'll clasp thee near.
She. As a nun, hood and cowl I'll be wearing,
He. Saintly confessor, thy voice I'll hear.
She. Through convent portal, if thou shouldst enter,
Dead thou wilt find me among the flowers.
He. Among the flowers, if dead I find thee,
To earth I'll turn me, to earth I'll turn me, and
mine thou'lt be.

18. TU ERES MAS BELLA.

(From Costa Rica. Sung by Walter C. Riotte.)


Moderately slow.
1. Tu e - res mas be - lla Que la flor que na - ce
Thou art more love - ly Than the flow - er bloom - ing
Ba - jo u - na pe - ña. ¡O vir - gen mon - ta - ñe - sa!
With - in the rock - y glade, O vir - gin mountain maid!
Refrain.
Di - me, di - me, si el a - mor es un de - ll - to.
Tell me, tell me, if lo love is real - ly sin - ful.
Pa - ra nun - ca ja - más, ja - más a - mar yo.
Ev - er - more, ev - er - more, shall I love thee.

2. Yo te adoré,
Con espléndida belleza.
Cual los cristianos
Adoran a su Diós.

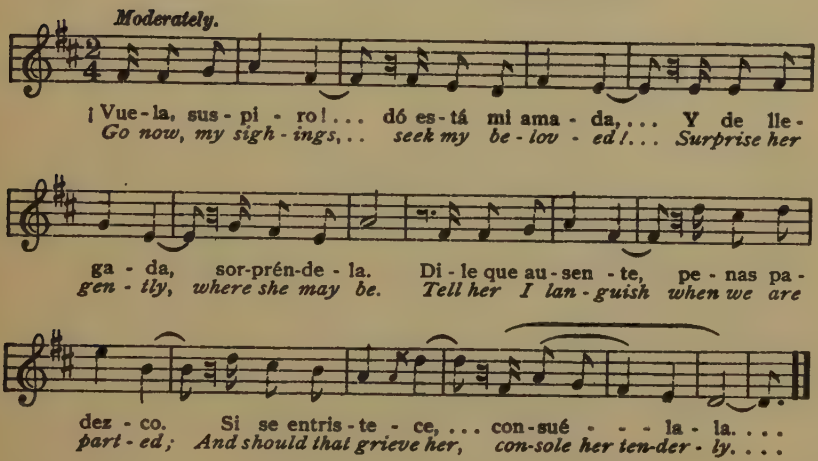
Dime, dime, etc.

2. I must adore thee
For thy radiant loveliness,
E'en as the Christians
Adore the God they bless.

Tell me, tell me, etc.

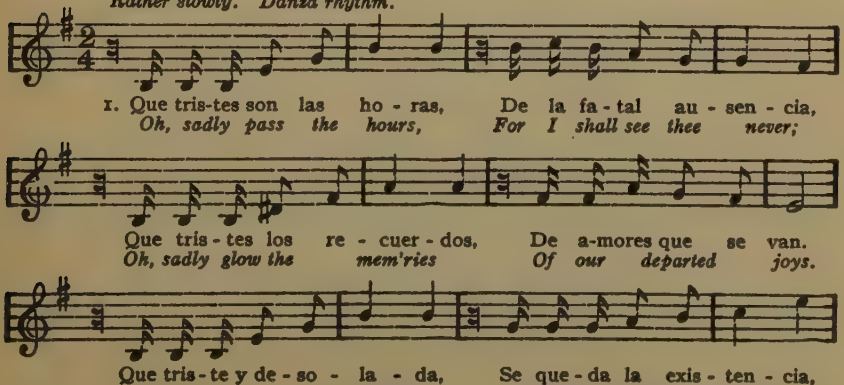
19. VUELA SUSPIRO.

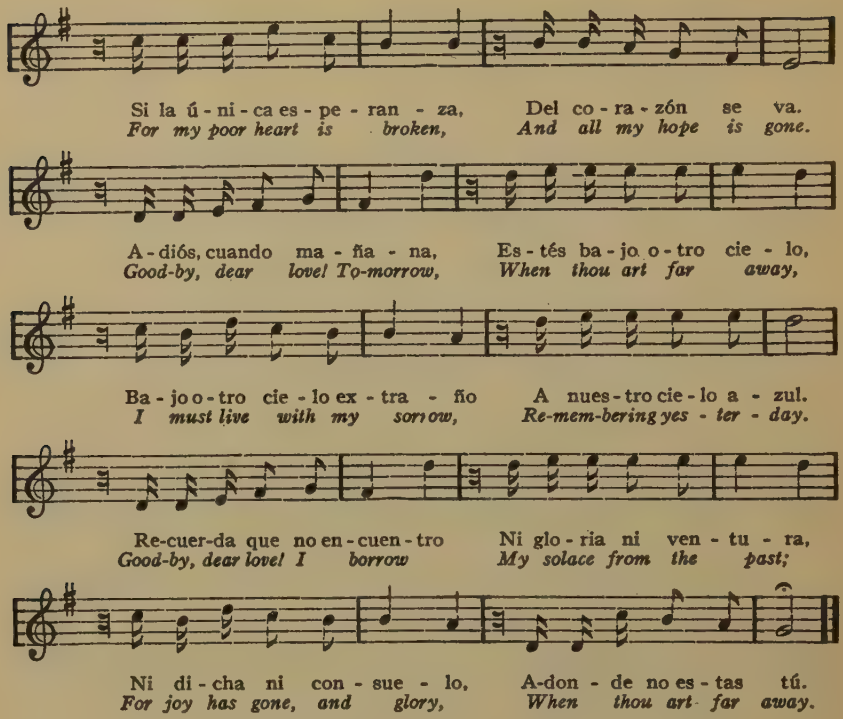
(From Argentina. Sung by Mrs. Leopold Buhler.)


Moderately.
¡Vue-la, sus-pi-ro!... dó es-tá mi ama-da,... Y de lle-
Go now, my sigh-ings,.. seek my be-lov-ed!... Surprise her
ga-da, sor-prén-de-la. Di-le que au-sen-te, pe-nas pa-
gen-tly, where she may be. Tell her I lan-guish when we are
dez-co. Si se entris-te-ce,... con-sué-la-la....
part-ed; And should that grieve her, con-sole her ten-der-ly....

20. LAS TRISTAS HORAS.

(From Puebla. Sung by Mrs. Geoffrey Hamer.)


Rather slowly. Danza rhythm.
1. Que tris-tes son las ho-ras, De la fa-tal au-sen-cia,
Oh, sadly pass the hours, For I shall see thee never;
Que tris-tes los re-cuer-dos, De a-mores que se van.
Oh, sadly glow the mem'ries Of our departed joys.
Que tris-te y de-so-la-da, Se que-da la exis-ten-cia,
Oh, sadly do I wander, With grief my bosom laden;


Si la ú - ni - ca es - pe - ran - za, Del co - ra - zón se va.
For my poor heart is broken, And all my hope is gone.
A - diós, cuando ma - ña - na, Es - tés ba - jo o - tro cie - lo,
Good-by, dear love! To-morrow, When thou art far away,
Ba - jo o - tro cie - lo ex - tra - ño A nues - tro cie - lo a - zul.
I must live with my sorrow, Re-mem-bering yes - ter - day.
Re-cuer-da que no en - cuen - tro Ni glo - ria ni ven - tu - ra,
Good-by, dear love! I borrow My solace from the past;
Ni di - cha ni con - sue - lo, A-don - de no es - tas tú.
For joy has gone, and glory, When thou art far away.

2. Irán a visitarte
Las brisas que han besado
Mi frente pensativa,
Contándote mi afán.
En tanto que recuerda
Mi pecho enamorado
Las dichas que pasaron
Y nunca volverán.
Y cuando al caer la tarde,
Las pálidas neblinas
Adornan de los cielos
El último fulgor;
Jugarán con tus rizos
Las auras vespertinas,
Fingiéndote mis besos
Contándote mi amor.

2. Oh, quickly fly the breezes
Greetings to bring thee, dearest!
They've kissed my pallid forehead,
And know my bitter grief.
Oh, truly they will tell thee
Of my heart's heavy aching,

And sweet joys that have vanished,
Ah, never to return!
And when the night is falling,
And clouds the skies are draping,
List to the breezes calling,
They call my name to thee;
They toy with thy dark ringlets,
And hide my kisses in them;
They tell thee all my passion;
They bring my heart to thee.

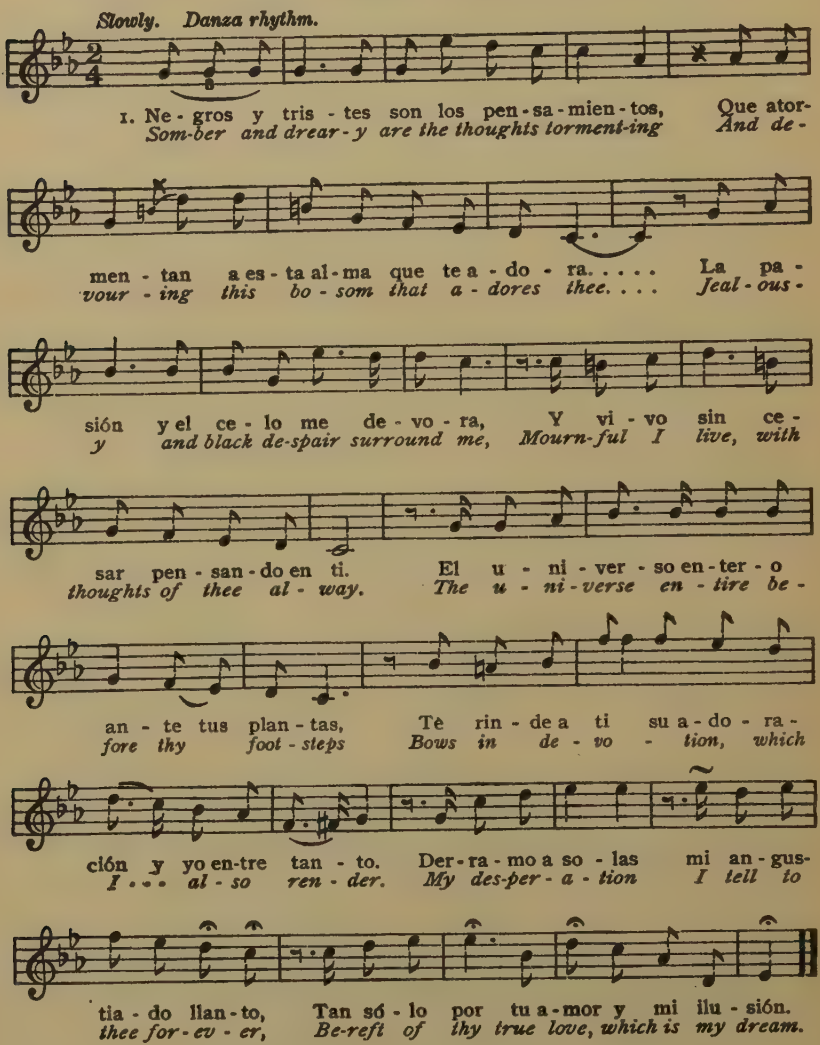
21. CHULA LA MAÑANA.

(From Mexico. Sung by Mrs. Karbe.)

Gayly.
Chu - la la ma - ña - na, Chu - la la ma - ña - na,
Gay - ly dawns the morn - ing, Gay - ly dawns the morn - ing,
Co - mo que te quie - ro. Da - me tus a - mo - res,
Ah, how much I love thee! Give me thy af - fec - tion,
Da - me tus a - mo - res, No me des - di - ne - ro. Di -
Give me thy af - fec - tion. Dear - est, do not scorn me. See
cho - sa la chu - pa - ro - sa, Que chu - pa la flor del
where humming-birds are flit - ting, And tast - ing the flow - ers'
cam - po, Pe - ro mas di - cho - so yo,
sweet - ness; But hap - pier than all am I
Que has - ta la ma - ti - ta le a - rran - co.
If for - ev - er mine thou wilt be.

22. LOS CELOS DE CAROLINA.

(From southern California. Sung by Mrs. Francisca de la G. Dibblee.)


Slowly. Danza rhythm.
1. Ne - gros y tris - tes son los pen - sa - mien - tos, Que ator-
Som-ber and drear - y are the thoughts torment-ing And de-
men - tan a es - ta al - ma que te a - do - ra. . . . . La pa -
vour - ing this bo - som that a - dores thee. . . . Jeal - ous -
sión y el ce - lo me de - vo - ra, Y vi - vo sin ce -
y and black de-spair surround me, Mourn-ful I live, with
sar pen - san - do en ti. El u - ni - ver - so en - ter - o
thoughts of thee al - way. The u - ni - verse en - tire be -
an - te tus plan - tas, Te rin - de a ti su a - do - ra -
fore thy foot - steps Bows in de - vo - tion, which
ción y yo en-tre tan - to. Der - ra - mo a so - las mi an - gus-
I . . . al - so ren - der. My des-per - a - tion I tell to
tia - do llan - to, Tan só - lo por tu a - mor y mi ilu - sión.
thee for - ev - er, Be-reft of thy true love, which is my dream.

2. ¡Triste de mí! tu me has robado el alma,
Y con ella mi honor y mi destino,
Tan sólo por tu amor, amor divino,
Tan sólo por tu amor, triste de mí.
Vuelve a mí esos ojos que me encantan,
A darme un rayo de su luz divina,
Y volverás la dicha, O Carolina,
A este pobre y amante corazón.

2. Ah! I am sad, for thou hast robbed my bosom
Of all joy in life, and of all hope and honor,
Through love of thee, divine love past all measure.
Through love of thee, Ah! sad is now my heart.
Turn to me now those eyes that always charm me,
And swiftly give me a welcome ray of light divine.
Come, bring good fortune, O dearest Carolina!
To this unhappy tragic life of mine.

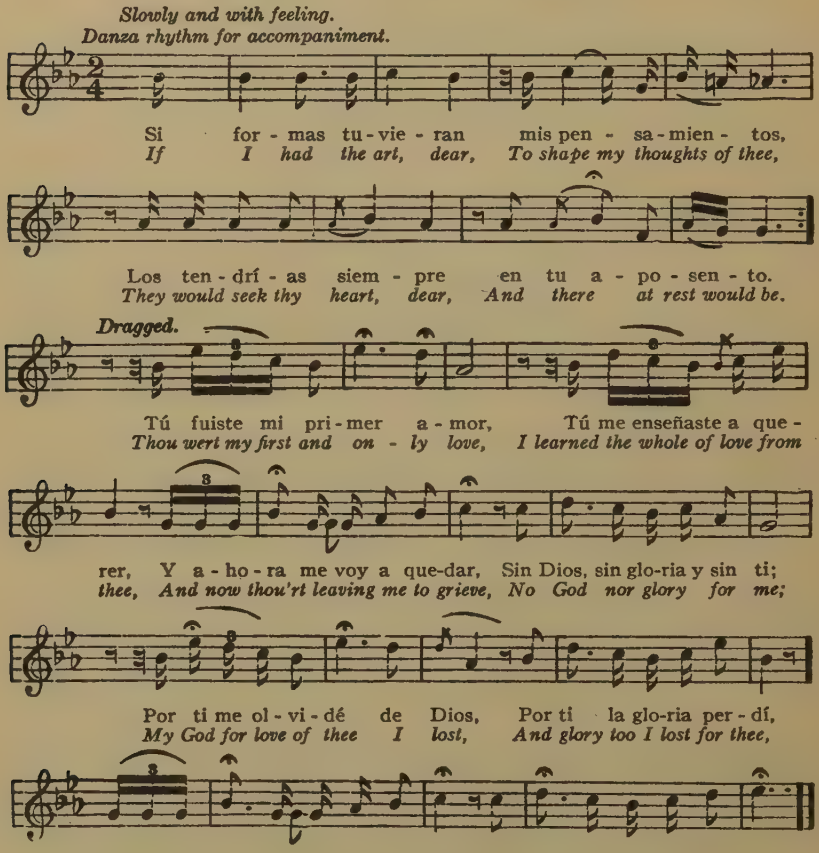
23. CARMELA.

(Sung generally throughout Mexico.)

Moderately. Danza rhythm for accompaniment.
A - sí cual mue - ren en oc - ci
Swift - ly the day - light is fad - ing,
den - te los ti - bios ra - yos del as - tro rey.
To dark-ness shad - ing. Westward the sun sinks low,
A - sí mu - rie - ron mis i - lu - sio - nes, a - sí ex - tin-
And the illusions I cherish All quick-ly per-ish,
Slower.
guien-do se va mi fe. Car-men, Car - me - la, Luz de mis
My faith and hope must go. Car-men, Car-me-la, Light of my
o - jos, Si luz no hu - bie - ra, Ha - bías de
dark-ness, If night sur - round me, Still wouldst thou
ser. Her - mo - so fa - ro, De ven - tu -
be A ra - diant bea - con of hap - py
ran - za, Dul - ce es - pe - ran - za, Be - llo pla - cer.
for - tune, Hope's fair-est to - ken, Shining for me.

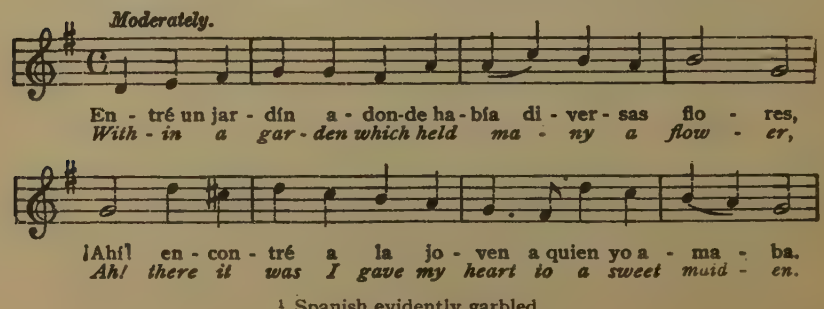
24. SI FORMAS TUVIERAN MIS PENSAMIENTOS.

(From Los Angeles. Sung by Miss C. M. Corella, who learned it from a young Yaqui girl. Words found in early Spanish literature.)

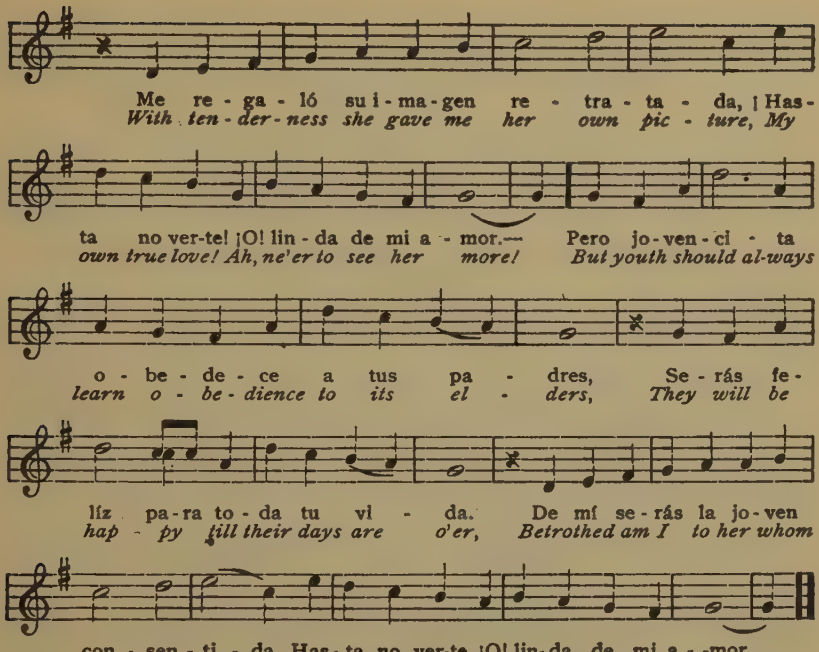

Slowly and with feeling.
Danza rhythm for accompaniment.
Si for - mas tu - vie - ran mis pen - sa - mien - tos,
If I had the art, dear, To shape my thoughts of thee,
Los ten - drí - as siem - pre en tu a - po - sen - to.
They would seek thy heart, dear, And there at rest would be.
Dragged.
Tú fuiste mi pri - mer a - mor, Tú me enseñaste a que -
Thou wert my first and on - ly love, I learned the whole of love from
rer, Y a - ho - ra me voy a que-dar, Sin Dios, sin glo-ria y sin ti;
thee, And now thou'rt leaving me to grieve, No God nor glory for me;
Por ti me ol - vi - dé de Dios, Por ti la glo-ria per - dí,
My God for love of thee I lost, And glory too I lost for thee,
Y a - ho - ra me voy a que - dar, Sin Dios, sin glo-ria y sin ti.
And now thou'st left me with-out hope Of God or glory or thee.

25. ENTRÉ UN JARDÍN.[1]

(From San Juan Capistrano. Sung by Romalda Esperanza Robles Lobo.)

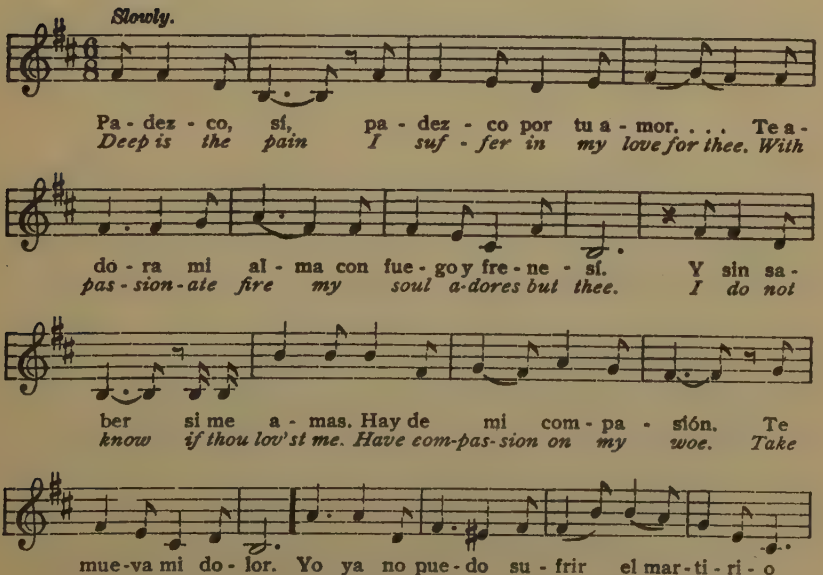

Moderately.
En - tré un jar - dín a - don-de ha - bía di - ver - sas flo - res,
With - in a gar - den which held ma - ny a flow - er,
¡Ahí! en - con - tré a la jo - ven a quien yo a - ma - ba.
Ah! there it was I gave my heart to a sweet maid - en.

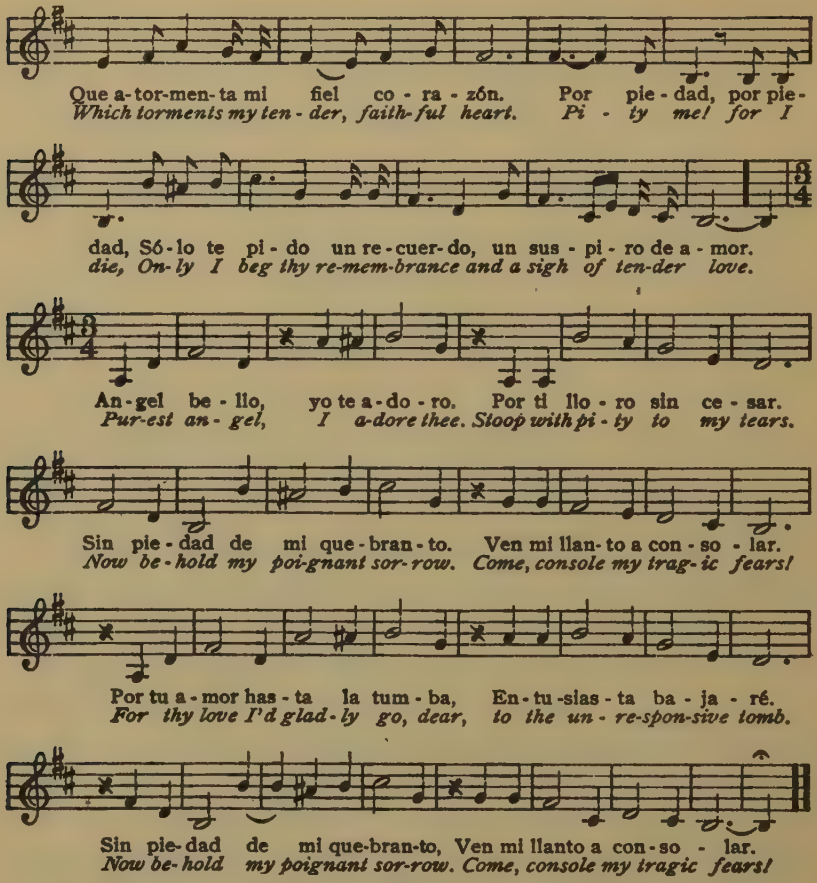
[1] Spanish evidently garbled.


Me re - ga - ló su i - ma - gen re - tra - ta - da, ¡Has -
With ten - der - ness she gave me her own pic - ture, My
ta no ver-te! ¡O! lin - da de mi a - mor.— Pero jo - ven - ci - ta
own true love! Ah, ne'er to see her more! But youth should al-ways
o - be - de - ce a tus pa - dres, Se - rás fe -
learn o - be - dience to its el - ders, They will be
líz pa-ra to - da tu vi - da. De mí se - rás la jo - ven
hap - py till their days are o'er, Betrothed am I to her whom
con - sen - ti - da. Has - ta no ver-te, ¡O! lin - da de mi a - - mor.
I a - dore. My own true love! Ah, ne'er to see her more!

26. EL SUFRIMIENTO.

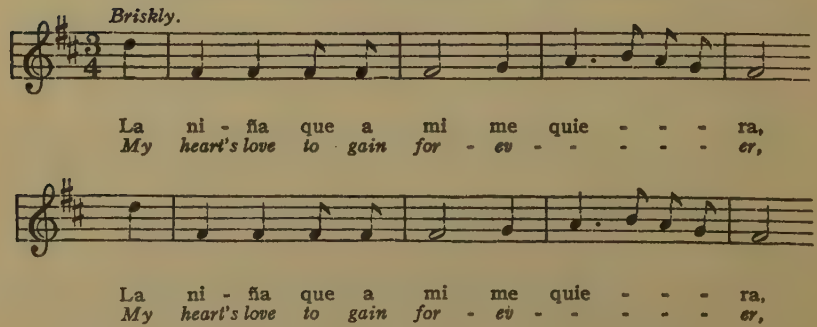
(From Mexico City. Sung by Señora Ramirez.)


Slowly.
Pa - dez - co, sí, pa - dez - co por tu a - mor. . . . Te a -
Deep is the pain I suf - fer in my love for thee. With
do - ra mi al - ma con fue - go y fre - ne - sí. Y sin sa -
pas - sion - ate fire my soul a-dores but thee. I do not
ber si me a - mas. Hay de mi com - pa - sión. Te
know if thou lov'st me. Have com-pas-sion on my woe. Take
mue-va mi do - lor. Yo ya no pue - do su - frir el mar - ti - ri - o
pi - ty on my grief. No lon-ger can I a - bide this mar-tyr-dom


Que a-tor-men-ta mi fiel co - ra - zón. Por pie - dad, por pie-
Which torments my ten - der, faith-ful heart. Pi - ty me! for I
dad, Só-lo te pi - do un re-cuer-do, un sus - pi - ro de a - mor.
die, On-ly I beg thy re-mem-brance and a sigh of ten-der love.
An-gel be - llo, yo te a-do - ro. Por ti llo - ro sin ce - sar.
Pur-est an - gel, I a-dore thee. Stoop with pi - ty to my tears.
Sin pie - dad de mi que-bran-to. Ven mi llan-to a con - so - lar.
Now be-hold my poi-gnant sor-row. Come, console my trag-ic fears!
Por tu a - mor has - ta la tum - ba, En-tu-sias - ta ba - ja - ré.
For thy love I'd glad-ly go, dear, to the un - re-spon-sive tomb.
Sin pie-dad de mi que-bran-to, Ven mi llanto a con-so - lar.
Now be-hold my poignant sor-row. Come, console my tragic fears!

27. SERENATA.[1]

(From Southern Oaxaca and Vera Cruz. Very familiar.)

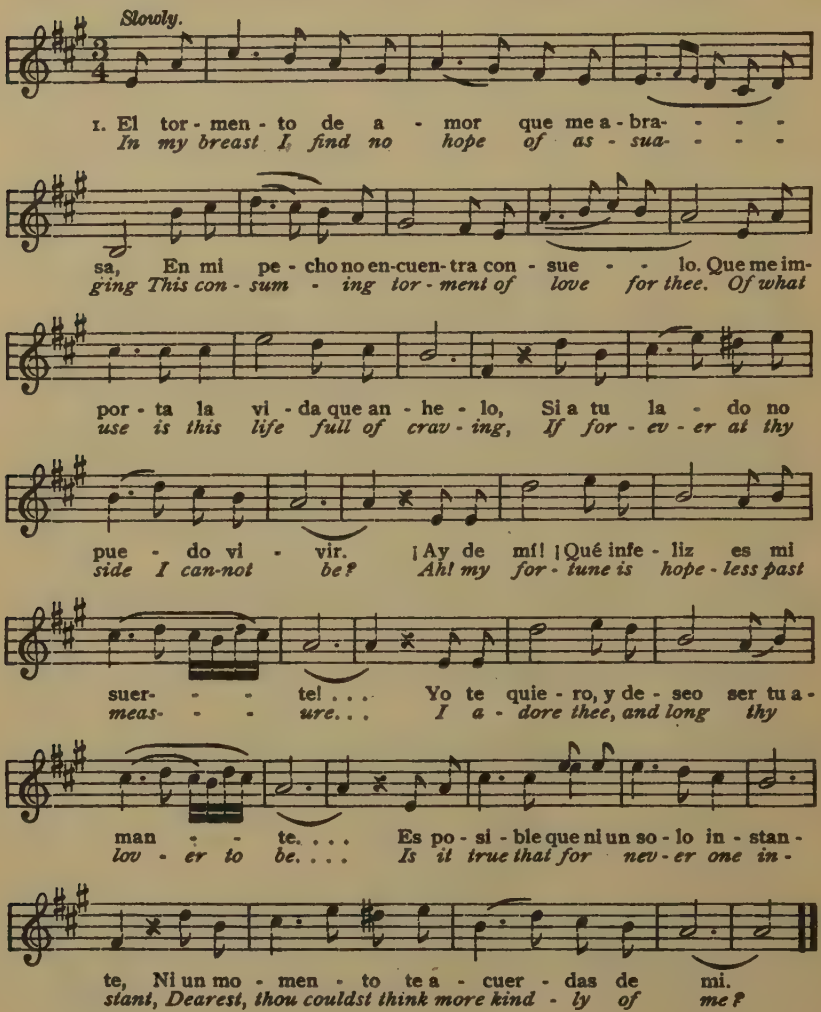


[1] From Folk-Songs from Mexico and South America, by courtesy of H. W. Gray Co.

Da capo.
Ha de ser con con - di - ción, Y ha de ser con con - di - ción.
High spirit a maid must show, High spirit a maid must show.
(Spoken.)
Que vol - vien - do - le ha - cer la se - ña,—¡Pst, pst!—Que
To her window I'll call from be - low, "Pst, pst!" To
(Spoken.)
vol - vien - do - le ha - cer la se - ña,—¡Pst, pst!—Ha de sa - lir
her window I'll call from be - low, "Pst, pst!" At her bal - co - ny
al bal - cón, ... Y ha de sa - lir al bal - cón.
rail she'll hov - er, At her bal - co - ny rail she'll hover,
Que vol - vién - do le ha - cer la se - ña, Que
She must sig - nal like this from a - bove, She
vol - vién-do le ha - cer la se - ña, Ha de con - tes - tar. . . .
must signal like this from a - bove, And thus will she prove,
Whistled. . . . . Sung.
Ha
And
Whistled. . . . . Sung.
de con - tes - tar , . .
thus will she prove, . . .
A - mor.
Her love!

28. EL TORMENTO DE AMOR.

(From southern California. Sung by Mrs. Francisca de la G. Dibblee.)


Slowly.
1. El tor - men - to de a - mor que me a - bra- - - -
In my breast I find no hope of as - sua- - - -
sa, En mi pe - cho no en-cuen-tra con - sue - - lo. Que me im-
ging This con - sum - ing tor - ment of love for thee. Of what
por - ta la vi - da que an - he - lo, Si a tu la - do no
use is this life full of crav - ing, If for - ev - er at thy
pue - do vi - vir. ¡Ay de mí! ¡Qué infe - liz es mi
side I can-not be? Ah! my for - tune is hope - less past
suer- - - te! . . . Yo te quie - ro, y de - seo ser tu a -
meas- - - ure. . . I a - dore thee, and long thy
man - - te. . . . Es po - si - ble que ni un so - lo in - stan -
lov - er to be. . . . Is it true that for nev - er one in -
te, Ni un mo - men - to te a - cuer - das de mi.
stant, Dearest, thou couldst think more kind - ly of me?

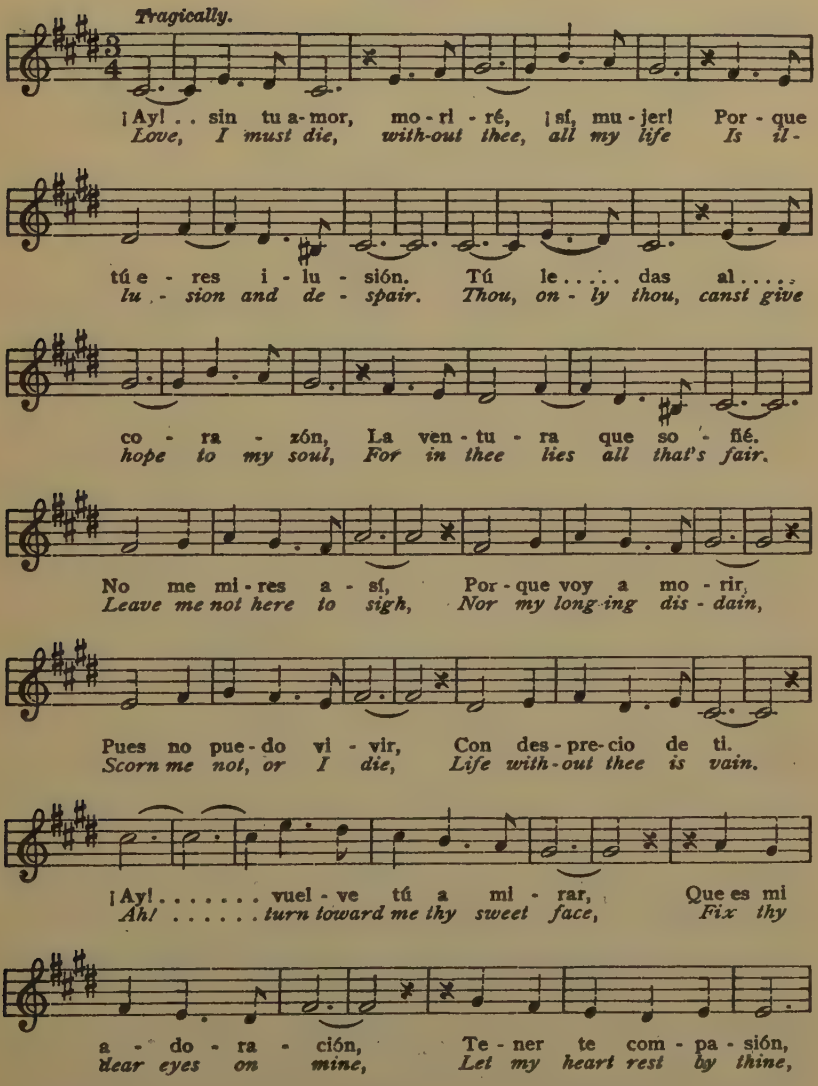
2. Es felíz el mortal que te adora,
Las estrellas brillan refulgentes.
Es felíz el que bebe las fuentes,
Los cristales del agua de amor.
Pero yo que con gran sentimiento
Bebo siempre la hiel del dolor,
Por piedad, ya no tánto tormento,
No seas cruel, corresponde a mi amor.

2. Ah, how happy the mortal who loves thee!
As the stars for him will shine more refulgently above.

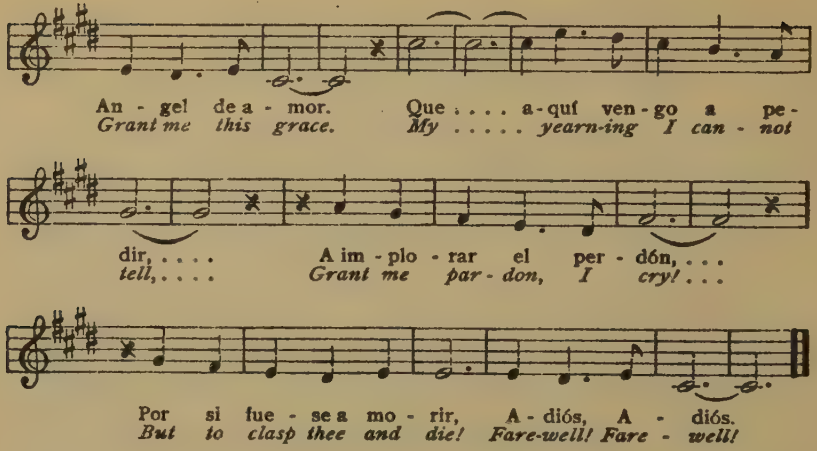
Ah, how happy is he, who, enchanted,
Tastes the crystal water of the spring of love!
While I with deepest devotion
Drink always of sorrow apart,
Now have pity, and cease to repulse me!
Ah, return the true devotion of my heart!

29. MI SUEÑO.[1]

(From Oaxaca, Mex.)

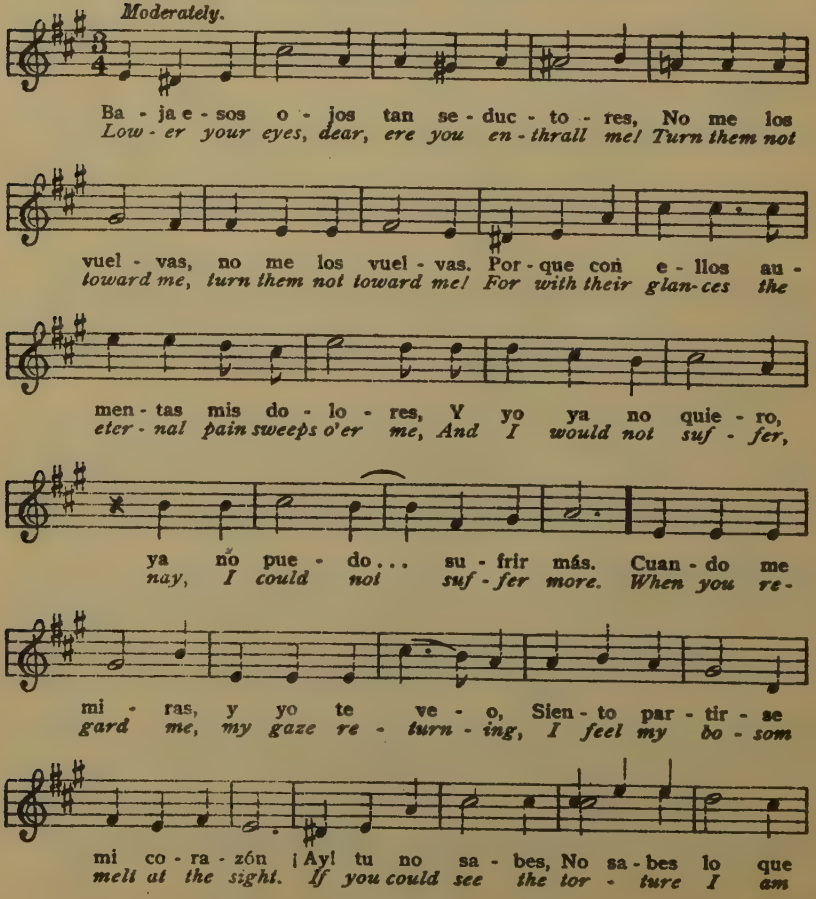

Tragically.
¡Ay! . . sin tu a-mor, mo-ri-ré, ¡sí, mu-jer! Por-que
Love, I must die, with-out thee, all my life Is il-
tú e-res i-lu-sión. Tú le . . . . das al . . . .
lu-sion and de-spair. Thou, on-ly thou, canst give
co-ra-zón, La ven-tu-ra que so-fié.
hope to my soul, For in thee lies all that's fair.
No me mi-res a-sí, Por-que voy a mo-rir,
Leave me not here to sigh, Nor my long-ing dis-dain,
Pues no pue-do vi-vir, Con des-pre-cio de ti.
Scorn me not, or I die, Life with-out thee is vain.
¡Ay! . . . . . vuel-ve tú a mi-rar, Que es mi
Ah! . . . . . turn toward me thy sweet face, Fix thy
a-do-ra-ción, Te-ner te com-pa-sión,
dear eyes on mine, Let my heart rest by thine,

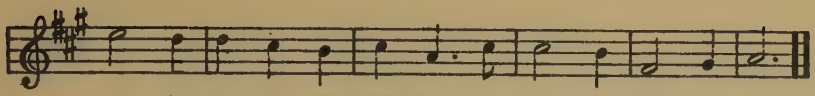
[1] From Folk-Songs from Mexico and South America, by courtesy of H. W. Gray Co.


An - gel de a - mor. Que . . . . a-quí ven-go a pe-
Grant me this grace. My . . . . . yearn-ing I can - not
dir, ... A im - plo - rar el per - dón, . . .
tell, ... Grant me par - don, I cry! . . .
Por si fue - se a mo - rir, A - diós, A - diós.
But to clasp thee and die! Fare-well! Fare - well!

30. BAJA ESOS OJOS.

(From State of Coahuila, Mexico. Sung by Mrs. Karbe.)

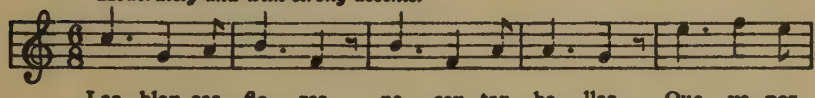

Moderately.
Ba - ja e - sos o - jos tan se - duc - to - res, No me los
Low - er your eyes, dear, ere you en - thrall me! Turn them not
vuel - vas, no me los vuel - vas. Por - que con e - llos au -
toward me, turn them not toward me! For with their glan-ces the
men - tas mis do - lo - res, Y yo ya no quie - ro,
eter - nal pain sweeps o'er me, And I would not suf - fer,
ya no pue - do . . . su - frir más. Cuan - do me
nay, I could not suf - fer more. When you re -
mi - ras, y yo te ve - o, Sien - to par - tir - se
gard me, my gaze re - turn - ing, I feel my bo - som
mi co - ra - zón ¡Ay! tu no sa - bes, No sa - bes lo que
melt at the sight. If you could see the tor - ture I am

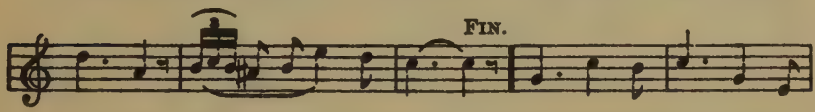


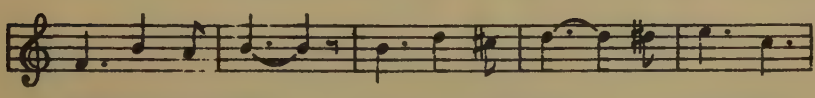
31. LAS BLANCAS FLORES.

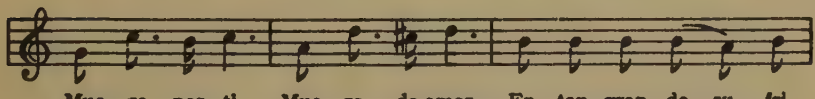
(From southern California. Sung by Mrs. Francisca de la G. Dibblee.)

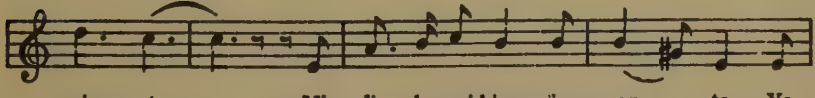
Moderately and with strong accents.

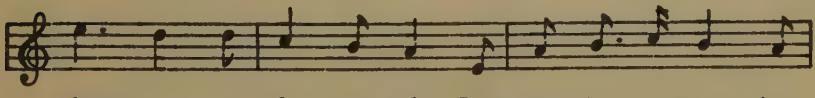


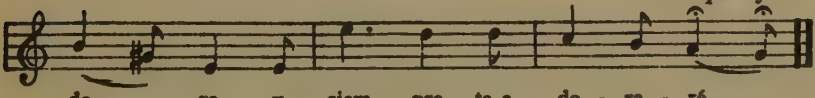






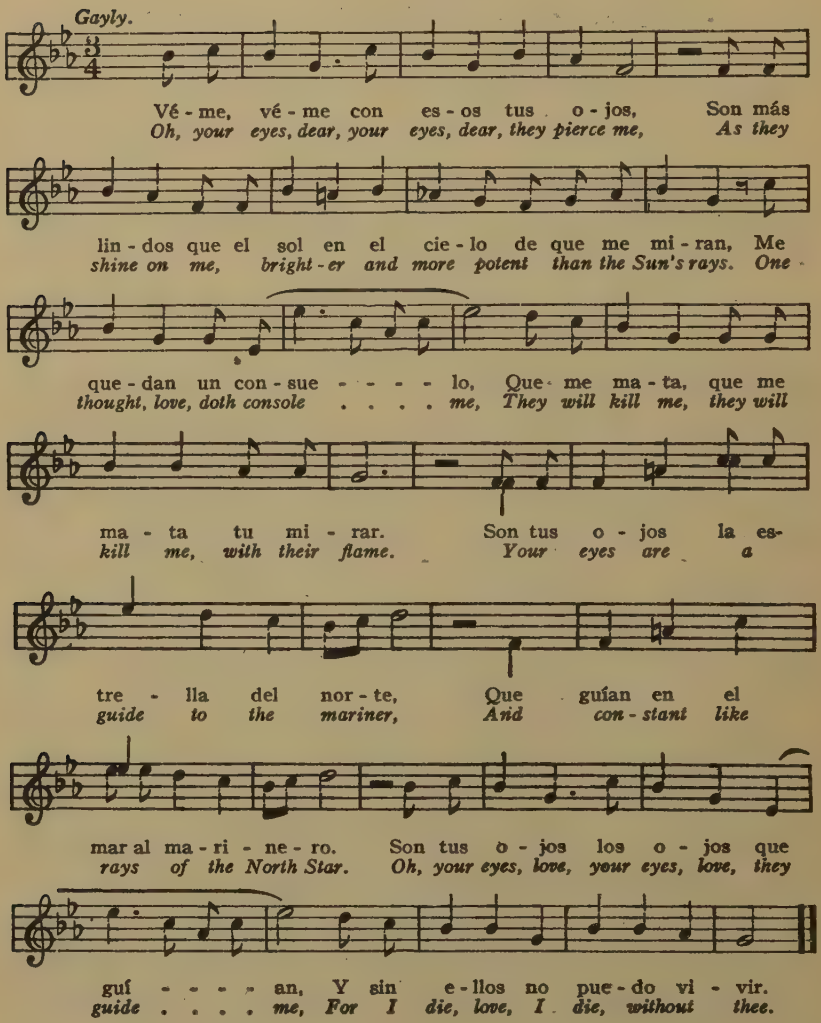






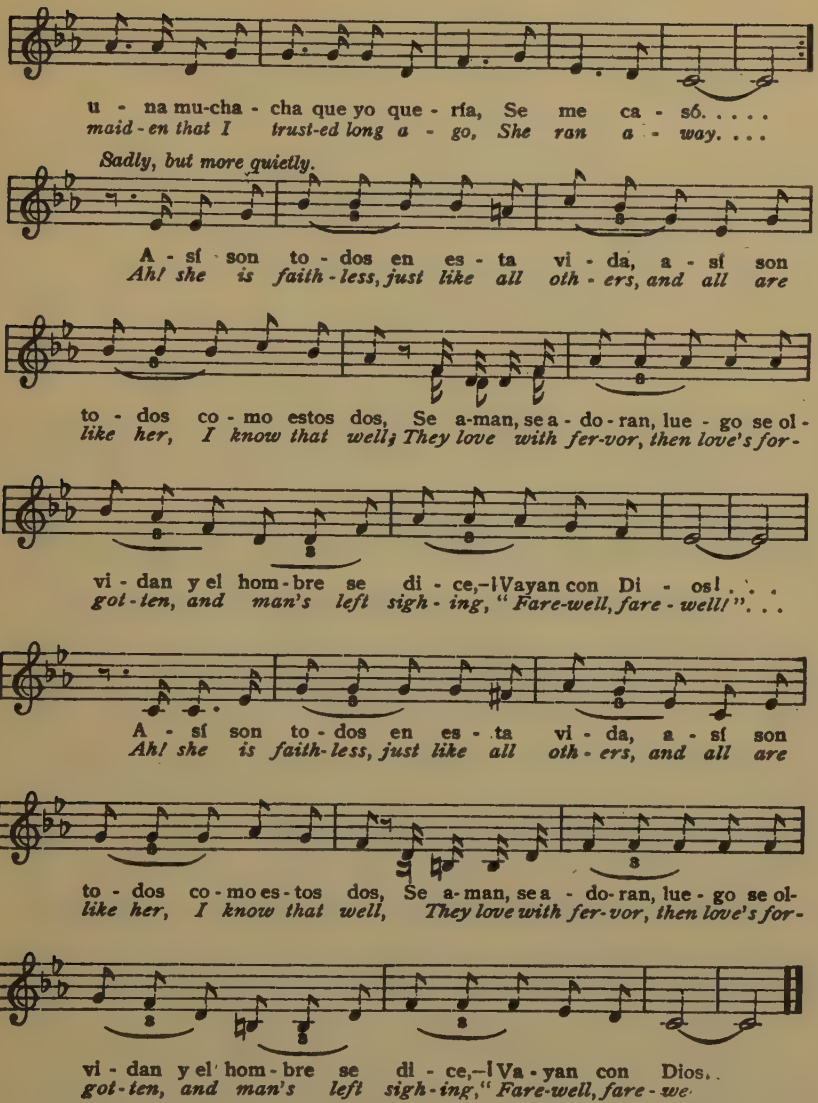
32. LA ESTRELLA DEL NORTE.

(From Mexico.)


Gayly.
Vé - me, vé - me con es - os tus o - jos, Son más
Oh, your eyes, dear, your eyes, dear, they pierce me, As they
lin - dos que el sol en el cie - lo de que me mi - ran, Me
shine on me, bright - er and more potent than the Sun's rays. One -
que - dan un con - sue - - - - lo, Que me ma - ta, que me
thought, love, doth console . . . . me, They will kill me, they will
ma - ta tu mi - rar. Son tus o - jos la es-
kill me, with their flame. Your eyes are a
tre - lla del nor - te, Que guían en el
guide to the mariner, And con - stant like
mar al ma - ri - ne - ro. Son tus o - jos los o - jos que
rays of the North Star. Oh, your eyes, love, your eyes, love, they
guí - - - - an, Y sin e - llos no pue - do vi - vir.
guide . . . . me, For I die, love, I die, without thee.

33. UN PAJARITO.

(From Mexico City.)


u - na mu-cha - cha que yo que - ría, Se me ca - só. . . . .
maid - en that I trust-ed long a - go, She ran a - way. . . .
Sadly, but more quietly.
A - sí son to - dos en es - ta vi - da, a - sí son
Ah! she is faith - less, just like all oth - ers, and all are
to - dos co - mo estos dos, Se a-man, se a - do-ran, lue - go se ol -
like her, I know that well; They love with fer-vor, then love's for -
vi - dan y el hom - bre se di - ce,—¡Vayan con Di - os! . . .
got - ten, and man's left sigh - ing, "Fare-well, fare - well!" . . .
A - sí son to - dos en es - ta vi - da, a - sí son
Ah! she is faith - less, just like all oth - ers, and all are
to - dos co - mo es - tos dos, Se a-man, se a - do-ran, lue - go se ol -
like her, I know that well, They love with fer-vor, then love's for -
vi - dan y el hom - bre se di - ce,—¡Va - yan con Dios. .
got - ten, and man's left sigh - ing," Fare-well, fare - well

2. Un blanco lirio yo tenía
Se marchitó.
Y de esta vida, el amigo mío,
Desapareció —

Así son todos, etc.

3. Una mañana de primavera
Yo te adoré,
Me amaste mucho, luego dijiste,
¡Ya te olvidé!

Así son todos. etc.

2. I held a lily white as snow,
   It drooped its head;
   My love has disappeared from out my life,
   My love is dead.

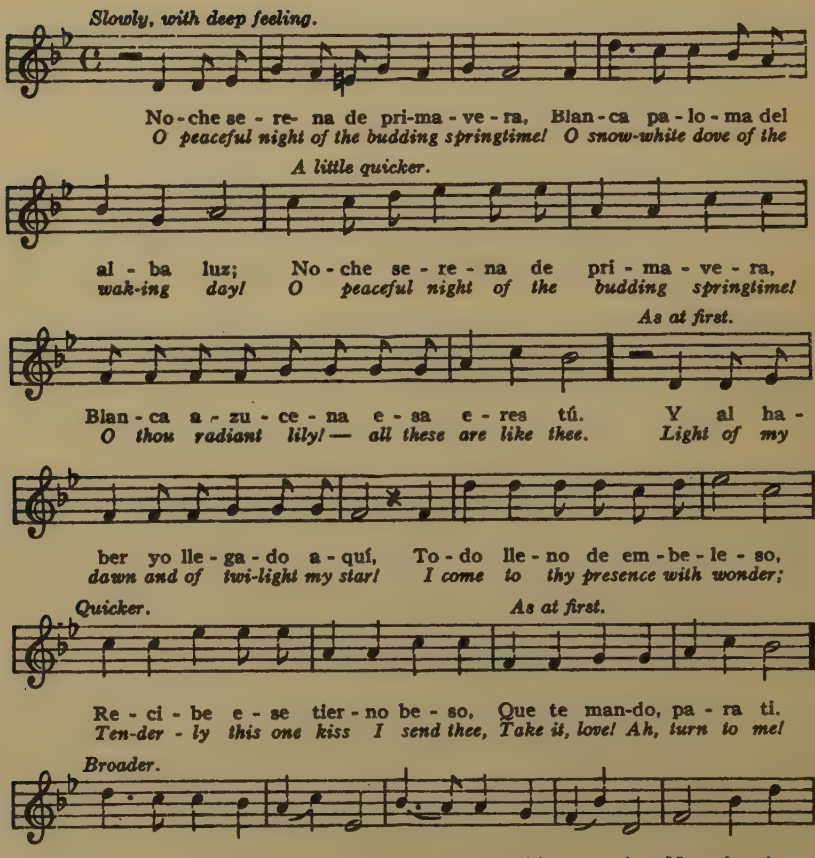
   Ah! she is faithless, etc.

3. One blissful morning of tender spring
   I loved you, dear,
   And you returned my love; but then you said,
   "Now all is o'er."

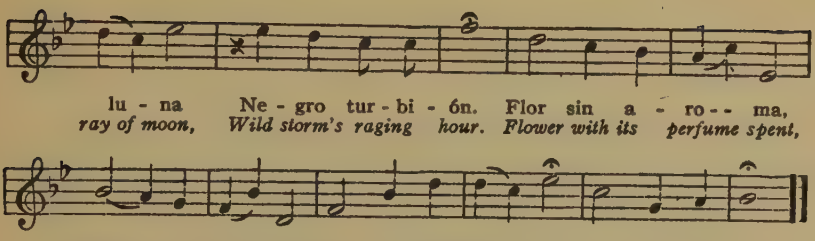
   Ah! she is faithless, etc.

34. NOCHE SERENA.[1]

(From northern Mexico.).

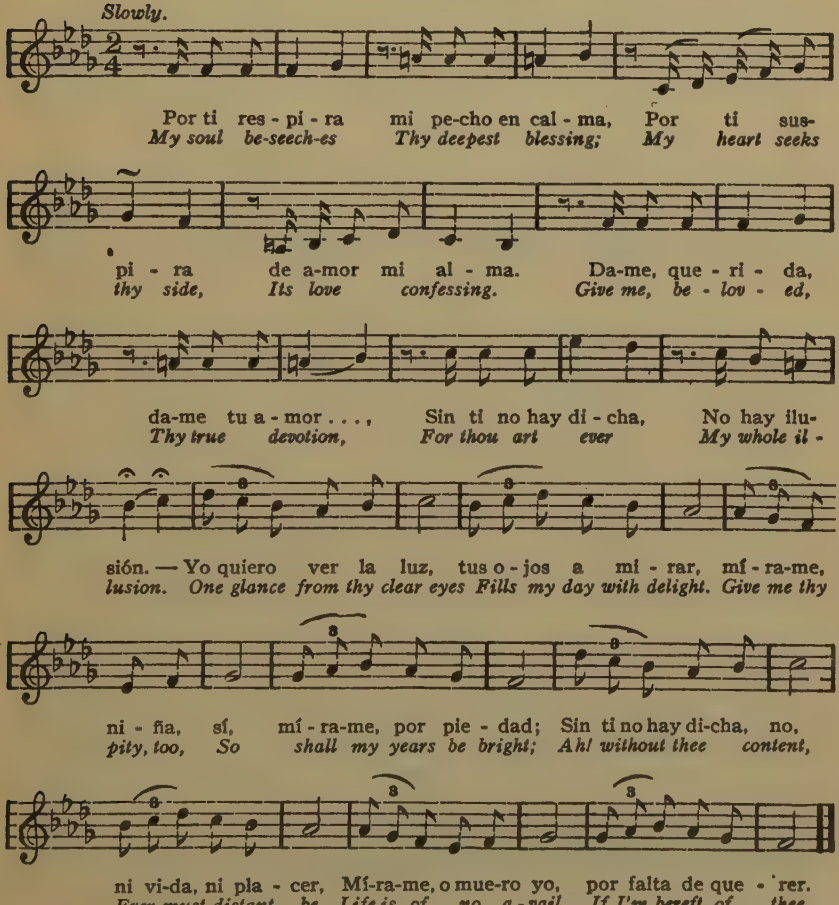

Slowly, with deep feeling.
No - che se - re- na de pri-ma - ve - ra, Blan - ca pa - lo - ma del
O peaceful night of the budding springtime! O snow-white dove of the
A little quicker.
al - ba luz; No - che se - re - na de pri - ma - ve - ra,
wak-ing day! O peaceful night of the budding springtime!
As at first.
Blan - ca a - zu - ce - na e - sa e - res tú. Y al ha -
O thou radiant lily! — all these are like thee. Light of my
ber yo lle - ga - do a - quí, To - do lle - no de em - be - le - so,
dawn and of twi-light my star! I come to thy presence with wonder;
Quicker.
As at first.
Re - ci - be e - se tier - no be - so, Que te man-do, pa - ra ti.
Ten-der - ly this one kiss I send thee, Take it, love! Ah, turn to me!
Broader.
Cam - po en in - vier - no, Flor — mar-chi - ta - da, No - che sin
Winter's chill doth come too soon, I am but a withered flower, Night without

[1] From Folk-Songs from Mexico and South America, by courtesy of H. W. Gray Co.


lu - na Ne - gro tur - bi - ón. Flor sin a - ro - - ma,
ray of moon, Wild storm's raging hour. Flower with its perfume spent,
Mar - chi - ta - da, Ar - bol tron-cha - - do, E - se soy yo.
Tree-tossed and torn and bent, Love's storm hath swept o'er me so cru - el - ly.

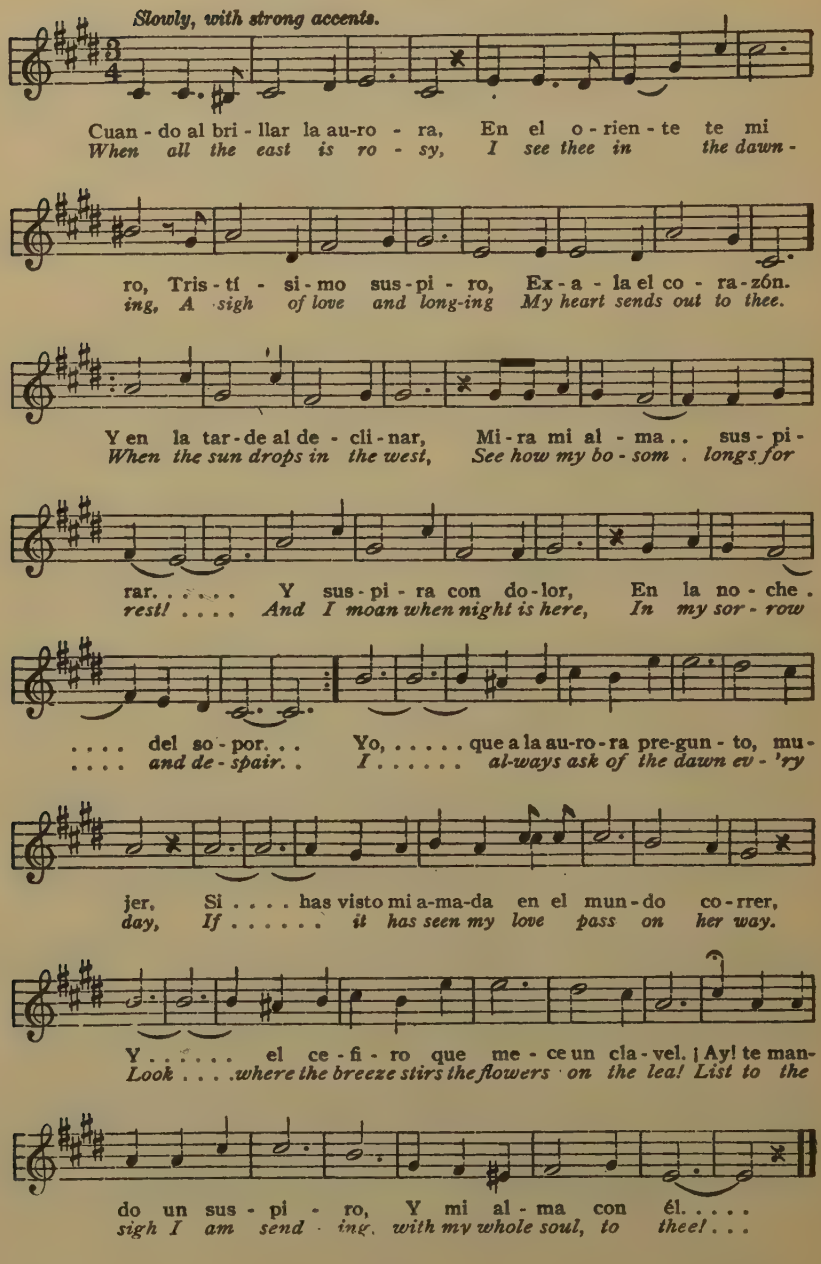
35. POR TI RESPIRA.

(From Mexico. Sung by Miss Elsie A. Seeger.)


Slowly.
Por ti res - pi - ra mi pe-cho en cal - ma, Por ti sus-
My soul be-seech-es Thy deepest blessing; My heart seeks
pi - ra de a-mor mi al - ma. Da-me, que - ri - da,
thy side, Its love confessing. Give me, be - lov - ed,
da-me tu a - mor . . . , Sin ti no hay di - cha, No hay ilu-
Thy true devotion, For thou art ever My whole il -
sión. — Yo quiero ver la luz, tus o - jos a mi - rar, mí - ra-me,
lusion. One glance from thy clear eyes Fills my day with delight. Give me thy
ni - ña, sí, mí - ra-me, por pie - dad; Sin ti no hay di-cha, no,
pity, too, So shall my years be bright; Ah! without thee content,
ni vi-da, ni pla - cer, Mí-ra-me, o mue-ro yo, por falta de que - rer.
Ever must distant be, Life is of no a-vail If I'm bereft of thee.

36. EL SUSPIRO.

(From Oaxaca, Mex. Sung by Pedro Diaz.)


Slowly, with strong accents.
Cuan - do al bri - llar la au-ro - ra, En el o - rien - te te mi
When all the east is ro - sy, I see thee in the dawn -
ro, Tris - tí - si - mo sus - pi - ro, Ex - a - la el co - ra - zón.
ing, A sigh of love and long-ing My heart sends out to thee.
Y en la tar - de al de - cli - nar, Mi - ra mi al - ma . . sus - pi -
When the sun drops in the west, See how my bo - som . longs for
rar. . . . . Y sus - pi - ra con do - lor, En la no - che .
rest! . . . . And I moan when night is here, In my sor - row
. . . . del so - por. . . Yo, ... que a la au-ro - ra pre-gun - to, mu -
. . . . and de - spair. . I . . . . . al-ways ask of the dawn ev - 'ry
jer, Si . . . . has visto mi a-ma-da en el mun - do co - rrer,
day, If . . . . . it has seen my love pass on her way.
Y . . . . . el ce - fi - ro que me - ce un cla - vel. ¡Ay! te man -
Look . . . . where the breeze stirs the flowers on the lea! List to the
do un sus - pi - ro, Y mi al - ma con él. . . . .
sigh I am send - ing, with my whole soul, to thee! . . .

37. VIVO LLORANDO LA SUERTE.

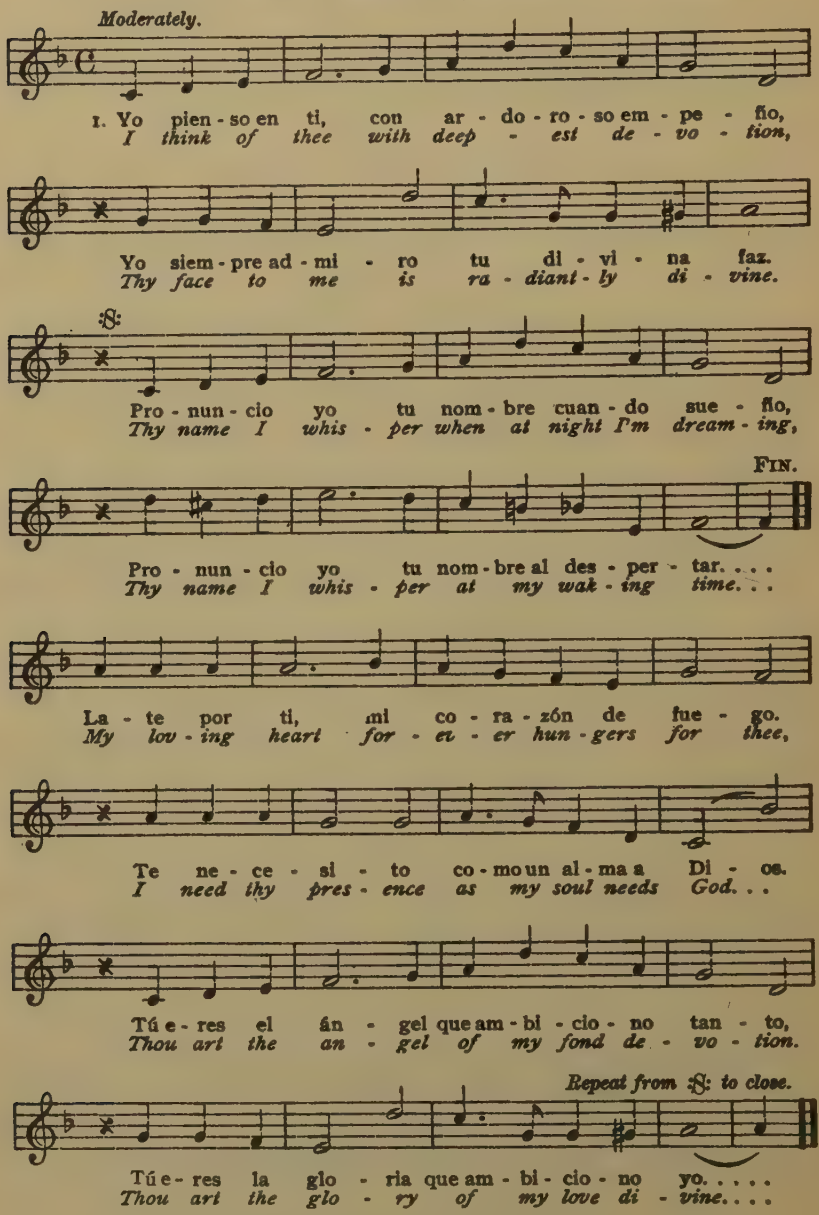
(From Mexico City. Sung by Señora Ramirez.)

Slowly. Not a danza accompaniment.

Vi-vo llo-ran-do la suer - - - te Que de
I live for-ev - er weep - ing the fate Which is
ti me ha se-pa-ra - - - do; Que-dan-do el pe-cho a-bru-
keep-ing me from thee a-part; O'erwhelmed it leaves my poor
ma-do, Se - co que - da, se - co
bo - som, It shriv-els up my heart, it burns and
que-da el co-ra-zón. . . . Y en tan-to que yo
shriv-els up my heart. . . And while I suf-fer this
su - - - - fro Tan . . . a-troz que-
wrench - - - - ing And sunder-ing of all my
bran - - - to, Y de-rra-man-do mi llan-to,
be - - - - ing, I cry a-loud in my tor-ment,
Se - co que - da, se - co que-da el co-ra-zón. . .
It shriv-els up my heart, it burns and shriv-els up my heart. .

38. YO PIENSO EN TI.

(From southern California. Sung by Mrs. Francisca de la G. Dibblee.)


Moderately.
1. Yo pien - so en ti, con ar - do - ro - so em - pe - ño,
I think of thee with deep - est de - vo - tion,
Yo siem - pre ad - mi - ro tu di - vi - na faz.
Thy face to me is ra - diant - ly di - vine.
𝄋
Pro - nun - cio yo tu nom - bre cuan - do sue - ño,
Thy name I whis - per when at night I'm dream - ing,
Fin.
Pro - nun - cio yo tu nom - bre al des - per - tar. . . .
Thy name I whis - per at my wak - ing time. . .
La - te por ti, mi co - ra - zón de fue - go.
My lov - ing heart for - ev - er hun - gers for thee,
Te ne - ce - si - to co - mo un al - ma a Di - os.
I need thy pres - ence as my soul needs God. . .
Tú e - res el án - gel que am - bi - cio - no tan - to,
Thou art the an - gel of my fond de - vo - tion.
Repeat from 𝄋 to close.
Tú e - res la glo - ria que am - bi - cio - no yo. . . . .
Thou art the glo - ry of my love di - vine. . . .

2. Mi corazón por ti siempre palpita,
Palpita por ti, apacible flor,
Flor que yo anhelo, y que me da la vida,
Vida que anhelo, sólo por tu amor.

Late por ti, mi corazón de fuego, etc.

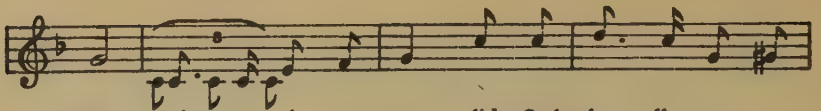
2. My heart eternally for thee is beating,
It throbs for thee, thou fragile tender flower, —
Flower that I'm seeking, nourishing my being,
Life that I long for, holding thee fore'er.

My loving heart forever hungers for thee,
I need thy presence as my soul needs God.
Thou art the angel of my fond devotion,
Thou art the glory of my love divine.

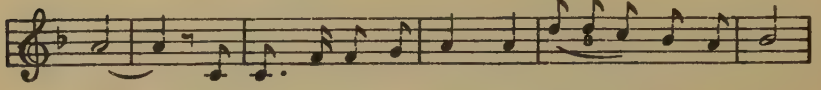
39. A LA LUZ DE LA LUNA.

(From Lower California. Sung by Mrs. Theodore Barnes.)

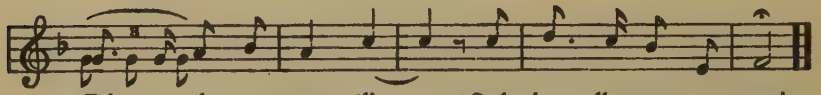
Rather slowly, not a danza accompaniment.
1. A . . . . la luz de la lu - na, Yo te mi - ré,
By the glim - mer - ing moon - light First I saw thee,
yo te mi - ré. Y al ver - te tan her - mo - sa,
first I saw thee. And thy beau - ty en - thrall - ing
Yo de ti me en - a - mo - ré, Yo de ti me en - a - mo - ré,
Made me love thee ten - der - ly, Made me love thee ten - der - ly.
Ten - go mi ha - ma - ca ten - di - da, En la o -
Close be-side the o - cean shore my ham - mock Is slung to
ri - lla del mar, Y mi ca - ba - ña es - con -
catch the whis-p'ring breeze; My cab - in hid with - in the
di - da De - ba - jo de un ca - fe - tal, De - ba - jo
shad - ows, That lie be - neath the cof - fee - trees, That lie be -
Danza accom.
de un ca - fe - tal. Som-bra me da el bos - que, Bri-sas me da el
neath the cof-fee - trees. Cool shades the forest gives me, Fresh breezes from the



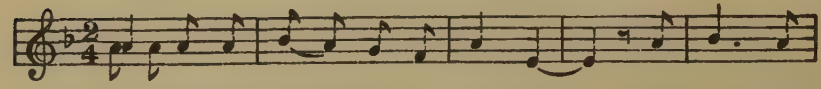
mar, Tri - nos el cen - son - tli.[1] ¡Qué be - llo es a -
sea, Mu - sic, the birds that car - ol. Deep is my love for



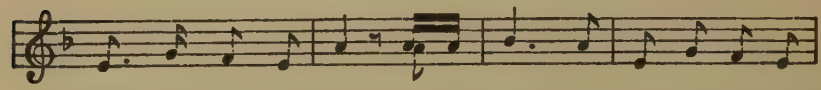
mar! . . Som-bra me da el bos - que, Bri-sas me da el mar,
thee. . . Cool shades the for-est gives me, Fresh breez-es from the sea,



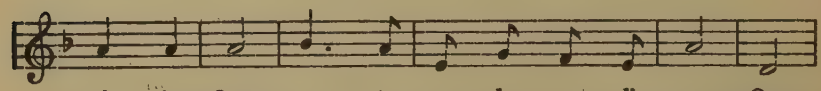
Tri - nos el cen - son - tli. . . . ¡Qué be - llo es a - mar!
Mu-sic, the birds that car - ol. . . . Deep is my love for thee.



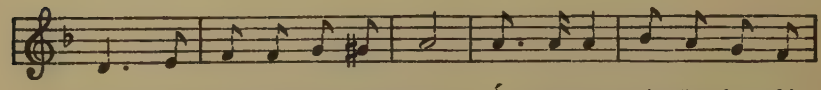
2. Tu con - ta - rás las go - ti - tas. . . Del a - gua
Wilt thou count the lit - tle drops of wa - ter . . Which help to



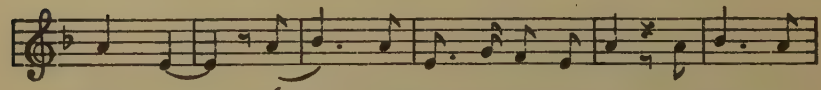
que hay en el mar. Pe - ro no con - ta - rás las ca -
make the o - cean deep? Canst thou not count the sweet ca -



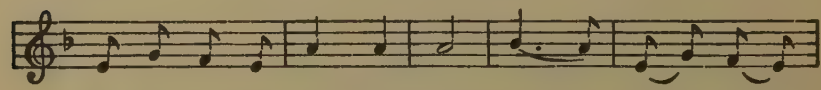
ri - cias, Que yo te pue - do pro - di - gar, Que
ress - es Which at thy feet my love would heap, Which



yo te pue - do pro - di - gar. Á - ma-me, ni - fia, he - chi -
at thy feet my love would heap? Love me, dear en-chan-tress, ah,

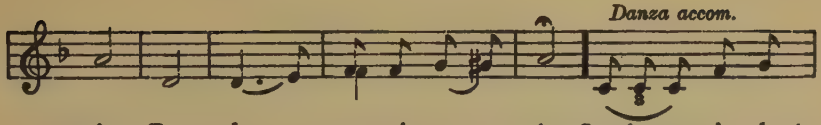


ce - ra, . . Á - - ma - me, por com-pa - sión. Mi - ra
love me! . . Turn thy com-pas - sion un - to me! Be-hold the



que por vez pri - me - ra, Te a - do - - ra mi co - ra -
fire of my de - vo - tion, That burns in - ces - sant - -

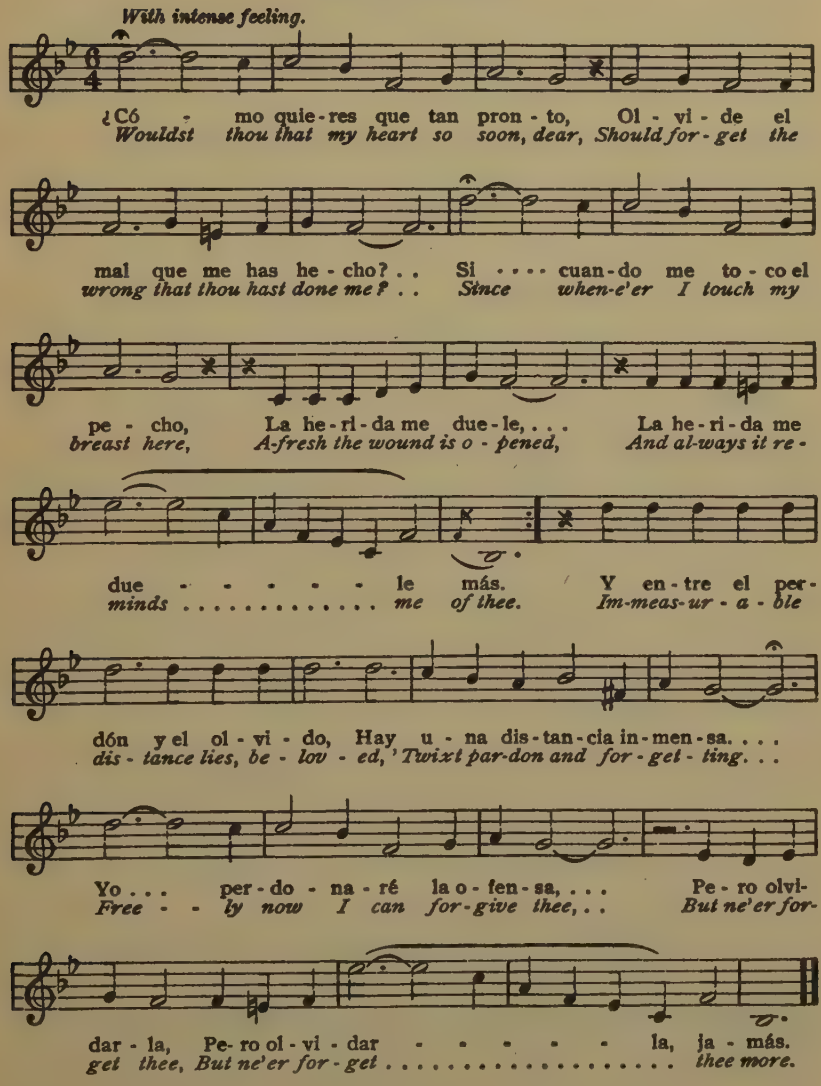
[1] Nahuatl name of colibri (humming-bird).



zón. Te a - do - ra mi co - ra - zón. Som-bra me da el, *etc.*
ly, That burns in - ces - sant - ly! Cool shades, etc.

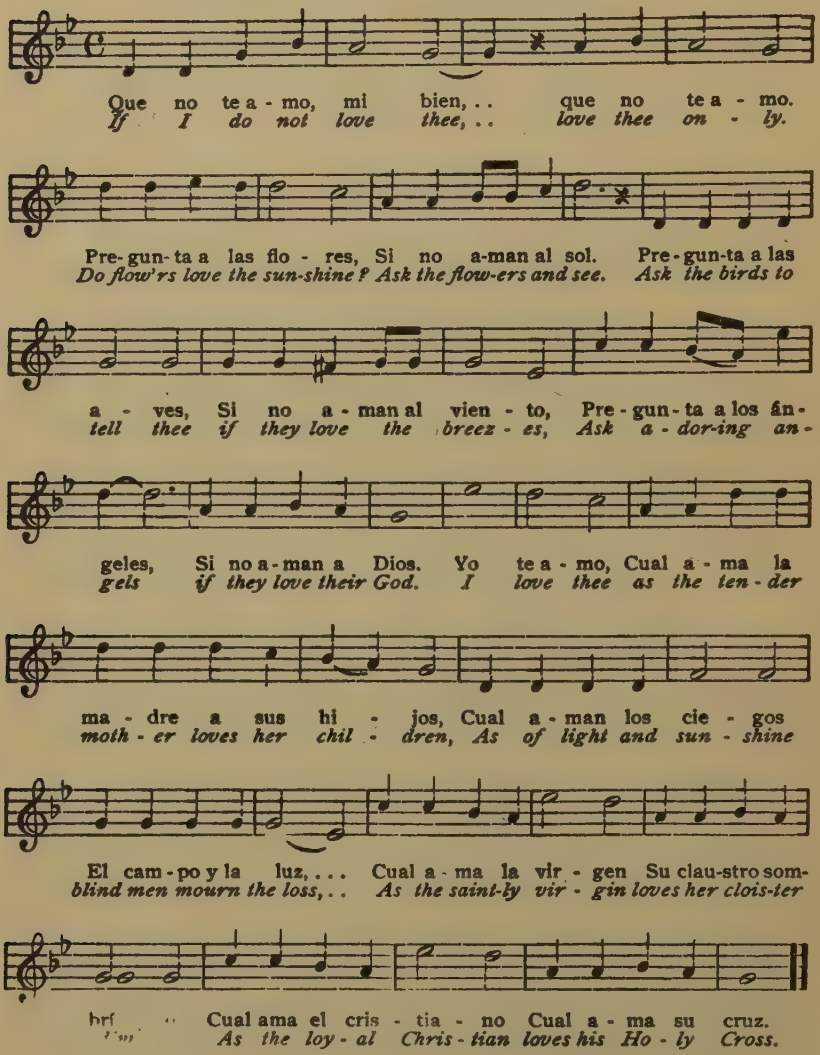
40. COMO QUIERES.

(From Oaxaca, Mex.)


With intense feeling.
¿Có - mo quie-res que tan pron - to, Ol - vi - de el
Wouldst thou that my heart so soon, dear, Should for - get the
mal que me has he - cho? . . Si · · · · cuan-do me to - co el
wrong that thou hast done me? . . Since when-e'er I touch my
pe - cho, La he - ri - da me due - le, . . . La he - ri - da me
breast here, A-fresh the wound is o - pened, And al-ways it re -
due - - - - - le más. Y en - tre el per -
minds . . . . . me of thee. Im-meas-ur - a - ble
dón y el ol - vi - do, Hay u - na dis-tan-cia in-men-sa. . . .
dis - tance lies, be - lov - ed, 'Twixt par-don and for - get - ting. . .
Yo . . . per - do - na - ré la o - fen - sa, . . . Pe - ro olvi -
Free - - ly now I can for - give thee, . . But ne'er for -
dar - la, Pe- ro ol - vi - dar - - - - - la, ja - más.
get thee, But ne'er for - get . . . . . thee more.

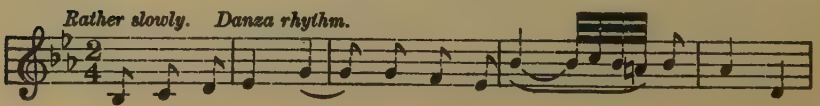
41. QUE NO TE AMO.

(From Mexico City. Sung by Señora Ramirez.)


Que no te a - mo, mi bien, .. que no te a - mo.
If I do not love thee, .. love thee on - ly.
Pre-gun-ta a las flo - res, Si no a-man al sol. Pre-gun-ta a las
Do flow'rs love the sun-shine? Ask the flow-ers and see. Ask the birds to
a - ves, Si no a - man al vien - to, Pre-gun-ta a los án-
tell thee if they love the breez - es, Ask a - dor-ing an-
geles, Si no a-man a Dios. Yo te a - mo, Cual a - ma la
gels if they love their God. I love thee as the ten - der
ma - dre a sus hi - jos, Cual a - man los cie - gos
moth - er loves her chil - dren, As of light and sun - shine
El cam - po y la luz, . . . Cual a - ma la vir - gen Su clau-stro som-
blind men mourn the loss, . . As the saint-ly vir - gin loves her clois-ter
Cual ama el cris - tia - no Cual a - ma su cruz.
As the loy - al Chris - tian loves his Ho - ly Cross.

42. VIVO PENANDO.

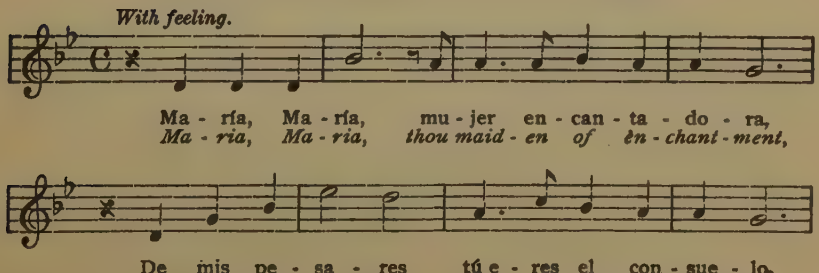
(From Santa Barbara, Cal. Sung by Mrs. F. de la G. Dibblee.)

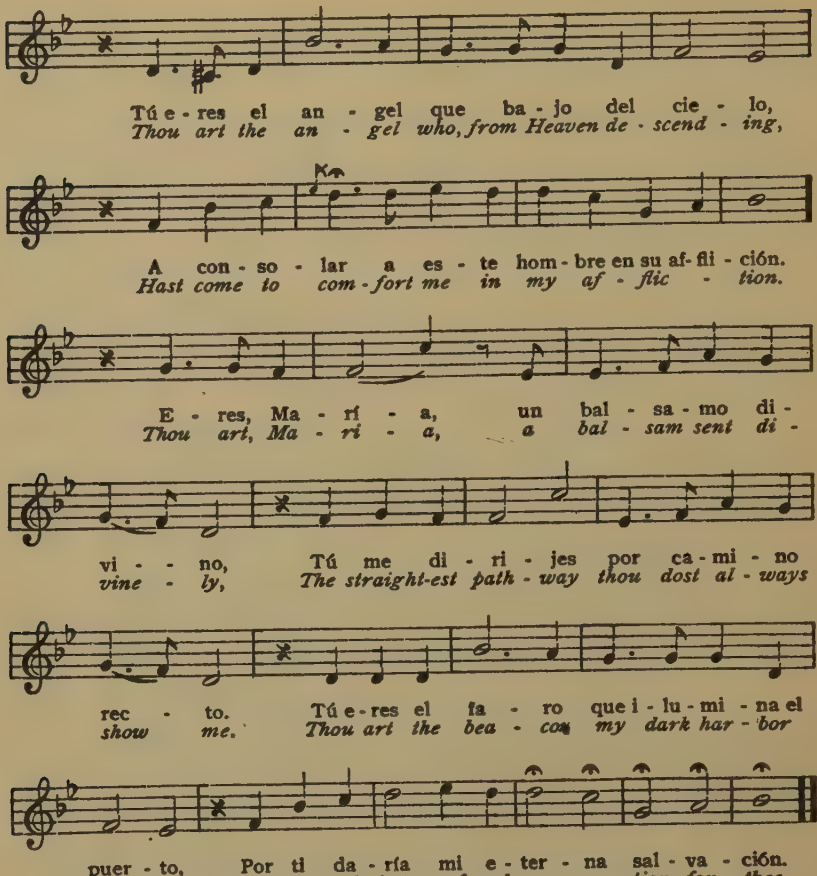


De u-na pa-sión que me de-vo-ra el al - - ma.
Keen jeal-ous-y de-vours my soul com-plete - - ly.
Mientras que tú, dis-fru-tas de la cal-ma, ¡sí!
Thy days are pass-ing now in glad se-ren-i-ty,
De mí no te a-cuer-des . . . ni . . . . re-cuer-des ya.
Thou hast no memo-ry or thought . . for me, a-las!
Cuan-do es-tés . . . con tu que - - ri-do al la-do,
When thou pass-est with thy a-dor-ing lov-er,
Dis-fru-tan-do de di-chas y pla-ce - res.
Both ab-sorbed in good for-tune and fresh pleas-ure.
Él te da-rá los gus-tos que qui-sie-res, ¡sí!
He'll give to thee the joys that thou art seek-ing.
De mí no te a-cuer-des ni . . . . re-cuer-des ya. . . .
Thou hast no mem-o-ry or thought . . . for me, a-las! . . .

43. MARÍA, MARÍA.

(From California. Sung by Mrs. F. de la G. Dibblee.)

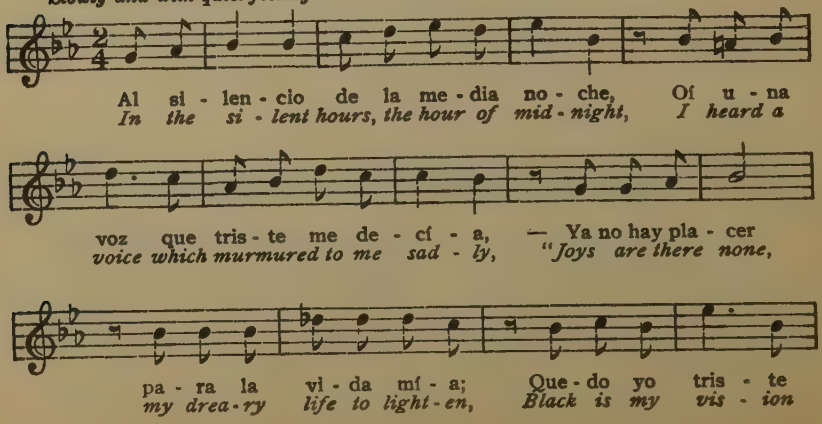

With feeling.
Ma-ría, Ma-ría, mu-jer en-can-ta-do-ra,
Ma-ria, Ma-ria, thou maid-en of en-chant-ment,
De mis pe-sa-res tú e-res el con-sue-lo,
In all my sor-row, thou art con-so-la-tion.

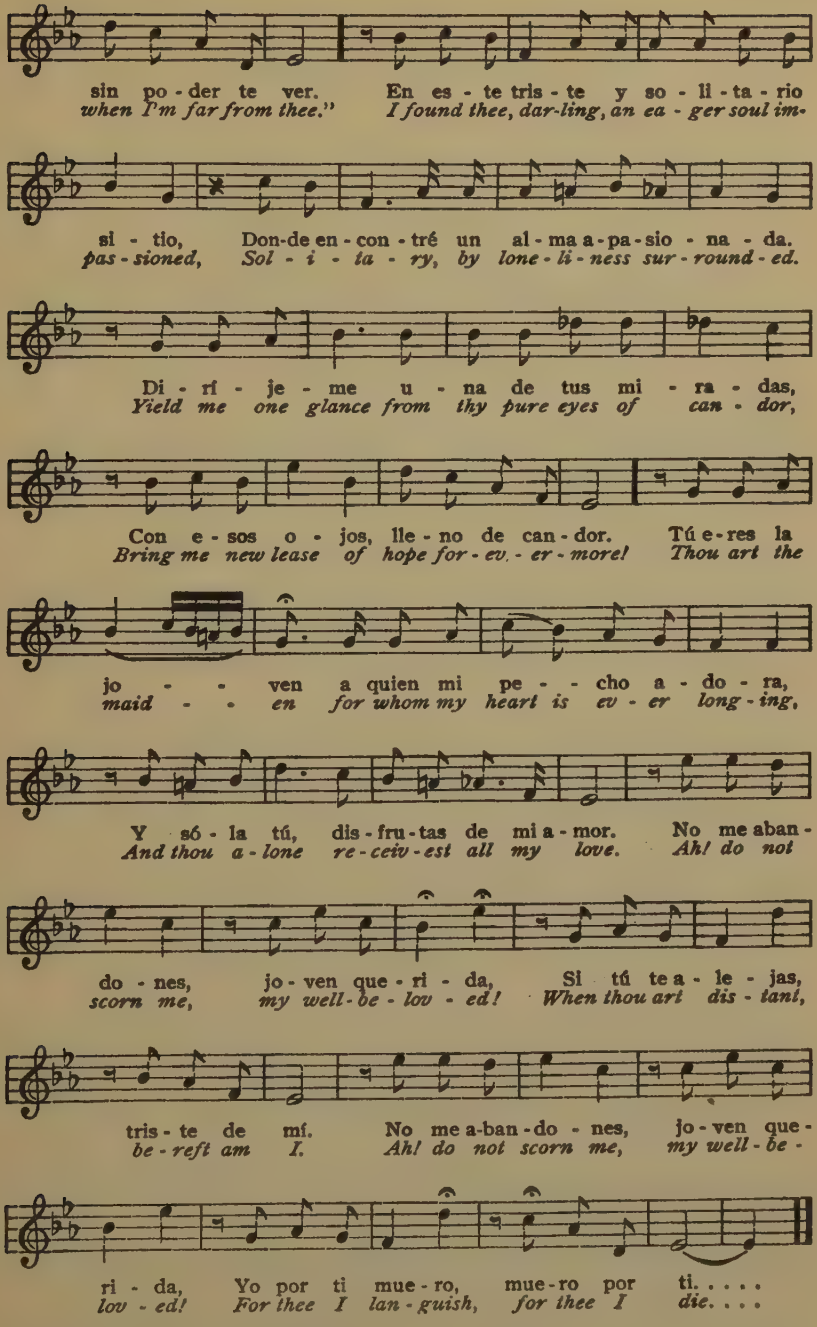

Tú e - res el an - gel que ba - jo del cie - lo,
Thou art the an - gel who, from Heaven de - scend - ing,
A con - so - lar a es - te hom - bre en su af - fli - ción.
Hast come to com - fort me in my af - flic - tion.
E - res, Ma - rí - a, un bal - sa - mo di -
Thou art, Ma - ri - a, a bal - sam sent di -
vi - - no, Tú me di - ri - jes por ca - mi - no
vine - ly, The straight-est path - way thou dost al - ways
rec - to. Tú e - res el fa - ro que i - lu - mi - na el
show me. Thou art the bea - con my dark har - bor
puer - to, Por ti da - ría mi e - ter - na sal - va - ción.
light - ing, I'd give all hope of sal - va - - tion for thee.

44. MEDIA NOCHE.

(From Lower California. Sung by Mrs. Theodore Barnes.)

Slowly and with quiet feeling. Not a danza.

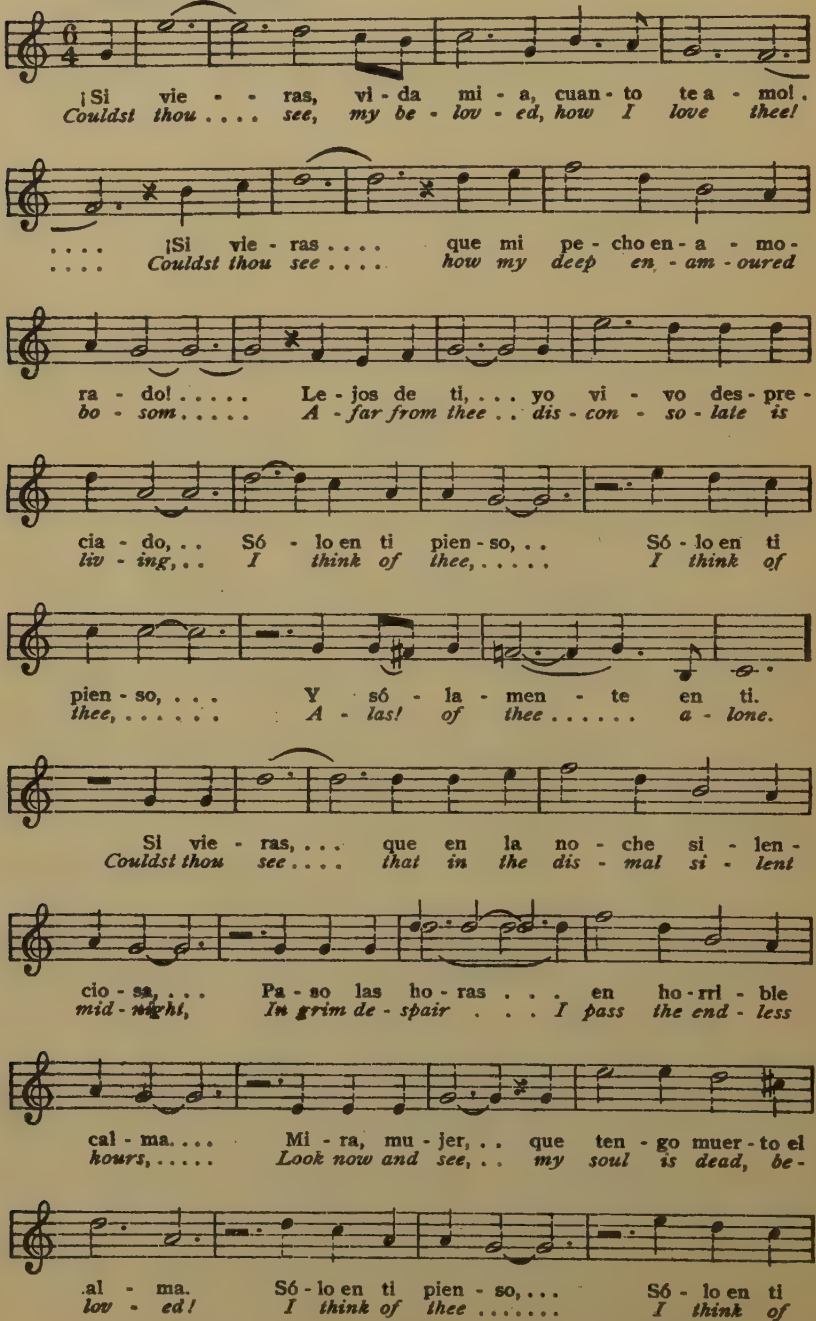

Al si - len - cio de la me - dia no - che, Oí u - na
In the si - lent hours, the hour of mid - night, I heard a
voz que tris - te me de - cí - a, — Ya no hay pla - cer
voice which murmured to me sad - ly, "Joys are there none,
pa - ra la vi - da mí - a; Que - do yo tris - te
my drea - ry life to light - en, Black is my vis - ion

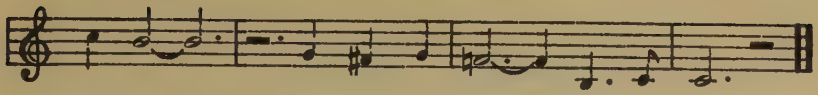

sin po - der te ver. En es - te tris - te y so - li - ta - rio
when I'm far from thee." I found thee, dar-ling, an ea - ger soul im-
si - tio, Don-de en - con - tré un al - ma a - pa - sio - na - da.
pas - sioned, Sol - i - ta - ry, by lone - li - ness sur - round - ed.
Di - rí - je - me u - na de tus mi - ra - das,
Yield me one glance from thy pure eyes of can - dor,
Con e - sos o - jos, lle - no de can - dor. Tú e - res la
Bring me new lease of hope for - ev. - er - more! Thou art the
jo - - ven a quien mi pe - - cho a - do - ra,
maid - - en for whom my heart is ev - er long - ing,
Y só - la tú, dis - fru - tas de mi a - mor. No me aban -
And thou a - lone re - ceiv - est all my love. Ah! do not
do - nes, jo - ven que - ri - da, Si tú te a - le - jas,
scorn me, my well - be - lov - ed! When thou art dis - tant,
tris - te de mí. No me a-ban - do - nes, jo - ven que -
be - reft am I. Ah! do not scorn me, my well - be -
ri - da, Yo por ti mue - ro, mue - ro por ti. . . . .
lov - ed! For thee I lan - guish, for thee I die. . . .

45. SI VIERAS, VIDA MIA.

(From Oaxaca, Mex. Sung by Pedro Diaz.)

Slowly and very freely.

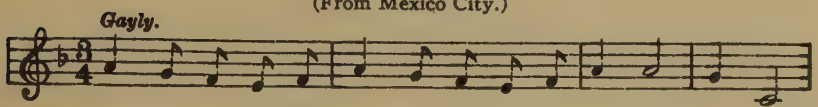

¡Si vie - - ras, vi - da mi - a, cuan - to te a - mol.
Couldst thou . . . . see, my be - lov - ed, how I love thee!
. . . . ¡Si vie - ras . . . . que mi pe - cho en - a - mo -
. . . . Couldst thou see . . . . how my deep en - am - oured
ra - do! . . . . . Le - jos de ti, . . . yo vi - vo des - pre -
bo - som . . . . . A - far from thee . . dis - con - so - late is
cia - do, . . Só - lo en ti pien - so, . . Só - lo en ti
liv - ing, . . I think of thee, ... I think of
pien - so, . . . Y só - la - men - te en ti.
thee, ... A - las! of thee . . . . . a - lone.
Si vie - ras, . . . que en la no - che si - len -
Couldst thou see . . . . that in the dis - mal si - lent
cio - sa, . . . Pa - so las ho - ras . . . en ho - rri - ble
mid - night, In grim de - spair . . . I pass the end - less
cal - ma. . . . Mi - ra, mu - jer, . . que ten - go muer - to el
hours, ... Look now and see, . . my soul is dead, be -
.al - ma. Só - lo en ti pien - so, . . . Só - lo en ti
lov - ed! I think of thee . . . . . I think of



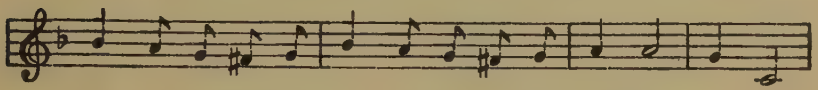
pien - so, . . . Y só - la - men - te en ti.
thee, ... A - las! of thee . . . . . a - lone.

46. COMO NACÍ EN LA CALLE.[1]

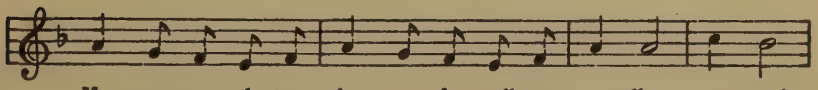
(From Mexico City.)



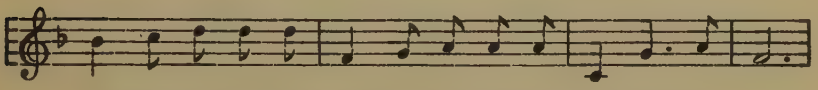
1. Co - mo na - cí en la ca - lle de la pa - lo - ma, ¡ay, ay!
When in the street called Dove Street my life was dawning, ay, ay!



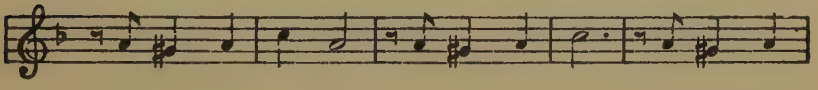
Es - te nom-bre me die - ron de ni - fia en bro - ma, ¡ay, ay!
This name the chil-dren called me, both night and morn-ing, ay, ay!



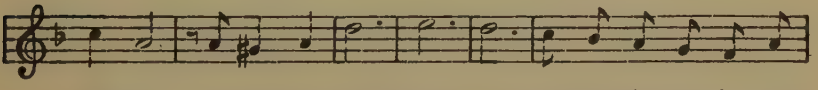
Y co - mo sal - to a - le - gre de ca-lle en ca - lle, ¡ay, ay!
Since there I flit - ted gay - ly through streets and gardens, ay, ay!



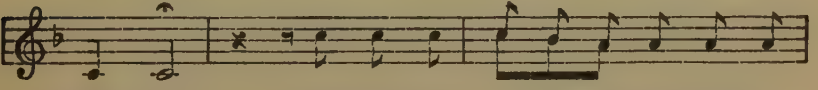
Es - te nom-bre me die - ron de ni - fia en bro - ma, ¡ay, ay!
Dove was the name they called me, both night and morn-ing, ay, ay!



Y co - mo a - rru - llo, pa - lo - ma soy, Que brin - co y
I'm soft - ly call - ing to find my love, Complain - ing



can - to, por don - de voy, Con mi nom - bre de pa - lo - ma
sad - ly, "Oh, where is he?" Till my love shall come, I wan-der



siem - pre, Bus - co un pa - lo - mo, bus - co un pa -
lone - ly, Seek - ing my mate, ... seek - ing my

lo - mo, bus - co un pa - lo - mo, ¿quién se - rá él?
mate, ... seek - ing my mate. . . . Where can he be?

[1] From Folk-Songs from Mexico and South America, by courtesy of H. W. Gray Co.

2. Como, estoy en mi ventana
Cerca del cielo, ¡ay, ay!
Y por él las palomas
Tienden el vuelo, ¡ay, ay!
Cuando veo por mi vidrio
Que el alba asoma, ¡ay, ay!
Tender quisiera el vuelo
Cual la paloma, ¡ay, ay!

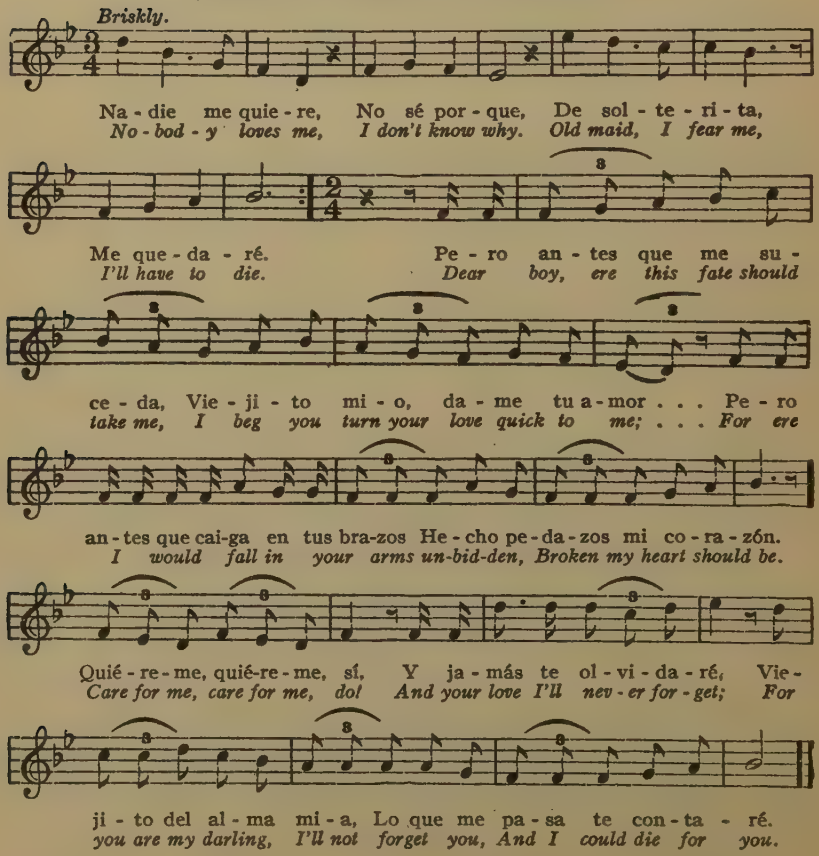
Y como arrullo, etc.

2. When in my little window I sit a-spying, ay, ay!
Skyward I look, and see that the doves are flying, ay, ay!
And when the dawn comes softly, I sigh, "My dear love, ay, ay!
Would I could fly and seek you like yonder white dove, ay, ay!"

I'm softly calling, etc.

47. NADIE ME QUIERE.

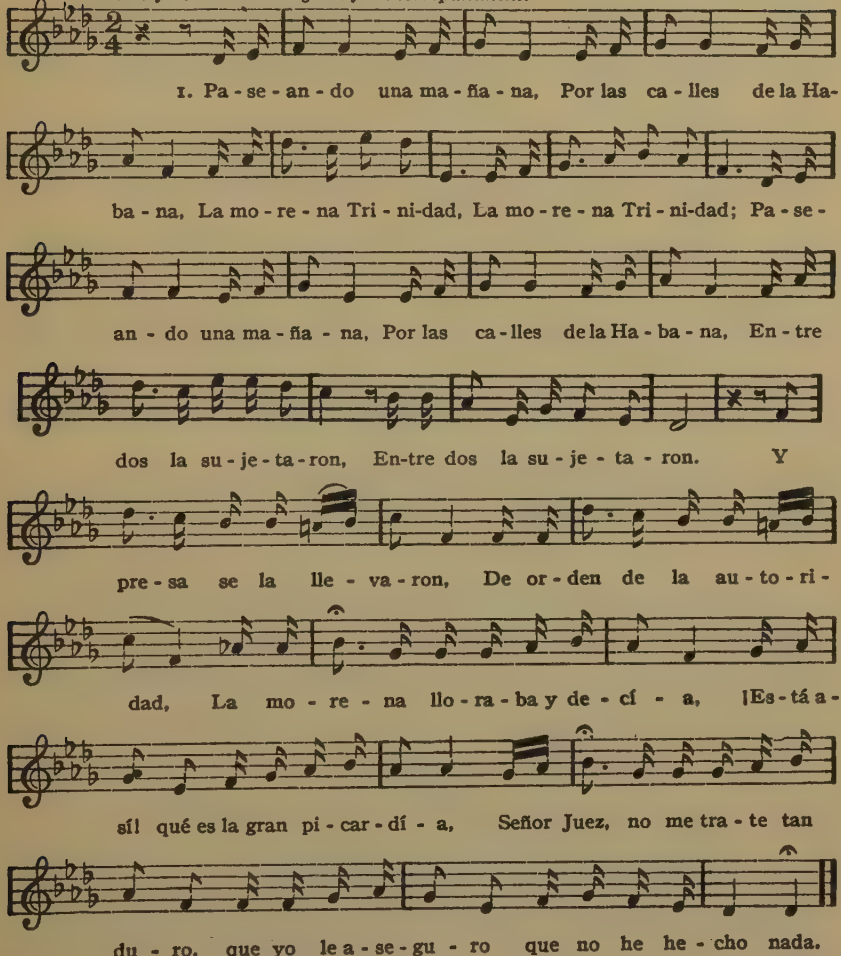
(From southern California. Old maid's song.)


Briskly.
Na - die me quie - re, No sé por - que, De sol - te - ri - ta,
No - bod - y loves me, I don't know why. Old maid, I fear me,
Me que - da - ré. Pe - ro an - tes que me su -
I'll have to die. Dear boy, ere this fate should
ce - da, Vie - ji - to mi - o, da - me tu a - mor . . . Pe - ro
take me, I beg you turn your love quick to me; . . . For ere
an - tes que cai-ga en tus bra-zos He - cho pe - da - zos mi co - ra - zón.
I would fall in your arms un-bid-den, Broken my heart should be.
Quié - re - me, quié-re - me, sí, Y ja - más te ol - vi - da - ré, Vie -
Care for me, care for me, do! And your love I'll nev - er for - get; For
ji - to del al - ma mi - a, Lo que me pa - sa te con - ta - ré.
you are my darling, I'll not forget you, And I could die for you.

48. LA MULATA.

(From Cuba and Mexico City.)

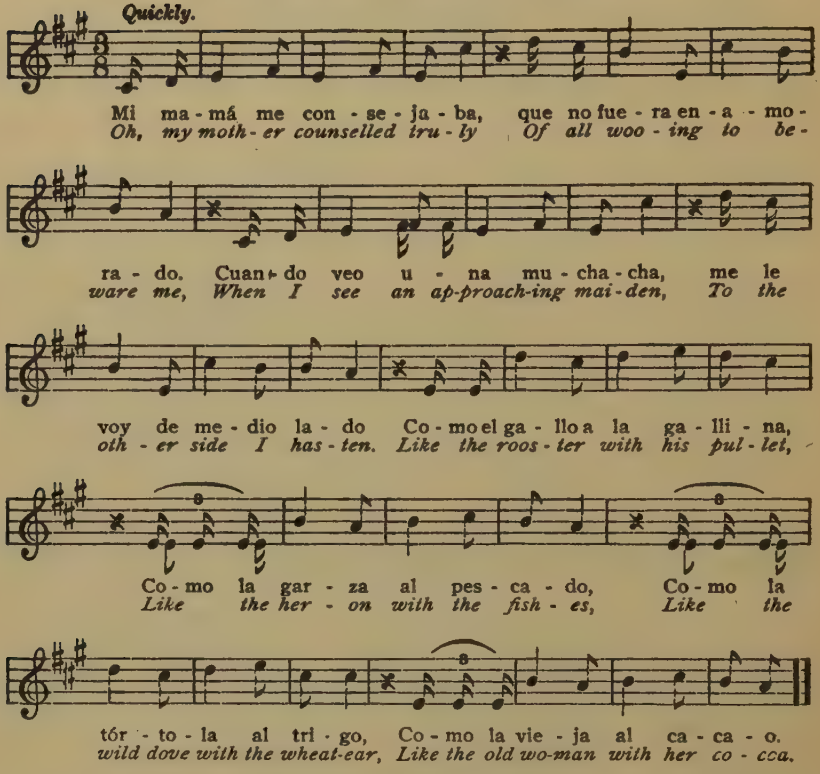
Rather fast. Danza rhythm for accompaniment.


1. Pa - se - an - do una ma - ña - na, Por las ca - lles de la Ha-
ba - na, La mo - re - na Tri - ni-dad, La mo - re - na Tri - ni-dad; Pa - se -
an - do una ma - ña - na, Por las ca - lles de la Ha - ba - na, En - tre
dos la su - je - ta - ron, En-tre dos la su - je - ta - ron. Y
pre - sa se la lle - va - ron, De or - den de la au - to - ri -
dad, La mo - re - na llo - ra - ba y de - cí - a, ¡Es - tá a -
sí! qué es la gran pi - car - dí - a, Señor Juez, no me tra - te tan
du - ro, que yo le a - se - gu - ro que no he he - cho nada.

2. Pero el juez que la miraba,
Y en sus ojos se recreaba,
Sin poderlo remediar (*bis*)
Le decía a la mulata
No te perdono la pena.
Ni por amor ni caridad (*bis*).
Porque si que a robar corazones
Se dedican tus ojos gachones,
Ellos son los que a ti te delatan
Con ellos me matas, eso es la verdad. } (*bis*)

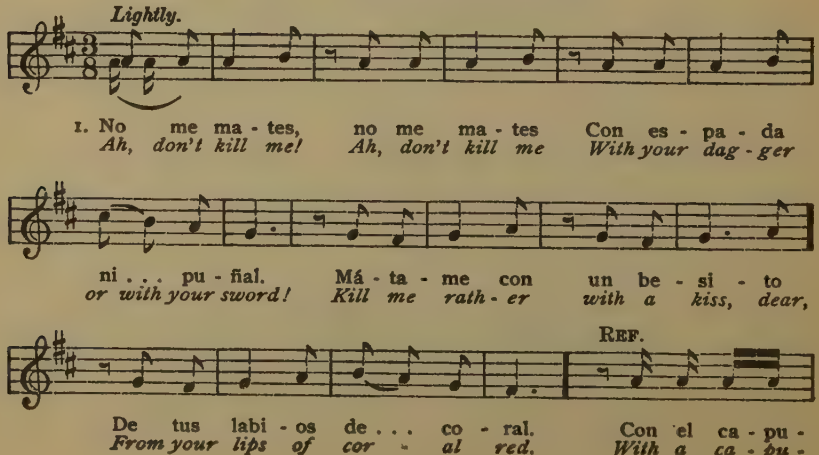
49. MI MAMA ME CONSEJABA.

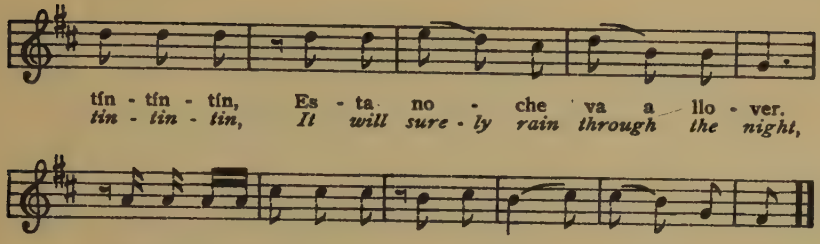
(From Costa Rica. Sung by W. C. Riotte.)


Quickly.
Mi ma - má me con - se - ja - ba, que no fue - ra en - a - mo -
Oh, my moth - er counselled tru - ly Of all woo - ing to be -
ra - do. Cuan - do veo u - na mu - cha - cha, me le
ware me, When I see an ap-proach-ing mai - den, To the
voy de me - dio la - do Co - mo el ga - llo a la ga - lli - na,
oth - er side I has - ten. Like the roos - ter with his pul - let,
Co - mo la gar - za al pes - ca - do, Co - mo la
Like the her - on with the fish - es, Like the
tór - to - la al tri - go, Co - mo la vie - ja al ca - ca - o.
wild dove with the wheat-ear, Like the old wo-man with her co - cca.

50. NO ME MATES.

(From Costa Rica. Sung by Walter C. Riotte. Tune nearly identical with, and words similar to, a song from southern Spain.)


Lightly.
1. No me ma - tes, no me ma - tes Con es - pa - da
Ah, don't kill me! Ah, don't kill me With your dag - ger
ni . . . pu - fial. Má - ta - me con un be - si - to
or with your sword! Kill me rath - er with a kiss, dear,
Ref.
De tus labi - os de . . . co - ral. Con el ca - pu -
From your lips of cor - al red. With a ca - pu -


tín - tín - tín, Es - ta no - che va a llo - ver.
tin - tin - tin, It will sure - ly rain through the night,
Con el ca - pu-tín - tín - tín, Y ya va a a - ma - ne - cer.
With a ca - pu - tin - tin - tin, Once a - gain the dawn brings light.

2. ¡Ay que trabajos! pasa un hombre
Cuando quiere a una mujer.
Se emborracha, se desvela,
Y se queda sin comer.

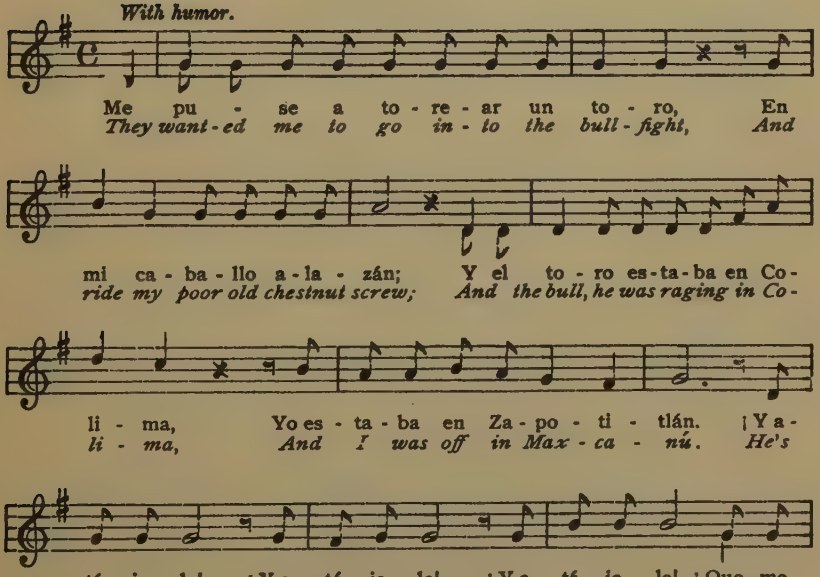
Con el caputin-tín-tín, etc.

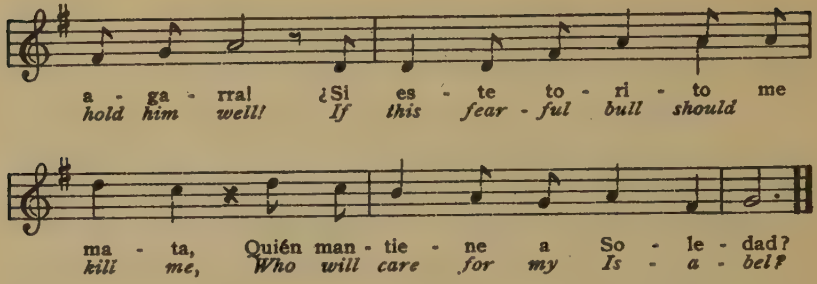
2. Ah, what suffering for a lover
When he seeks a maiden to wed!
He gets drinking, wants no dinner,
And completely loses his head.

With a caputin-tin-tin, etc.

51. ME PUSE A TOREAR.

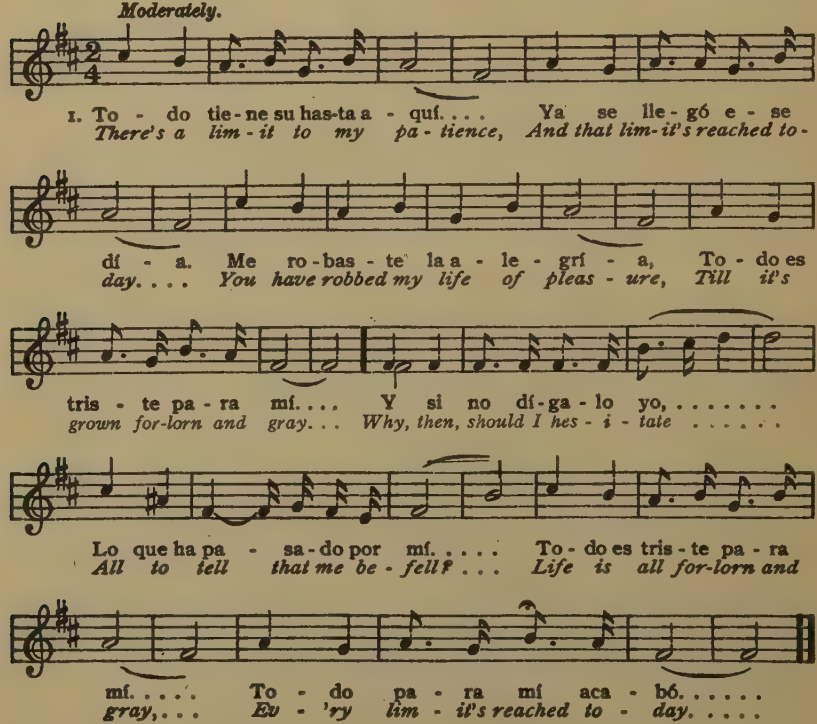
(From Mexico City.)


With humor.
Me pu - se a to - re - ar un to - ro, En
They want - ed me to go in - to the bull - fight, And
mi ca - ba - llo a - la - zán; Y el to - ro es-ta-ba en Co -
ride my poor old chestnut screw; And the bull, he was raging in Co -
li - ma, Yo es - ta - ba en Za - po - ti - tlán. ¡Y a -
li - ma, And I was off in Max - ca - nú. He's
tá - je - le! ¡Y a - tá - je - le! ¡Y a - tá - je - le! ¡Que me
af - ter me! He's af - ter me! He's af - ter me! Oh,


a - ga - rra! ¿Si es - te to - ri - to me
hold him well! If this fear - ful bull should
ma - ta, Quién man - tie - ne a So - le - dad?
kill me, Who will care for my Is - a - bel?

52. TODO TIENE SU HASTA AQUÍ.

(From southern California. Sung by Mrs. Francisca de la G. Dibblee.)

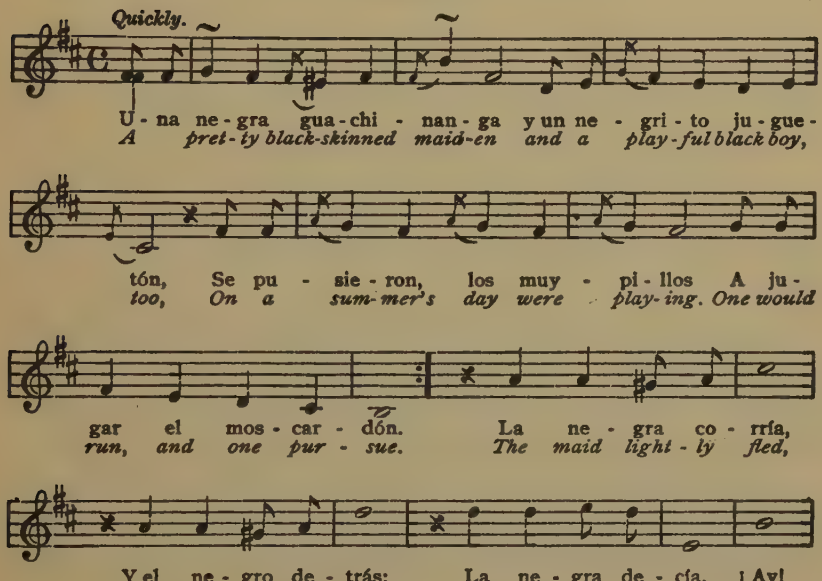

Moderately.
1. To - do tie - ne su has-ta a - quí. . . . Ya se lle - gó e - se
There's a lim - it to my pa - tience, And that lim-it's reached to-
dí - a. Me ro - bas - te la a - le - grí - a, To - do es
day. . . . You have robbed my life of pleas - ure, Till it's
tris - te pa - ra mí. . . . Y si no dí - ga - lo yo, ...
grown for-lorn and gray. . . Why, then, should I hes - i - tate . . . . . .
Lo que ha pa - sa - do por mí. . . . . To - do es tris - te pa - ra
All to tell that me be - fell? . . . Life is all for-lorn and
mí. . . . . To - do pa - ra mí aca - bó. . . . . .
gray, . . . Ev - 'ry lim - it's reached to - day. . . . .

2. Ingrata, escucha un momento,
Las quejas de quien te amaba,
Del hombre que te adoraba
Con locura y frenesí.
Burlaste tu, mis amores,
Mujer ingrata, perjura,
Bien puedes estar segura
Todo para mi acabó.

2. Stop, ungrateful one, and listen!
Hear the wail of your sad lover!
He who used to love you fondly,
From his mad love will recover.
My love you mocked and laughed at,
So assurance now I send,
You ungrateful lying woman,
Everything has come to end.

53. UNA NEGRA GUACHINANGA.

(From Cuba.)


Quickly.
U - na ne - gra gua - chi - nan - ga y un ne - gri - to ju - gue -
A pret - ty black-skinned maid-en and a play - ful black boy,
tón, Se pu - sie - ron, los muy - pi - llos A ju -
too, On a sum-mer's day were play-ing. One would
gar el mos - car - dón. La ne - gra co - rría,
run, and one pur - sue. The maid light - ly fled,
Y el ne - gro de - trás; La ne - gra de - cía, ¡Ay!
The boy fol-lowed fast; He cried as he sped, "Oh,
No me pi - lla - ras. Vá - mo - nos a la cam -
I'll catch you at last! Let us go out to the
pa - ña, Porque a - quí ha - ce ca - lor. Y el
coun - try, Far a - way from this hot sun! In the
ne - gro la suje - ta - ba, de ver - la tan se - duc - tor.
sha - dy groves and mead-ows we can romp and play and run."

54. BARTOLILLO.

(From Costa Rica. Sung by W. C. Riotte.)

With spirit.
1. Ya no voy al mon - te a ver mis car - ne - ros,
No, I will not take my sheep up on the moun - tain,
Por - que Bar - to - li - llo es tan tra - vi - e - so.
For I can't a - bide Bar - to - li - llo's be - hav - ior.
Me di - ce u - nas co - sas que no le en - tien - do,
He tells end - less tales that I nev - er can fath - om,
Me cuen - ta unas co - sas ¡Je - sus! no com - pren - do.
Lots of sto - ries, way be - yond my com - pre - hen - sion.
Refrain.
Co - mo yo soy don - ce - lli - ta Yo no
He says I'm a fine young la - dy, I don't
sé lo que me da. El co - ra - zón me pal -
know why he says that, It makes my heart beat too
pi - ta Me ha - ce ti - pi - ti - pá. ¡Ay!
quick - ly. Hear it beat - ing pit - a - pat! Oh,
ti - pi - ti - pi - ti - pi - ti - pí, Ti - pi - ti - pá. ¡Ay!
pi - ti - pa - ti - pi - ti - pat, Pi - ti - pat! The
ma - dre del al - ma, no voy más a - llá.
saints now pre - serve me! I'll nev - er go a - gain.

2. Cuando voy al río, me sale al camino,
Por entre la breña tan lindo y tan bello.
Me coje del brazo, me rompe el cantarillo,
Y si le enojo, me da un besillo.

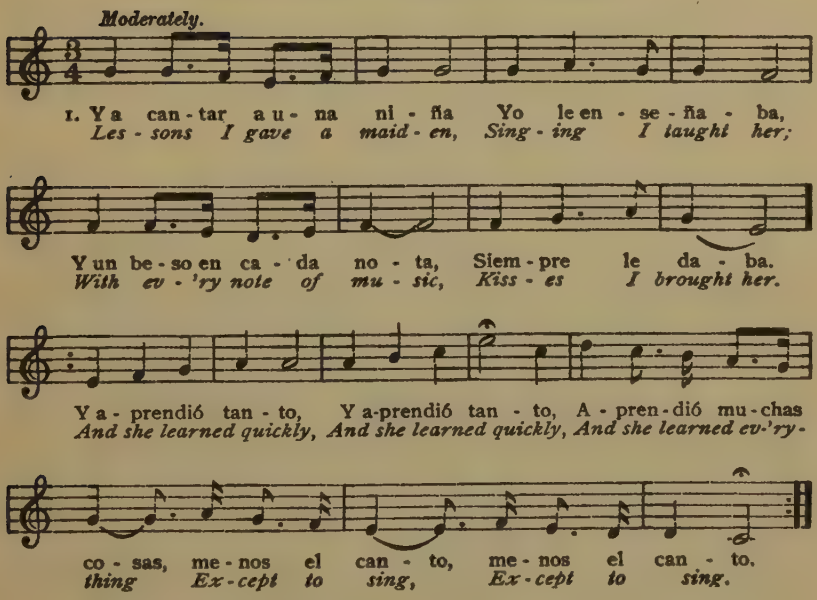
Como yo soy doncellita, etc.

2. He follows in my pathway when I go for water,
Till I reach the bushes, where we both are hidden;
Then he takes my arm and he breaks my nice pitcher,
And when I chide, he kisses me gayly, with laughter,

He says I'm a fine young lady, etc.

55. A CANTAR A UNA NIÑA.

(From Costa Rica. Sung by W. C. Riotte.)


Moderately.
1. Ya can - tar a u - na ni - ña Yo le en - se - ña - ba,
Les - sons I gave a maid - en, Sing - ing I taught her;
Y un be - so en ca - da no - ta, Siem - pre le da - ba.
With ev - 'ry note of mu - sic, Kiss - es I brought her.
Y a - prendió tan - to, Y a-prendió tan - to, A - pren - dió mu - chas
And she learned quickly, And she learned quickly, And she learned ev-'ry-
co - sas, me - nos el can - to, me - nos el can - to.
thing Ex - cept to sing, Ex - cept to sing.

2. El nombre de cada estrella
Saber quería,
Y un beso en cada nombre
Le repetía.
¡Ay noche aquella!
¡Ay noche aquella!
Que inventé mil nombres
Par' cada estrella, par' cada estrella.

3. Por fin pasó la noche,
Vino la aurora.
Se fueron las estrellas
Y quedó sola.

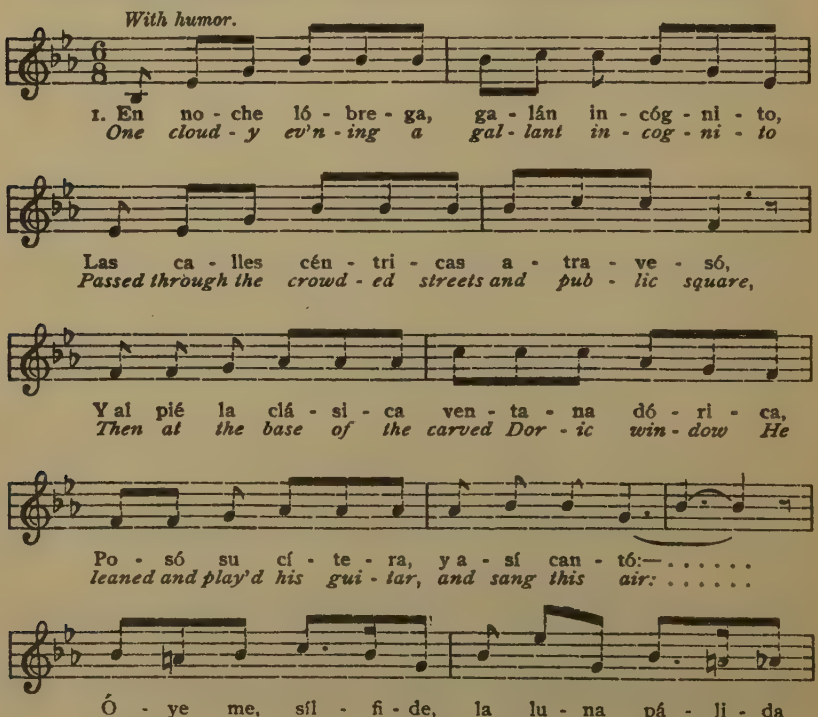
Y ella decía,
Y ella decía,
Lástima que no hay estrellas,
También de día, también de día.

2. A name for every planet
She would be learning,
Kisses for every answer
Gayly returning;
Oh, night of wonder!
Far-away planets!
Thousands of names I gave her
For every star, for every star.

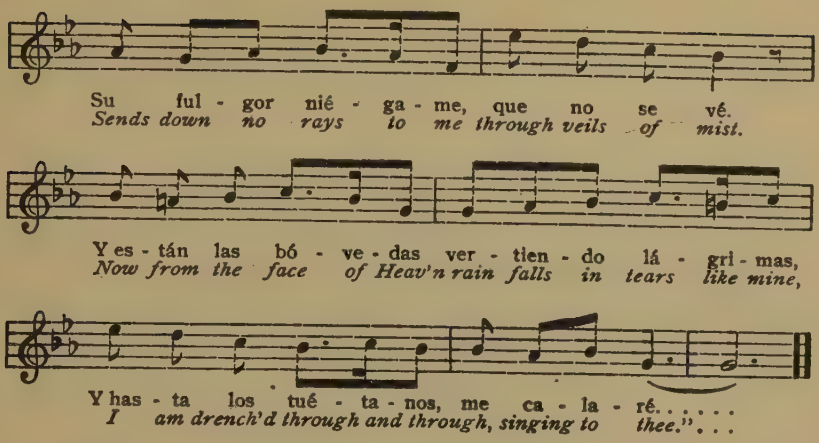
3. Dawn came for us too quickly,
Night softly vanished;
Bright stars of night departed,
By daylight banished;
And then she left me,
Murmuring sweetly,
"It is sad that there are no stars
In daylight hours, in daylight hours!"

56. EL GALAN INCÓGNITO.[1]

(A variant of a Spanish song. Very familiar in all parts of Spanish America.)


With humor.
1. En no - che ló - bre - ga, ga - lán in - cóg - ni - to,
One cloud - y ev'n - ing a gal - lant in - cog - ni - to
Las ca - lles cén - tri - cas a - tra - ve - só,
Passed through the crowd - ed streets and pub - lic square,
Y al pié la clá - si - ca ven - ta - na dó - ri - ca,
Then at the base of the carved Dor - ic win - dow He
Po - só su cí - te - ra, y a - sí can - tó:—
leaned and play'd his gui - tar, and sang this air:
Ó - ye me, síl - fi - de, la lu - na pá - li - da
"Oh, hear me, love - ly sylph! the moon so pale and wan

[1] From Folk-Songs from Mexico and South America, by courtesy of H. W. Gray Co.

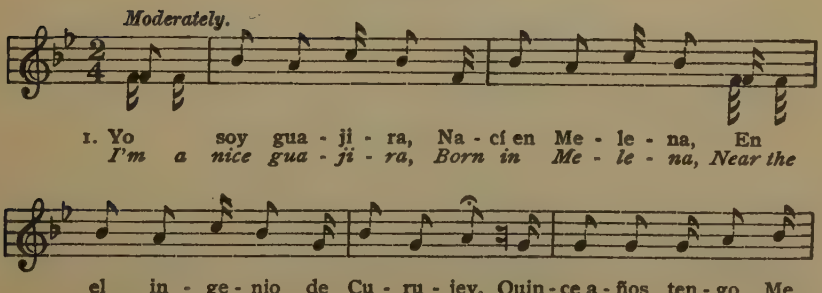

Su ful - gor nié - ga - me, que no se vé.
Sends down no rays to me through veils of mist.
Y es - tán las bó - ve - das ver - tien - do lá - grí - mas,
Now from the face of Heav'n rain falls in tears like mine,
Y has - ta los tué - ta - nos, me ca - la - ré. . . . . .
I am drench'd through and through, singing to thee.". . .

2. Pero la sílfide, que oyó este cántico,
Entre las sábanas se refugió,
Y dijo:—Cáscara, que son murciélagos,
Canto romántico, no te abro yo.
Pero es lóbrega, la noche hablaré,
Se van las sílfides a constipar.—
—Y están las bóvedas vertiendo lágrimas,
Y hasta los tuétanos me calaré.

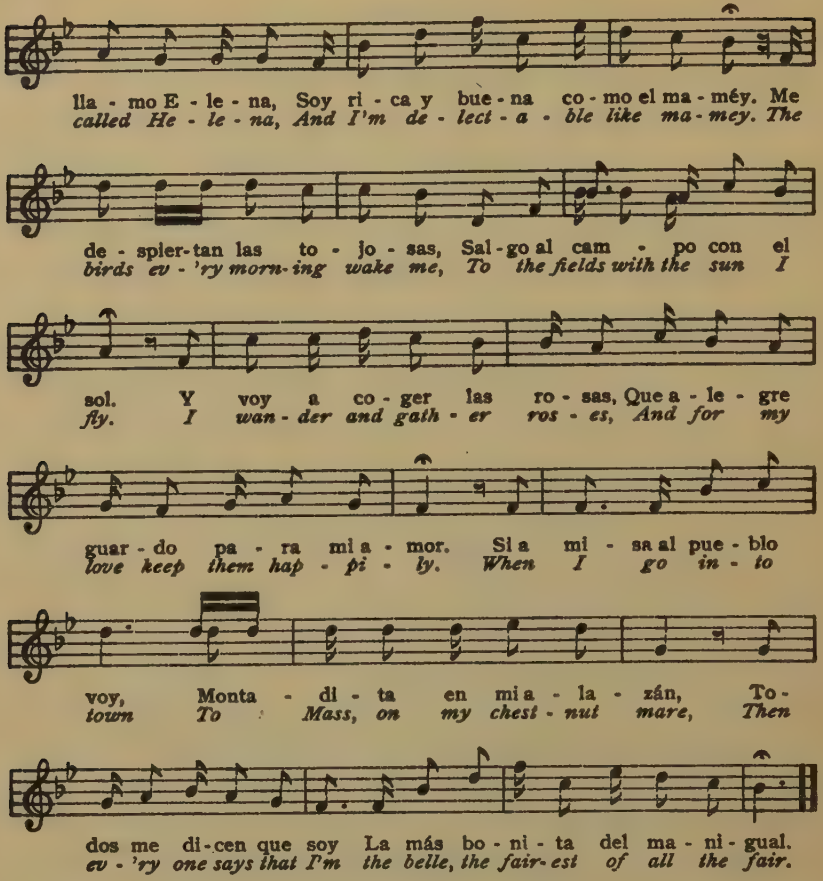
2. The sylph who heard this song, from the incognito,
Pulled down the blinds so tight! (Ah, cruel she!)
Then she cried, "Gracious me! how the bats fly to-night!
Singer romantic, I ope not to thee.
My window shows no light, Señor, I go to bed.
Sing to the rain instead, sing not to me."
"Now from the face of Heav'n rain falls in tears like mine,
I am drenched through and through singing to thee."

57. LA GUAJIRA.[1]

(From Cuba.)


Moderately.
1. Yo soy gua - ji - ra, Na - cí en Me - le - na, En
I'm a nice gua - ji - ra, Born in Me - le - na, Near the
el in - ge - nio de Cu - ru - jey. Quin - ce a - ños ten - go, Me
su - gar - mill of Cu - ru - jey. Of fif - teen sum-mers, I'm

[1] *Guajiro*, a white person inhabiting country districts in Cuba.


lla - mo E - le - na, Soy ri - ca y bue - na co - mo el ma - méy. Me
called He - le - na, And I'm de - lect - a - ble like ma - mey. The
de - spier-tan las to - jo - sas, Sal - go al cam - po con el
birds ev - 'ry morn-ing wake me, To the fields with the sun I
sol. Y voy a co - ger las ro - sas, Que a - le - gre
fly. I wan - der and gath - er ros - es, And for my
guar - do pa - ra mi a - mor. Si a mi - sa al pue - blo
love keep them hap - pi - ly. When I go in - to
voy, Monta - di - ta en mi a - la - zán, To -
town To Mass, on my chest - nut mare, Then
dos me di-cen que soy La más bo - ni - ta del ma - ni - gual.
ev - 'ry one says that I'm the belle, the fair-est of all the fair.

2. Tengo un novio
De faz morena,
Que me da citas
En el cocal.
Y como siempre
Viene risueño,
Dice que pronto
Se va a casar —
Él es el mejor montero
En los campos del marqués,
Y sabe que yo le quiero,
Y que deseo ser su mujer.
Y casaditos ya,
Juntitos él y yo,
Nos haremos envidiar
De todo el mundo que nos vea.

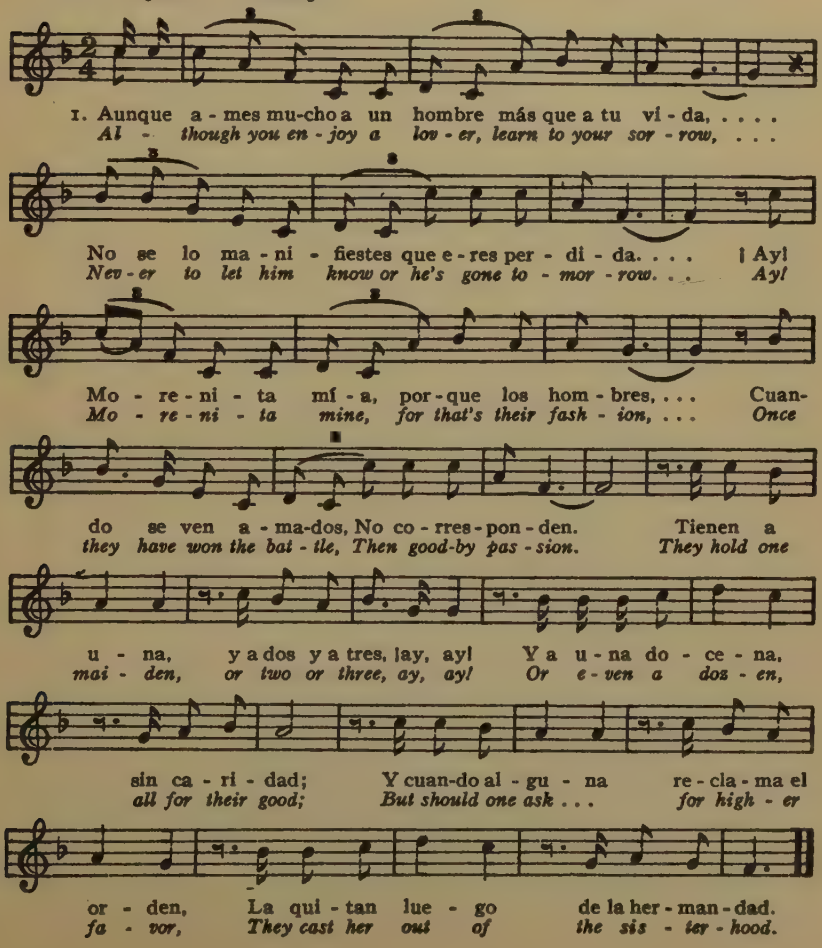
2. My handsome lover
Is dark of feature.

We like to meet
By the cocoa-tree,
He meets me smiling,
And then murmurs softly
That we must marry
Without delay.
Best horseman of all the district,
On the marquis' whole estate,
He knows now how much I love him,
And that I'm eager to be his bride.
So when I'm safely wed
To this man whom I adore,
The wide world around will look on us,
With envy forevermore.

58. AUNQUE AMES.

(Very familiar in Spain and Spanish America.)

Danza rhythm. Moderately.

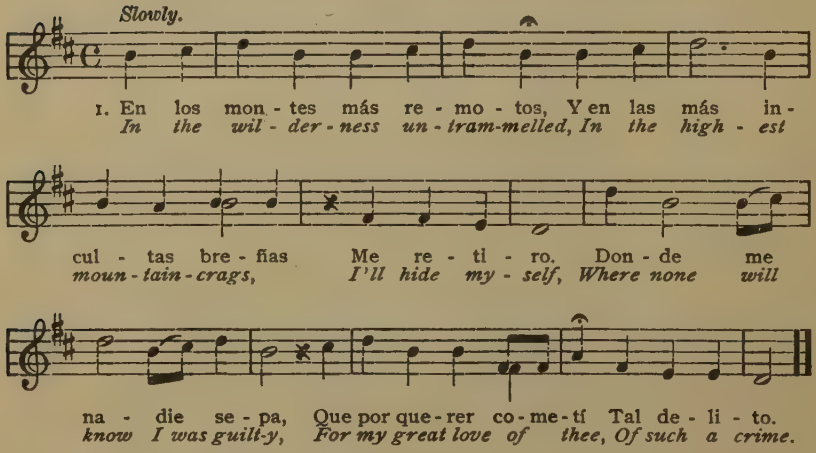

1. Aunque a - mes mu-cho a un hombre más que a tu vi - da, ...
Al - though you en - joy a lov - er, learn to your sor - row, . . .
No se lo ma - ni - fiestes que e - res per - di - da. . . . ¡Ay!
Nev - er to let him know or he's gone to - mor - row. . . Ay!
Mo - re - ni - ta mí - a, por - que los hom - bres, . . . Cuan-
Mo - re - ni - ta mine, for that's their fash - ion, . . . Once
do se ven a - ma-dos, No co - rres - pon - den. Tienen a
they have won the bat - tle, Then good-by pas - sion. They hold one
u - na, y a dos y a tres, ¡ay, ay! Y a u - na do - ce - na,
mai - den, or two or three, ay, ay! Or e - ven a doz - en,
sin ca - ri - dad; Y cuan-do al - gu - na re - cla - ma el
all for their good; But should one ask . . . for high - er
or - den, La qui - tan lue - go de la her - man - dad.
fa - vor, They cast her out of the sis - ter - hood.

2. Yo amaba mucho a un hombre y él me decía
Que si yo le olvidaba, se moriría.
¡Ay! Morenita mía, eso no es cierto,
Pues yo le he olvidado, y él no se ha muerto.
Sí son los hombres tan insufribles
Que nunca dicen lo que es verdad.
Suspiran, lloran, prometen, juran,
Y nada de eso es realidad.

2. I once fell deep in love with a man who told me
That if I could forget him, he would die surely.
Ay! Morenita mine, that's not so certain,
Since he continues living, although forgotten.
But men are always so egotistical
That they believe all the things they say;
They sigh and groan and weep and promise,
But change their minds on the self-same day.

59. EN LOS MONTES MAS REMOTOS.

(From the Andes Mountains. Sung by J. R. Findlay.)

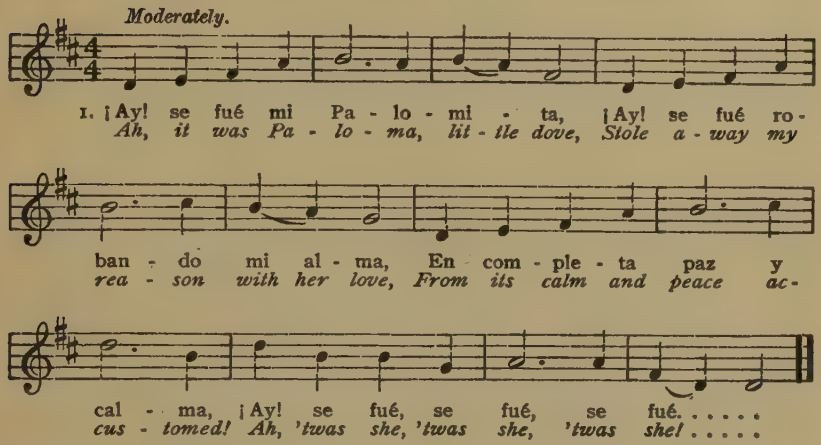

Slowly.
1. En los mon - tes más re - mo - tos, Y en las más in -
In the wil - der - ness un - tram-melled, In the high - est
cul - tas bre - ñas Me re - ti - ro. Don - de me
moun - tain - crags, I'll hide my - self, Where none will
na - die se - pa, Que por que - rer co - me - tí Tal de - li - to.
know I was guilt-y, For my great love of thee, Of such a crime.

2. ¡O tirana, tu clemencia
Tu me has demostrado
Con rigor!
Amor con amor se paga,
Mas tú, amor mío, has pagado
Con traición.

2. Thou art cruel, and the mercy
Thou hast shown, alas! toward me,
Is rigor harsh.
Always should love be by love repaid,
But thy love has killed mine
With treason.

60. LA PALOMA CUENCANA.

(From the Andes Mountains. Sung by J. R. Findlay.)

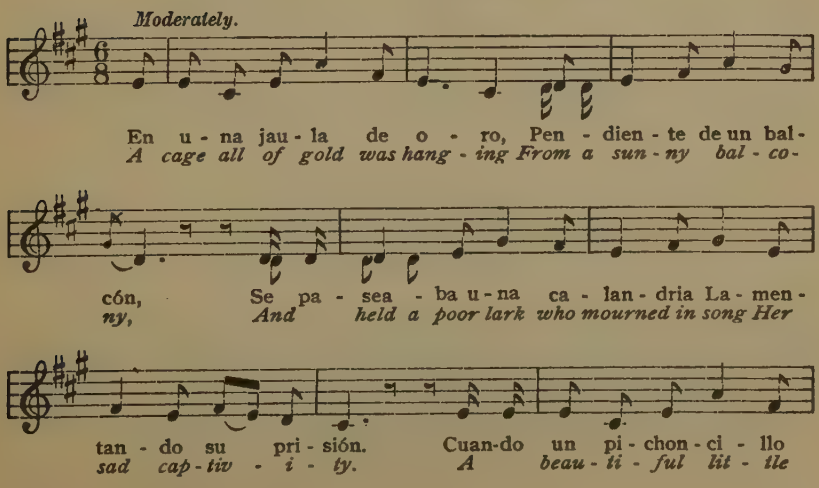

Moderately.
1. ¡Ay! se fué mi Pa - lo - mi - ta, ¡Ay! se fué ro-
Ah, it was Pa - lo - ma, lit - tle dove, Stole a - way my
ban - do mi al - ma, En com - ple - ta paz y
rea - son with her love, From its calm and peace ac-
cal - ma, ¡Ay! se fué, se fué, se fué. . . . .
cus - tomed! Ah, 'twas she, 'twas she, 'twas she! . . . . .

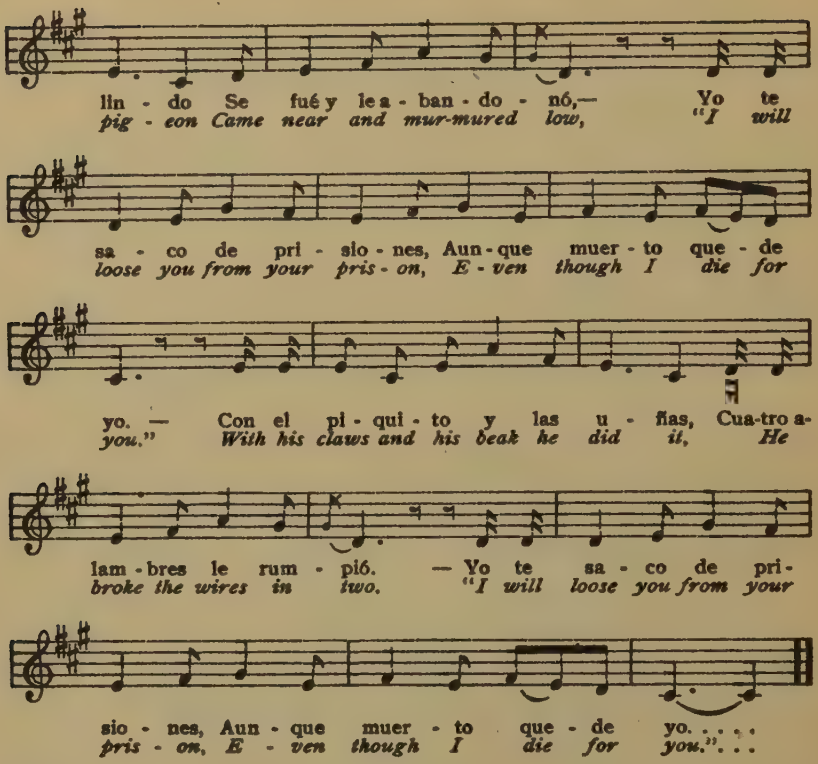
2. Cuando el sol sus campos dora,
Alumbrando el horizonte,
Por las faldas de aquel monte
Vive en calma mi paloma.

2. When the sun gilds fields with golden light,
Gleaming on the clear horizon bright,
Far upon the mountain's height,
Lives in peace my Palomita.

61. LA JAULA DE ORO.

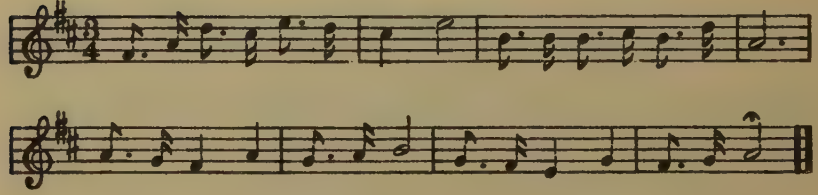
(From Mexico City. Sung by Señora Fuentes.)


Moderately.
En u - na jau - la de o - ro, Pen - dien - te de un bal-
A cage all of gold was hang - ing From a sun - ny bal - co-
cón, Se pa - sea - ba u - na ca - lan - dria La - men -
ny, And held a poor lark who mourned in song Her
tan - do su pri - sión. Cuan-do un pi - chon - ci - llo
sad cap - tiv - i - ty. A beau - ti - ful lit - tle


lin - do Se fué y le a - ban - do - nó,— Yo te
pig - eon Came near and mur-mured low, "I will
sa - co de pri - sio - nes, Aun - que muer - to que - de
loose you from your pris - on, E - ven though I die for
yo. — Con el pi - qui - to y las u - ñas, Cua-tro a-
you." With his claws and his beak he did it, He
lam - bres le rum - pió. — Yo te sa - co de pri-
broke the wires in two. "I will loose you from your
sio - nes, Aun - que muer - to que - de yo. . . .
pris - on, E - ven though I die for you." . . .

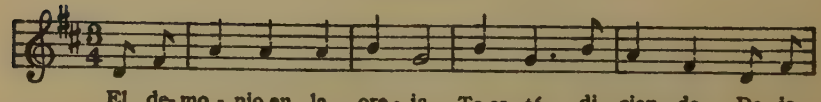
62. CANTARES.[1]

(From Mexico City. Sung by Señora Rübke.)



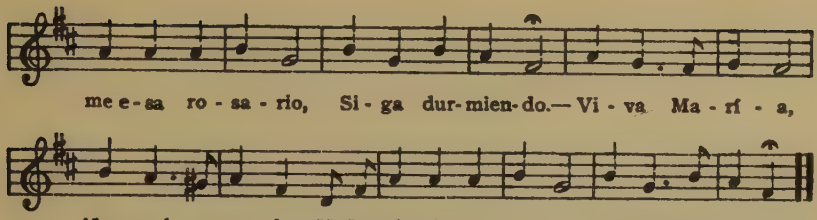
63. EL DEMONIO EN LA OREJA.[2]

(From Cuba.)



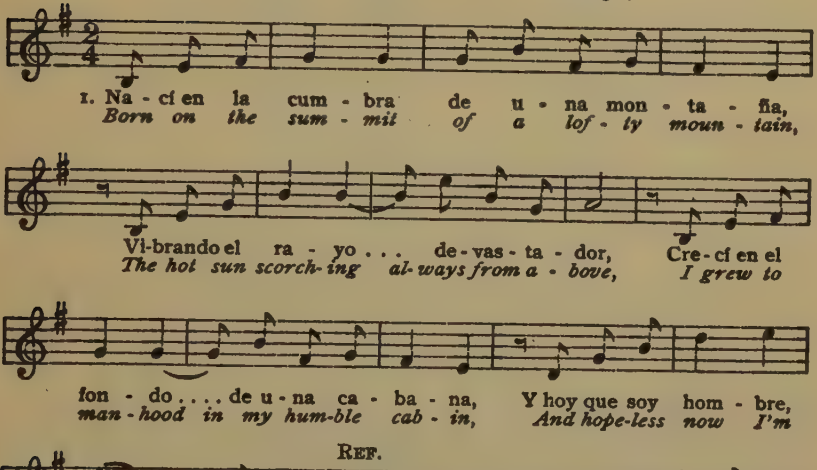
[1] Impromptu verses are often sung to this tune and others similar in type.

[2] This song cannot be translated without becoming sacrilegious.



64. BOANERGES.

(From Mexico. Sung by Mrs. Dane Coolidge.)


1. Na-cí en la cum-bra de u-na mon-ta-ña,
Born on the sum-mit of a lof-ty moun-tain,
Ví-brando el ra-yo . . . de-vas-ta-dor, Cre-cí en el
The hot sun scorch-ing al-ways from a-bove, I grew to
fon-do . . . . de u-na ca-ba-na, Y hoy que soy hom-bre,
man-hood in my hum-ble cab-in, And hope-less now I'm
REF.
mue-ro de a-mor. Mi po-bre ma-dre llo-ra mís
dy-ing for my love. My weep-ing moth-er murmured words of
pe-nas, . . Y cuan-do quie-re cal-mar mi
com-fort, . . Hop-ing there-by to stem my pas-sion's
mal, ... Llo-ran-do di-ce . . . . que por mis
flood, . . . She told me sad-ly that through my veins
ve-nas, Co-rre un to-rren-te . . . . de san-gre re-al.
throb-bing Coursed a swift tor-rent . . . of roy-al blood.

2. Mas si no sales a tu ventana,
Perla del oriente, nítida flor,
Cabe tus muros, verás mañana,
Rota la lira, muerto el cantor.

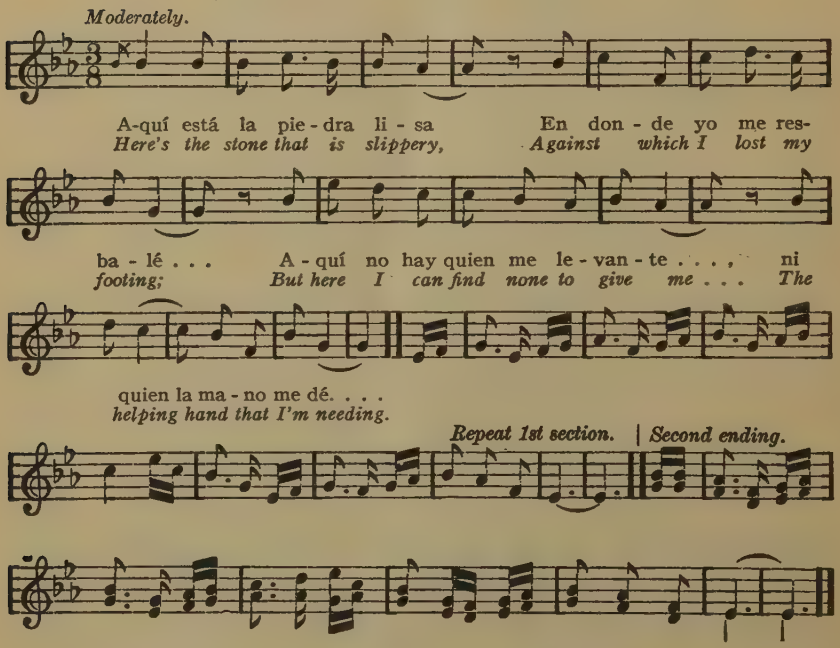
Mi pobre madre, etc.

2. But if thou come not to thy open window,
Pearl of the Orient, shining flower sweet,
Beneath thy casement my lyre will be broken,
And thy fond singer dead before thy feet.

My weeping mother, etc.

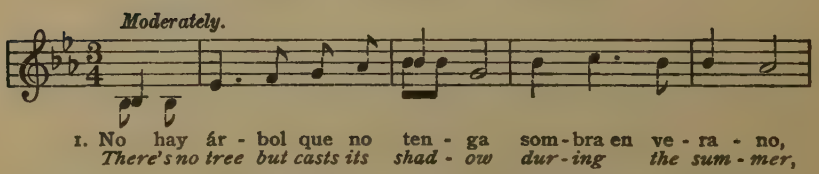
65. LAS MAÑANITAS.[1]

(From Oaxaca, Mex. Sung by M. Salinas.)

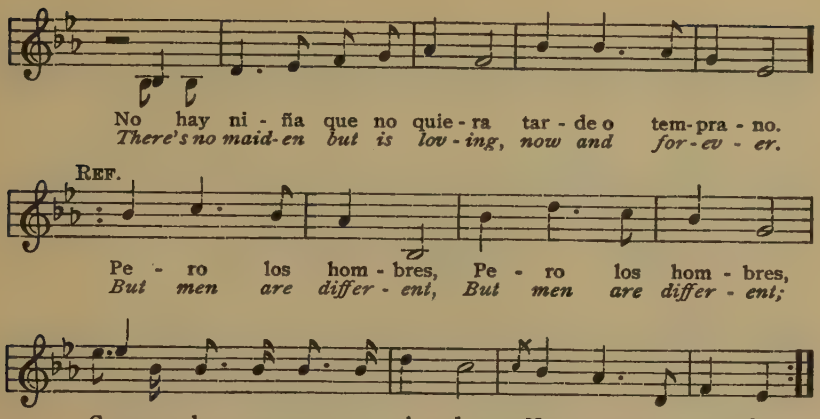

Moderately.
A-quí está la pie-dra li-sa En don-de yo me res-
Here's the stone that is slippery, Against which I lost my
ba-lé . . . A-quí no hay quien me le-van-te . . . , ni
footing; But here I can find none to give me . . . The
quien la ma-no me dé. . . .
helping hand that I'm needing.
Repeat 1st section. | Second ending.

66. NO HAY ÁRBOL.

(From Costa Rica. Sung by W. C. Riotte.)



[1] This song is one of the type sung by groups of young people going home after an evening's entertainment.


No hay ni - ña que no quie - ra tar - de o tem-pra - no.
There's no maid-en but is lov - ing, now and for-ev - er.
REF.
Pe - ro los hom - bres, Pe - ro los hom - bres,
But men are differ - ent, But men are differ - ent;
Cuan - do se ven que - ri - dos, No co - rres - pon - den.
When they find their pas - sion an - swered, a-way flies their fer - vor.

2. No hay casa que no tenga
Su pié de esquina,[1]
No hay niña que no sea
Constante y fina.

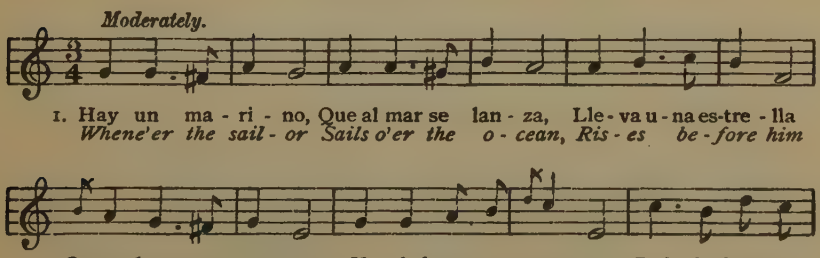
Pero los hombres,
Pero los hombres,
Cuando se ven queridos,
No corresponden.

2. There's no house without a corner-stone in its foundation.
There's no maiden but is faithful in her devotion.

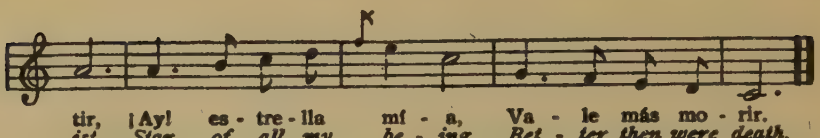
But men are different,
But men are different;
When they find their fervor answered,
Away flies their passion.

67. HAY UN MARINO.

(From Costa Rica. Sung by W. C. Riotte. Variants are found in the northern part of South America.)


Moderately.
1. Hay un ma - ri - no, Que al mar se lan - za, Lle - va u - na es-tre - lla
Whene'er the sail - or Sails o'er the o - cean, Ris - es be - fore him
Que es la es - pe - ran - za. Y si la es - pe - ran - za De'- ja de ex - is -
A star of good for-tune. And if hap-py for-tune Ceas - es to ex -

[1] *Pié de esquina*, "corner-stone."

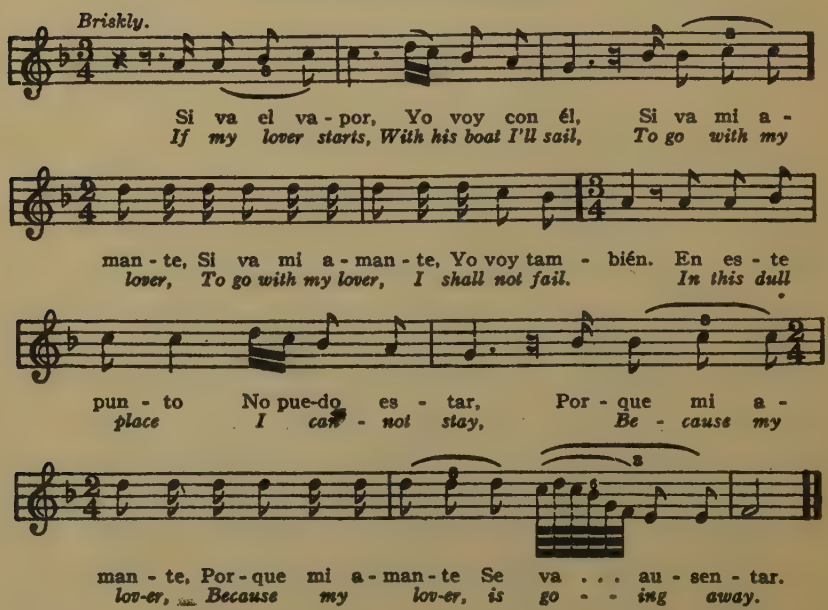


2. Cuando un cadáver
Sale a la playa,
¿Y ese cadáver
De quien será?
Es, de un marino,
Naúfrago y triste,
Que halló su tumba
Dentro del mar.

2. If a dead body
To the shore is driven,
Ah! this dead body,
Whose might it be?
'Tis a lonely sailor,
Dead and cold is he.
He has found his ending
Deep within the sea.

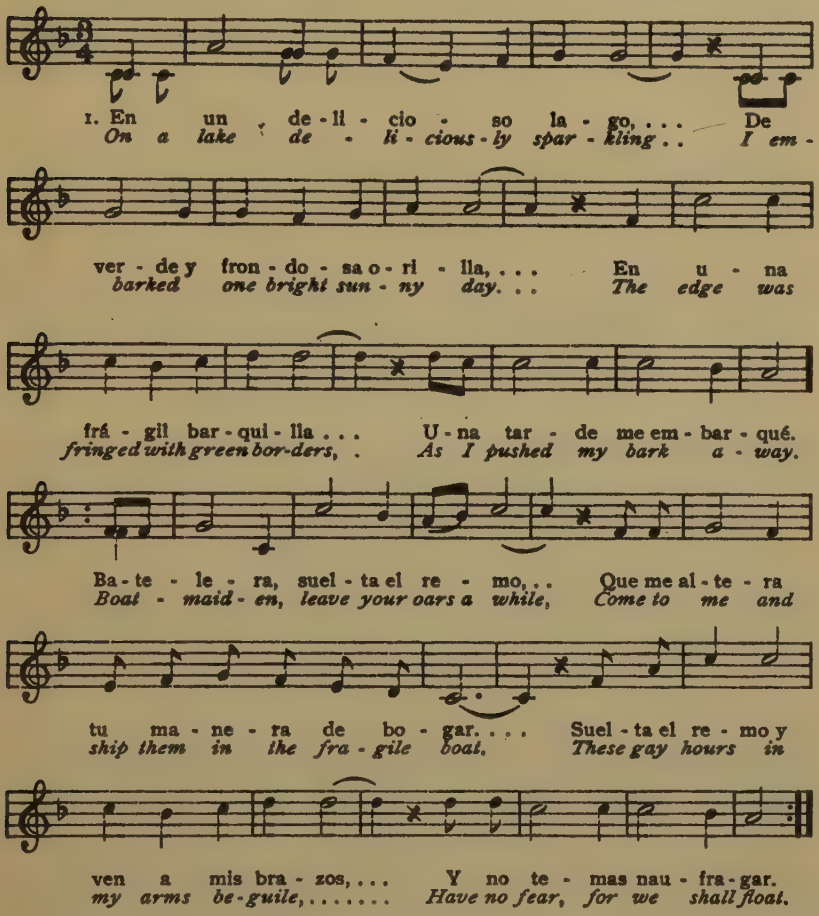
68. SI VA EL VAPOR.

(From Mexico and Central America.)


Briskly.
Si va el va - por, Yo voy con él, Si va mi a -
If my lover starts, With his boat I'll sail, To go with my
man - te, Si va mi a - man - te, Yo voy tam - bién. En es - te
lover, To go with my lover, I shall not fail. In this dull
pun - to No pue-do es - tar, Por - que mi a -
place I can - not stay, Be - cause my
man - te, Por - que mi a - man - te Se va . . . au - sen - tar.
lov-er, Because my lov-er, is go - - ing away.

69. UN LAGO DELICIOSO.

(Costa Rica plantation song. Sung by Walter C. Riotte. This is a variant of a melody from the Province of Asturias, Spain. The words are the same.)


1. En un de-li-cio-so la-go, . . . De
On a lake de-li-cious-ly spar-kling . . I em-
ver-de y fron-do-sa o-ri-lla, . . . En u-na
barked one bright sun-ny day. . . The edge was
frá-gil bar-qui-lla . . . U-na tar-de me em-bar-qué.
fringed with green bor-ders, . As I pushed my bark a-way.
Ba-te-le-ra, suel-ta el re-mo, . . Que me al-te-ra
Boat-maid-en, leave your oars a while, Come to me and
tu ma-ne-ra de bo-gar. . . . Suel-ta el re-mo y
ship them in the fra-gile boat. These gay hours in
ven a mis bra-zos, . . . Y no te-mas nau-fra-gar.
my arms be-guile, ... Have no fear, for we shall float.

2. Con muchísimo abandono,
Su mano puso en la mía,
La de ella sentía yo fría,
Y mi pecho palpitar.

Batelera, etc.

2. With a movement of sweet abandon
She laid her hand in mine gently.
Cold, cold it was, as I touched it,
And I felt my bosom stir.

Boat maiden, etc.

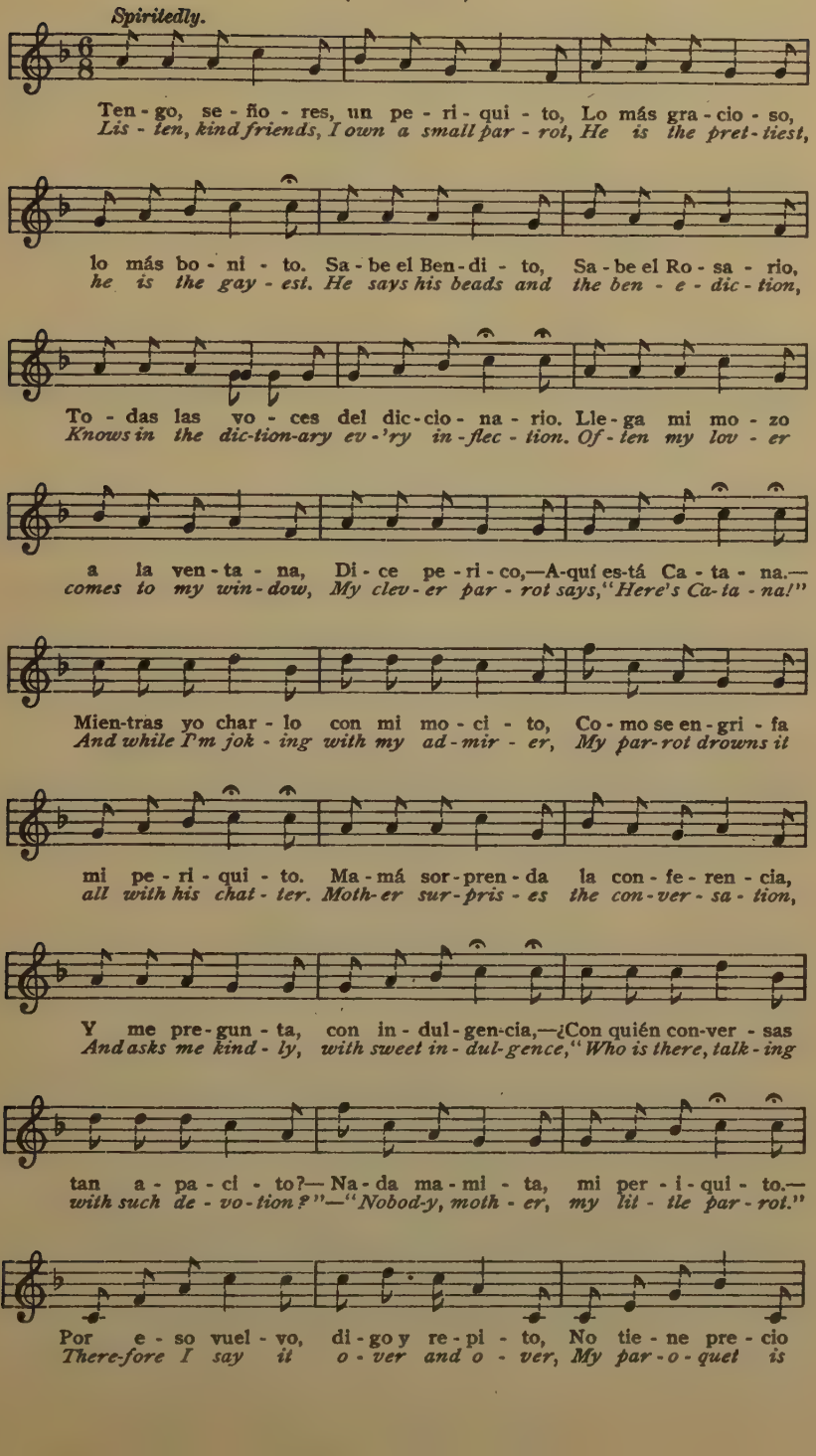
70. EL CONDE DEL CRUEL ARAÑO.

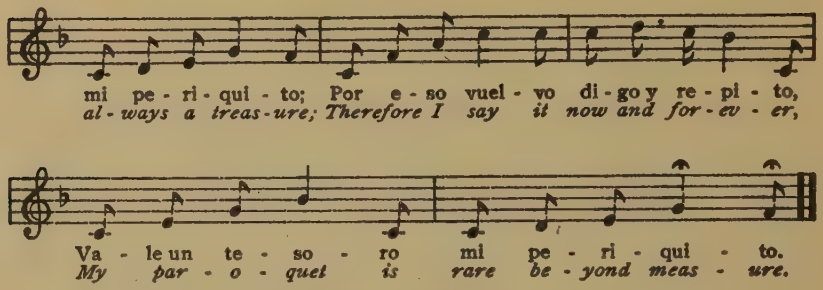
(From Mexico City.)

Moderately.
1. El Con - de del Cru - el A - ra - ño, Se
The Count of the Cru - el A - ra - ño, He
da - ba con la len - - gua un ba - ño.
nev - er washed him - self but with his tongue, O!
Un día muy tris - te i - ba, Por -
There came a drea - ry morn - ing, When
que se le a - ca - ba la sa - li - va.
his sa - li - va end - ed with - out warn - ing.
En - ton - ces com - pró un ga - to, Que
So then he bought a puss - cat, Who
lo la - mie - ra a ca - - da ra - to.
scru - pu - lous - ly licked him ev - 'ry min - ute.
El ga - to lo a - ra - ñó, Y
The puss - cat took to scratch - ing, And
des - de en - ton - ces ya no se ba - ñó.
since that time the Count has stopped his wash - ing.

71. EL PERIQUITO.

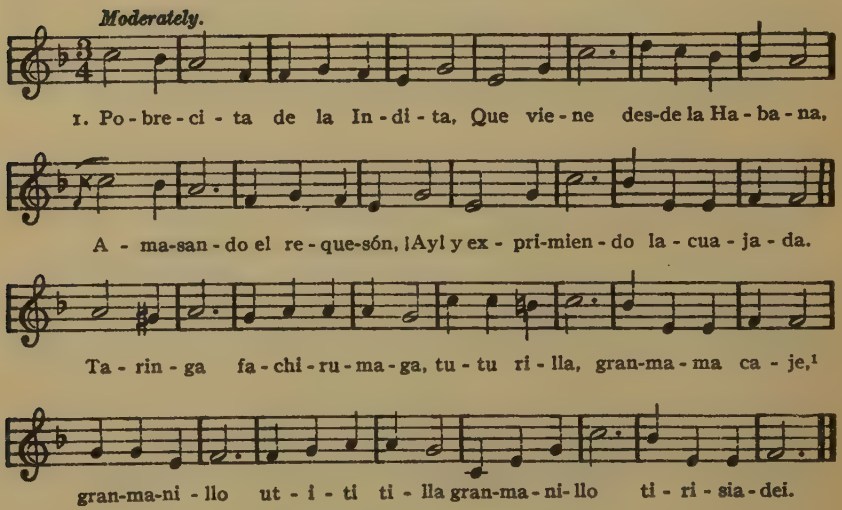
(From Cuba.)


Spiritedly.
Ten - go, se - ñо - res, un pe - ri - qui - to, Lo más gra - cio - so,
Lis - ten, kind friends, I own a small par - rot, He is the pret - tiest,
lo más bo - ni - to. Sa - be el Ben - di - to, Sa - be el Ro - sa - rio,
he is the gay - est. He says his beads and the ben - e - dic - tion,
To - das las vo - ces del dic - cio - na - rio. Lle - ga mi mo - zo
Knows in the dic - tion - ary ev - 'ry in - flec - tion. Of - ten my lov - er
a la ven - ta - na, Di - ce pe - ri - co,—A-quí es-tá Ca - ta - na.—
comes to my win - dow, My clev - er par - rot says, "Here's Ca - ta - na!"
Mien-tras yo char - lo con mi mo - ci - to, Co - mo se en - gri - fa
And while I'm jok - ing with my ad - mir - er, My par - rot drowns it
mi pe - ri - qui - to. Ma - má sor - pren - da la con - fe - ren - cia,
all with his chat - ter. Moth - er sur - pris - es the con - ver - sa - tion,
Y me pre - gun - ta, con in - dul - gen - cia,—¿Con quién con - ver - sas
And asks me kind - ly, with sweet in - dul - gence, "Who is there, talk - ing
tan a - pa - ci - to?—Na - da ma - mi - ta, mi per - i - qui - to.—
with such de - vo - tion?"—"Nobod - y, moth - er, my lit - tle par - rot."
Por e - so vuel - vo, di - go y re - pi - to, No tie - ne pre - cio
There - fore I say it o - ver and o - ver, My par - o - quet is


mi pe - ri - qui - to; Por e - so vuel - vo di - go y re - pi - to,
al - ways a treas - ure; Therefore I say it now and for - ev - er,
Va - le un te - so - ro mi pe - ri - qui - to.
My par - o - quet is rare be - yond meas - ure.

72. LA INDIA.

(From Oaxaca, Mex. Sung by Pedro Diaz.)


Moderately.
1. Po - bre - ci - ta de la In - di - ta, Que vie - ne des-de la Ha - ba - na,
A - ma-san - do el re - que-són, ¡Ay! y ex - pri-mien - do la - cua - ja - da.
Ta - rin - ga fa - chi - ru - ma - ga, tu - tu ri - lla, gran-ma - ma ca - je,[1]
gran-ma-ni - llo ut - i - ti ti - lla gran-ma - ni - llo ti - ri - sia - dei.

2. ¡Alma mia! de mis corrales,
Cuando el indio los vendió,
No tuvo la culpa el indio,
Sino quien se las compró.

Taringa, etc.

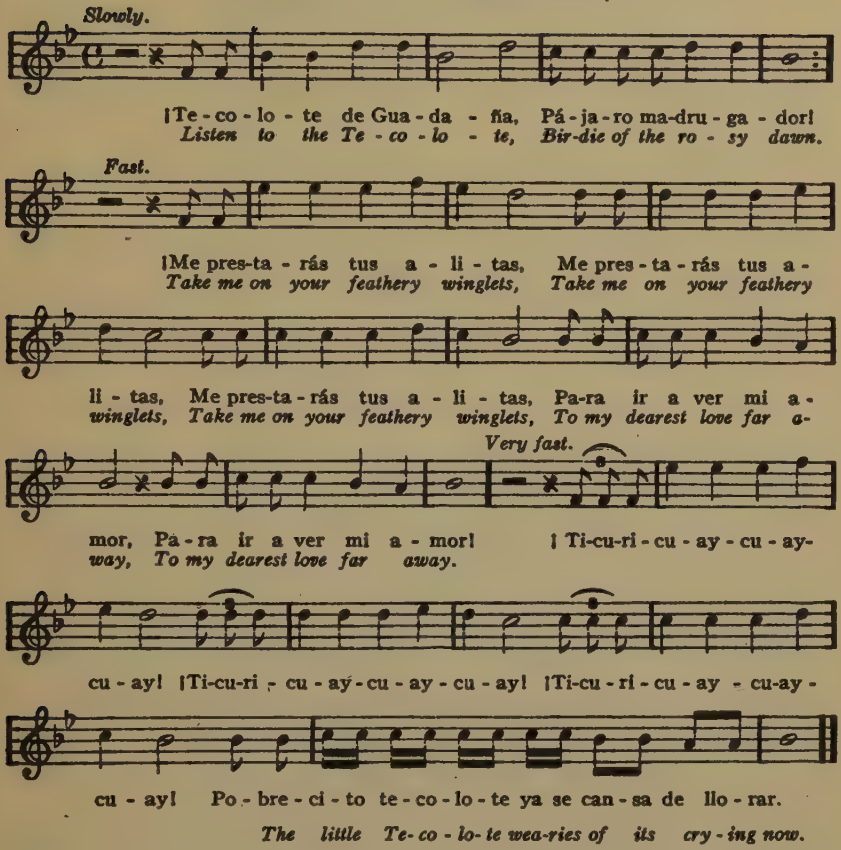
3. Una indita Chinaltepa
Estaba cortando flores,
Y el indito Quatro Orejas
Gozando de sus amores.

Taringa, etc.

[1] The Spanish *j* of this word is pronounced like English *sh*.

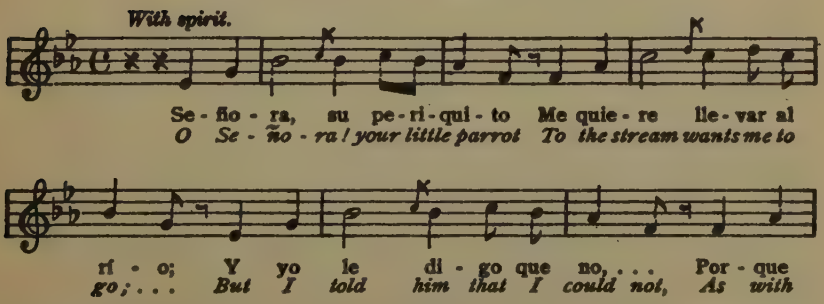
73. TECOLOTE.[1]

(Sung by Señorita Luz González Dosal.)

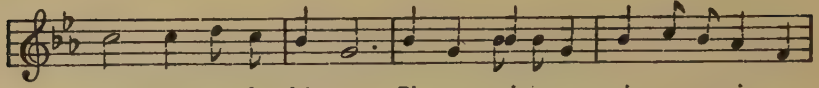

Slowly.
¡Te - co - lo - te de Gua - da - ña, Pá - ja - ro ma-dru - ga - dor!
Listen to the Te - co - lo - te, Bir-die of the ro - sy dawn.
Fast.
¡Me pres-ta - rás tus a - li - tas, Me pres - ta - rás tus a -
Take me on your feathery winglets, Take me on your feathery
li - tas, Me pres-ta - rás tus a - li - tas, Pa-ra ir a ver mi a -
winglets, Take me on your feathery winglets, To my dearest love far a-
Very fast.
mor, Pa - ra ir a ver mi a - mor! ¡ Ti-cu-ri - cu - ay - cu - ay-
way, To my dearest love far away.
cu - ay! ¡Ti-cu-ri - cu - ay - cu - ay - cu - ay! ¡Ti-cu - ri - cu - ay - cu-ay -
cu - ay! Po - bre - ci - to te - co - lo - te ya se can - sa de llo - rar.
The little Te - co - lo- te wea-ries of its cry - ing now.

74. SEÑORA, SU PERIQUITO.

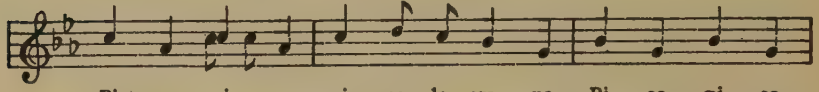
(From northern Mexico. Sung by Mrs. Karbe.)


With spirit.
Se - ñо - ra, su pe - ri - qui - to Me quie - re lle - var al
O Se - ño - ra! your little parrot To the stream wants me to
rí - o; Y yo le di - go que no, . . . Por - que
go; . . . But I told him that I could not, As with

[1] Tecolote, a species of little owl, supposed in parts of Central America to have miraculous powers.



me mue - ro de frí - o. Pi - ca, pi - ca, pi - ca, pe - ri - co,
cold I'm like to die.... Pick, pick, with your beak, pick, pero - quet!

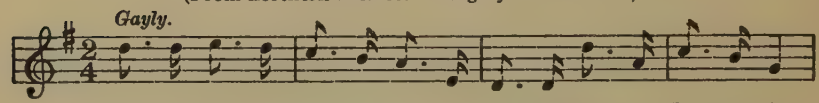


Pi - ca, pi - ca, pi - ca la ra - na, Pi - ca, pi - ca,
Pick, pick, with your beak, pick at the frog - gy! Pick, pick, with your beak,

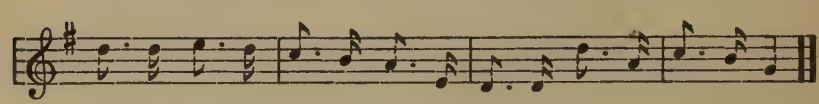
pi - ca, pe - ri - co, Pi - ca, pi - ca, pi - ca tu na - na.
pick, pe - ro - quet! Pick, pick, with your beak, pick at your mam - my!

75. VÁMONOS POR SANTA ANITA.

(From northern Mexico. Sung by Mrs. Karbe.)



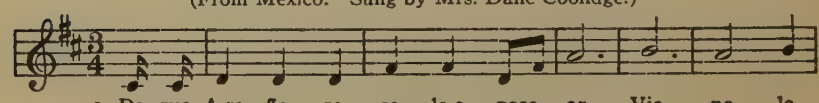
Vá - mo - nos por San - ta A - ni - ta, Vá - mo - nos y lo ve - rás;
Come, let's go to San - ta A - ni - ta! Come, let's go! for there you'll find



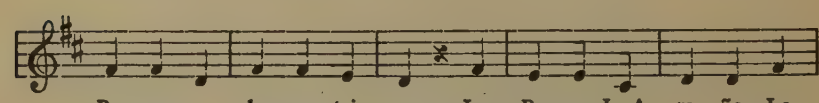
Las ca - rre - tas por de - lan - te, Y los bue - yes por de - trás.
In the lead the wag - ons harnessed, And the ox - en on be - hind.

76. LA RANA.

(From Mexico. Sung by Mrs. Dane Coolidge.)



1. De que A - ra - ña se sa - le a pase - ar, Vie - ne la
When the spi - der goes out for a walk, Then comes the



Ra - na y lo se tri - na. La Ra - na, La A - ra - ña, La
frog, and he sings with a croak. The frog and the spi - der, the

Ra - na, La A - ra - ña, Can - tan - do de - ba - jo en la a - gua.
frog and the spi - der, Are sing - ing be - neath the green wa - ter.

Ga - ra, ga - ra, ga - ra, ga - ra, ga - ra, ga - ra, etc., *ad lib.*
(*The last one to be held a long time.*)

2. La Rana se sale a pasear
Viene el Raton y se trina,
El Raton, la Rana, la Araña, la Rana,
Cantando debajo del agua.

[*Each verse adds an animal, and the whole list is repeated.*]

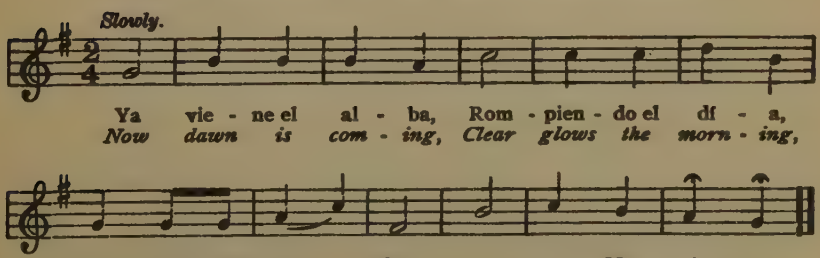
La Araña, La Rana,
La Rana, el Raton,
El Raton, el Gato,
El Gato, el Perro,
El Perro, el Palo,
El Palo, la Lumbre,
La Lumbre, el Agua,
El Agua, el Buey,
El Buey, el Cochino,
El Cochino, el Herrero,
El Herrero, la Muerte,
La Muerte — Dios.

2. When the frog goes out for a walk,
Then comes the rat and he sings with a squawk,
The rat and the frog, the spider and the frog,
Are singing beneath the green water.

The spider and the frog,
The frog and the rat,
The rat and the cat,
The cat and the dog,
The dog and the stick,
The stick and the light,
The light and the water,
The water and the ox,
The ox and the pig,
The pig and the blacksmith,
The blacksmith and Death,
Death — and God.

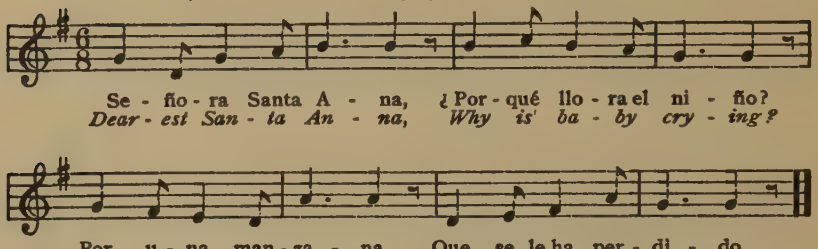
77. YA VIENE EL ALBA.

(From San Juan Capistrano, Cal. Sung by Father O'Sullivan.)


Slowly.
Ya vie - ne el al - ba, Rom - pien - do el dí - a,
Now dawn is com - ing, Clear glows the morn - ing,
Di - ga - mos to - dos, A - ve Ma - rí - a.
Now let us all u - nite, A - ve Ma - rí - a!

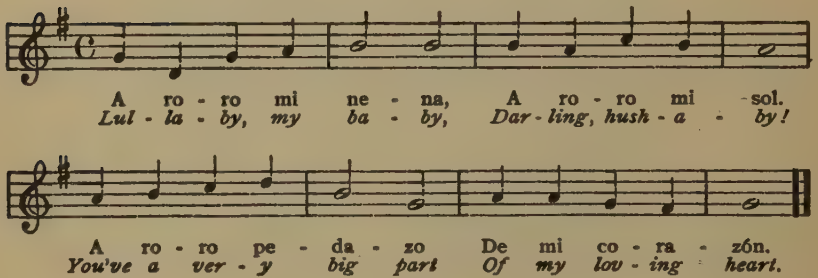
78. ARRULLO.

(Chilian version. Sung by Miss Irma Buhler.)


Se - ño - ra Santa A - na, ¿Por - qué llo - ra el ni - ño?
Dear - est San - ta An - na, Why is' ba - by cry - ing?
Por u - na man - za - na, Que se le ha per - di - do.
For a nice red ap - ple, Hid somewhere, it's ly - ing.

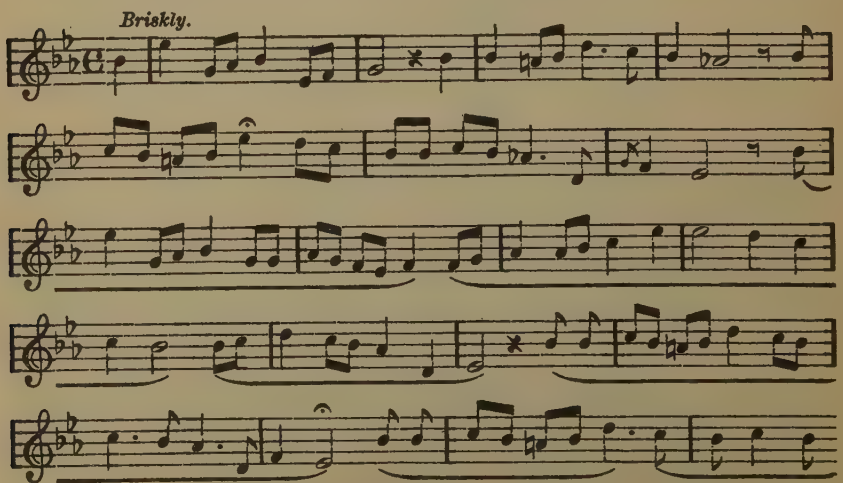
2. Decidle que no llore
Que yo tengo dos;
Una para el niño
Y otra para vos.[1]

(Argentine version. Sung by Mrs. Leopold Buhler.)

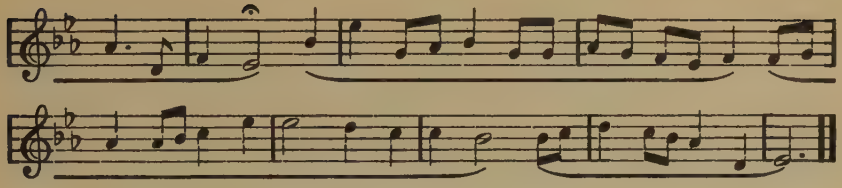

A ro - ro mi ne - na, A ro - ro mi sol.
Lul - la - by, my ba - by, Dar - ling, hush - a - by!
A ro - ro pe - da - zo De mi co - ra - zón.
You've a ver - y big part Of my lov - ing heart.

79. EL CLAVEL.[1]

(The words of this song I was only able to get in a garbled form from Señora Rufugio Fuentes, Mexico. They were therefore not recorded.)

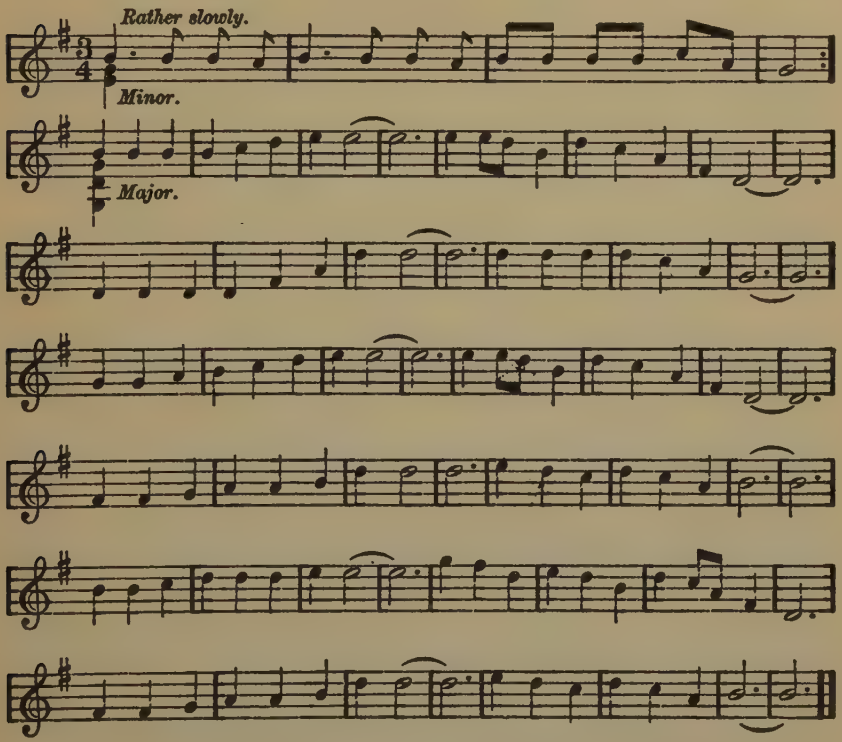


[1] This second stanza was supplied by Miss Lucila Mercado of Porto Rico.



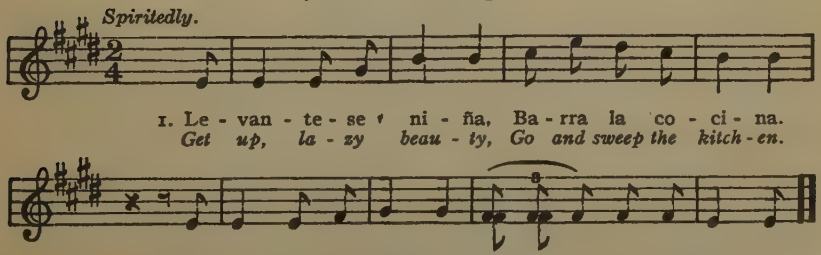
80. JARABE MIXTECA.

(From Oaxaca, Mex. Played by M. Salinas on a mouth-organ, with guitar accompaniment.)



81. LEVÁNTESE NIÑA.

(From a California girl.)

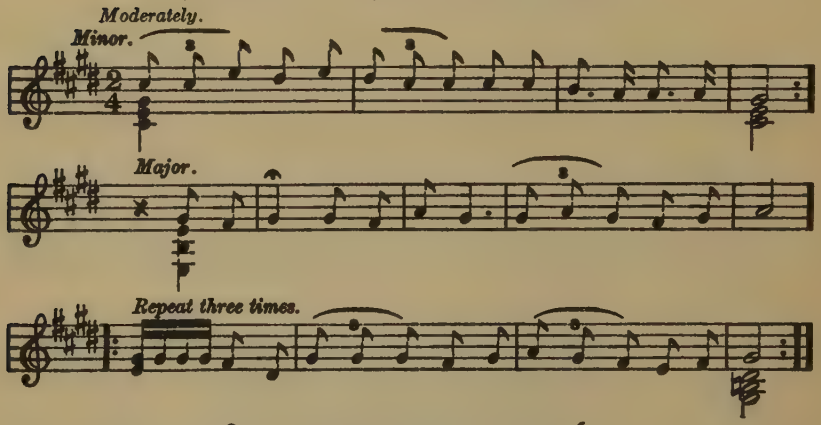

Spiritedly.
1. Le - van - te - se ni - ña, Ba - rra la co - ci - na.
Get up, la - zy beau - ty, Go and sweep the kitch - en.
A - ti - ce la lum - bre, Co - mo es su cos - tum - bre.
The fire needs at - ten - tion, You know it is your du - ty.

2. Yo no sé barrer,
   Yo no sé atizar.
   Yo no me casé,
   Para trabajar.

2. I will do no sweeping,
   I will light no fire,
   I wed you not for drudging,
   Oh, how you rouse my ire!

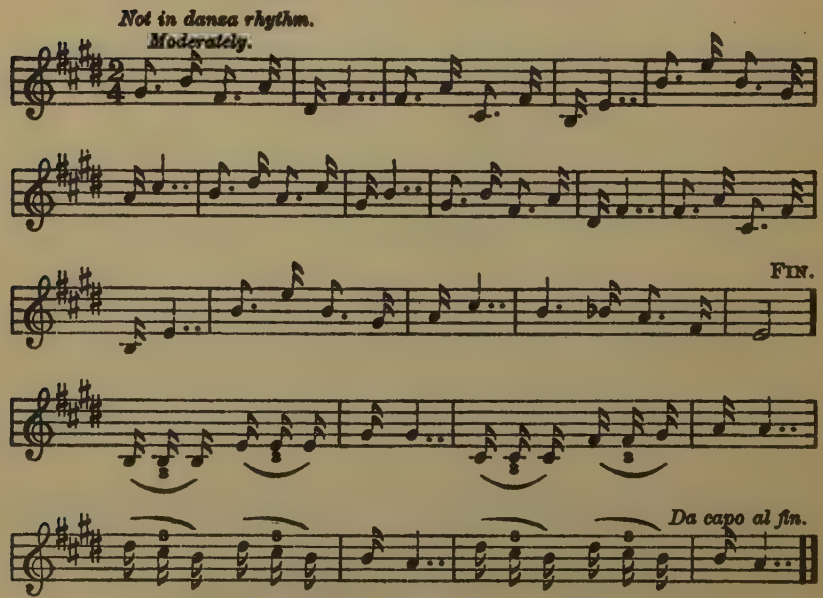
82. LA PETENERA ZAPOTECA.[1]

(From Oaxaca. Played by Maximilian Salinas.)



83. GUADALAJARA TAPATÍ.

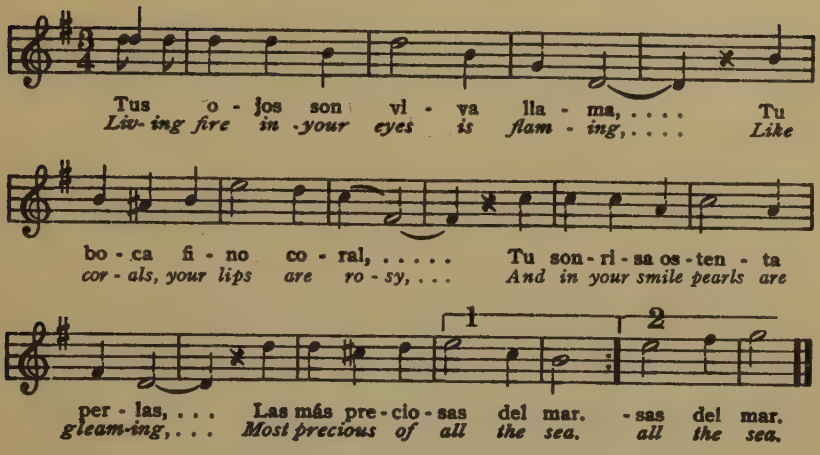
(From Mexico. Sung by Señora Fuentes.)



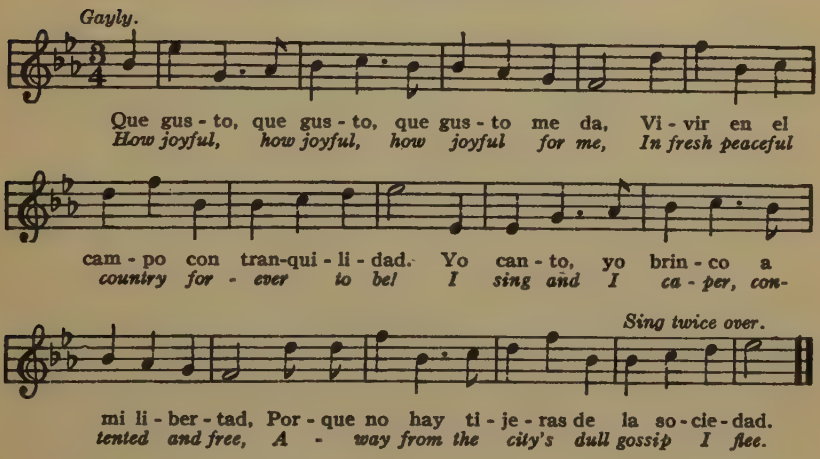
[1] Spanish evidently garbled, so not recorded.

84. CUECA OR ZAMACUECA.

(From Chile. Sung by Mrs. Leopold Buhler.)

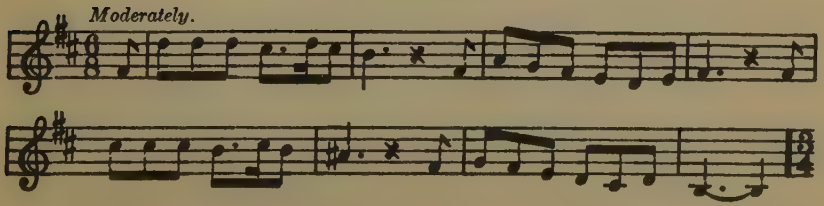

Tus o - jos son vi - va lla - ma, ... Tu
Liv- ing fire in your eyes is flam - ing, ... Like
bo - ca fi - no co - ral, ... Tu son - ri - sa os - ten - ta
cor - als, your lips are ro - sy, . . . And in your smile pearls are
1
2
per - las, . . . Las más pre - cio - sas del mar. - sas del mar.
gleam-ing, . . . Most precious of all the sea. all the sea.

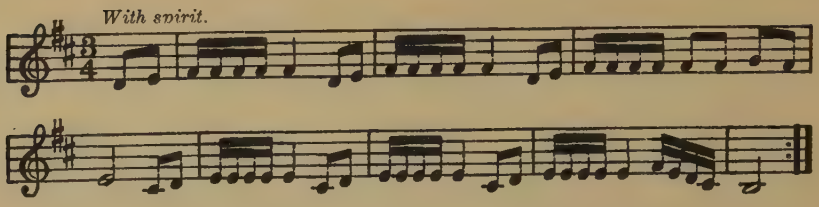
85. QUE GUSTO ME DA.


Gayly.
Que gus - to, que gus - to, que gus - to me da, Vi - vir en el
How joyful, how joyful, how joyful for me, In fresh peaceful
cam - po con tran-qui - li - dad. Yo can - to, yo brin - co a
country for - ever to be! I sing and I ca - per, con-
Sing twice over.
mi li - ber - tad, Por - que no hay ti - je - ras de la so - cie - dad.
tented and free, A - way from the city's dull gossip I flee.

86. SANDUNGA.

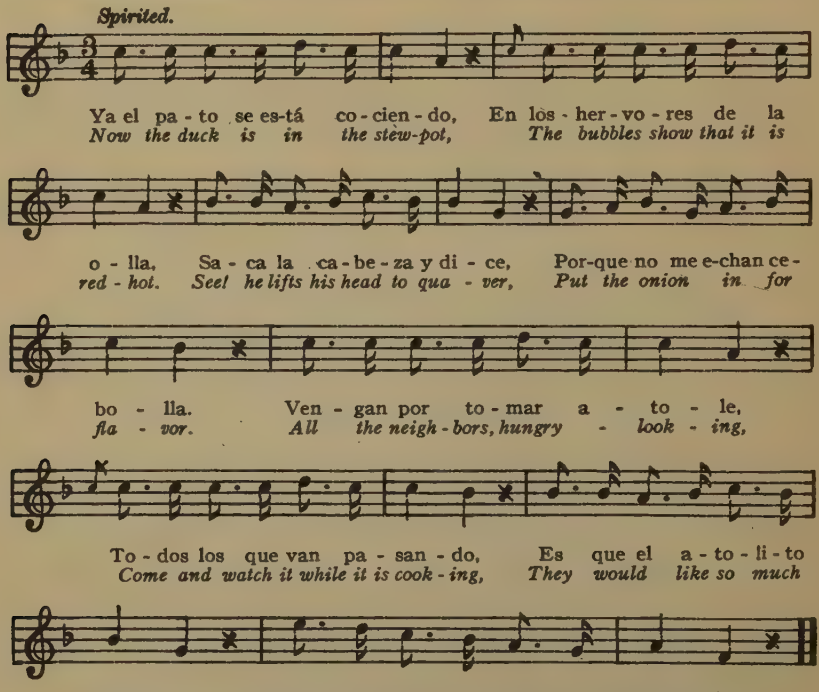
(From Tehuantepec.)





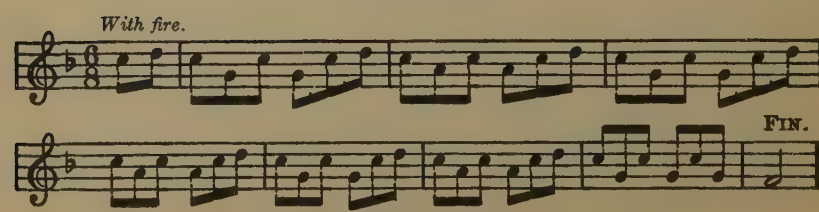
87. JARABE.

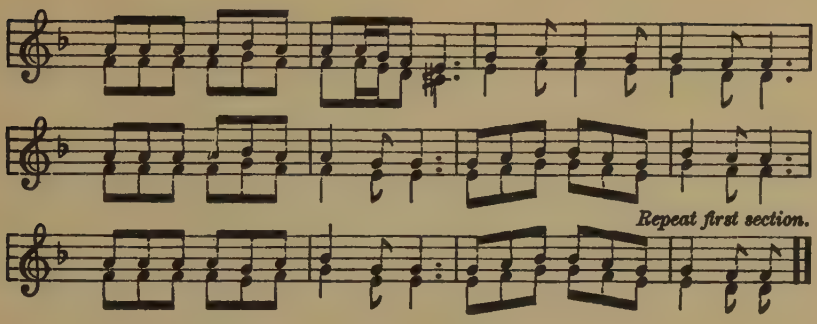
(From central Mexico. Very familiar. Sung by Indians to a shuffling dance.)


Spirited.
Ya el pa - to se es-tá co - cien - do, En los - her - vo - res de la
Now the duck is in the stew-pot, The bubbles show that it is
o - lla, Sa - ca la ca - be - za y di - ce, Por-que no me e-chan ce -
red - hot. See! he lifts his head to qua - ver, Put the onion in for
bo - lla. Ven - gan por to - mar a - to - le,
fla - vor. All the neigh - bors, hungry - look - ing,
To - dos los que van pa - san - do, Es que el a - to - li - to
Come and watch it while it is cook - ing, They would like so much
bue - no. El a - tole se está a - grian - do.
to eat it, But it's bad, they say, and leave it.

88. LA CHILENA.

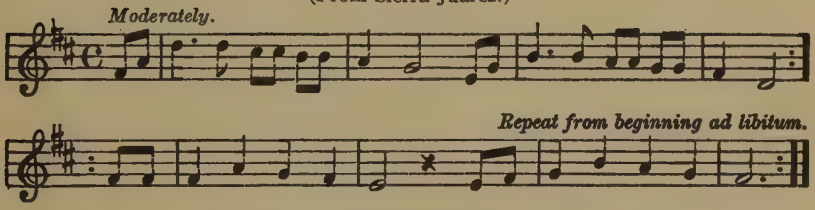
(From Oaxaca.)





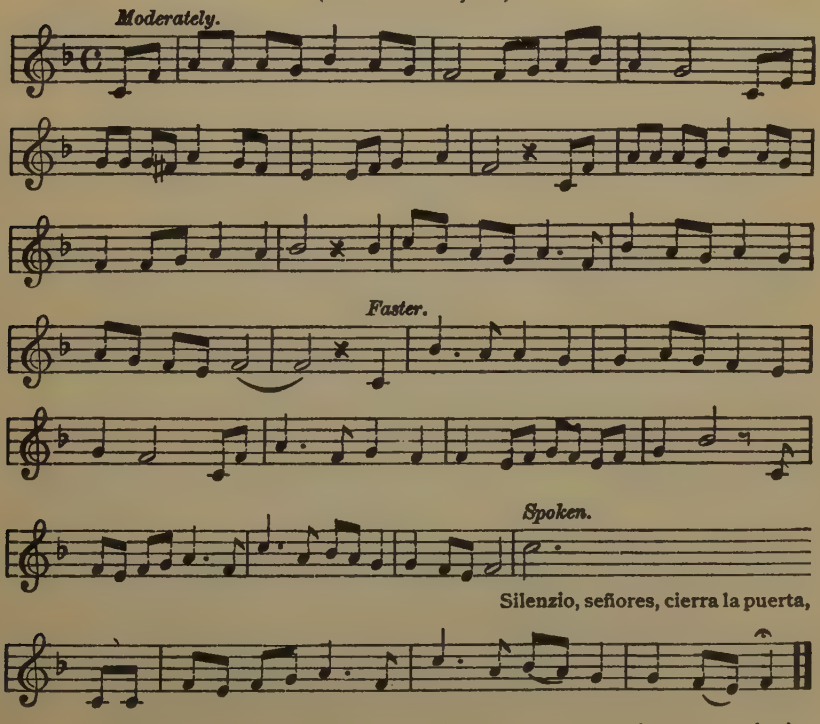
89. EL PALOMO.

(From Sierra Juarez.)



90. LA BORRACHITA.[1]

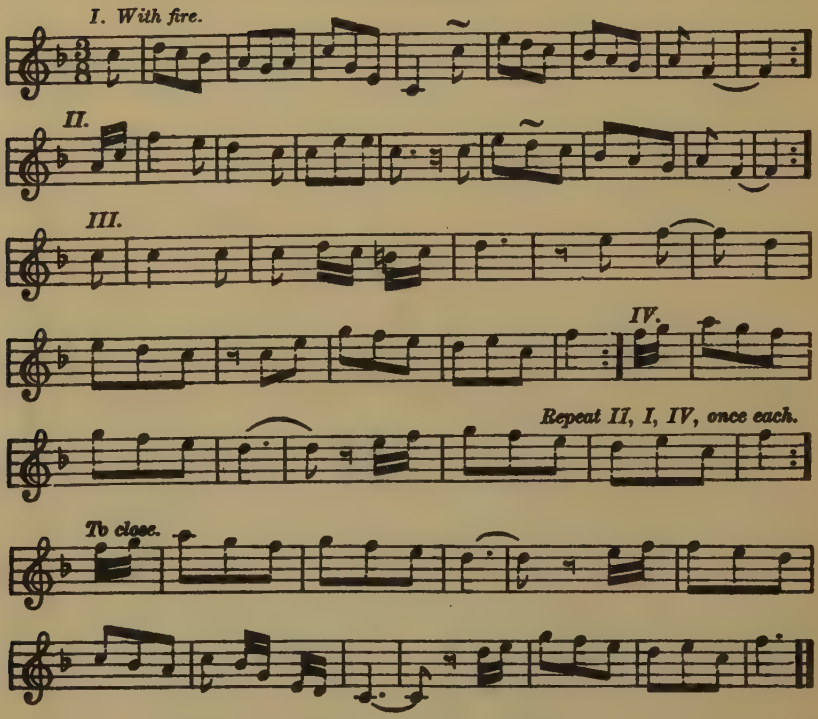
(From Guadalajara.)



[1] The words of this song were not recorded, because they were garbled.

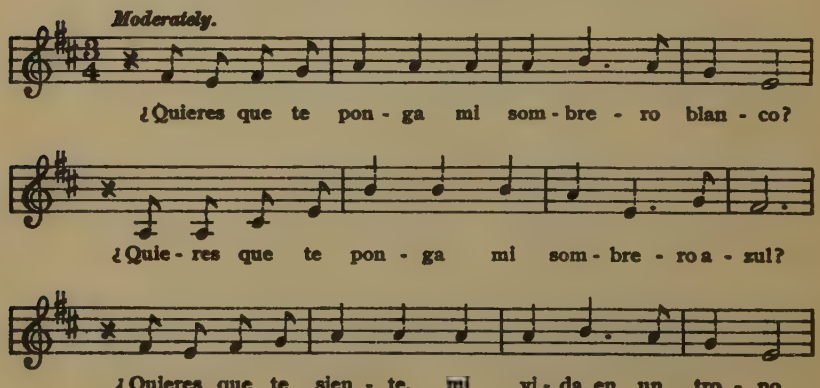
91. LA MALAGUEÑA.

(From Jamiltepec.)

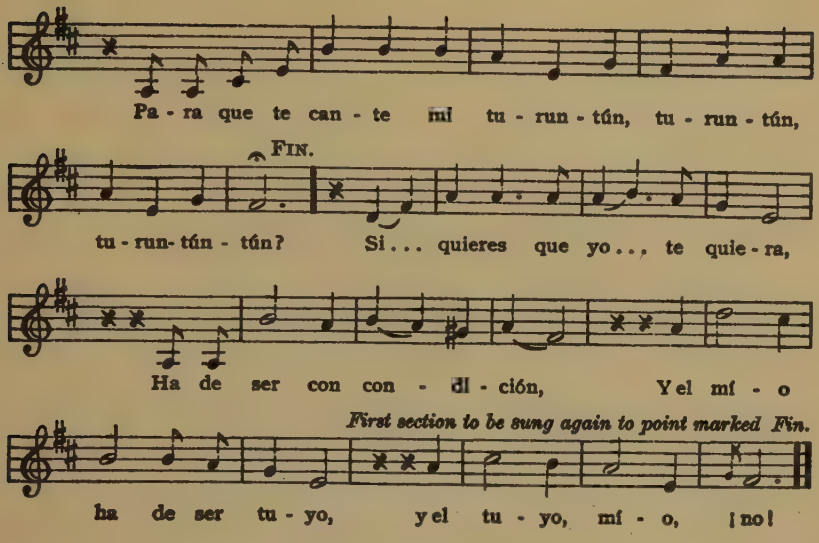


92. QUIERES QUE TE PONGA.[1]

(From southern California. Tune similar to an old Spanish one.)

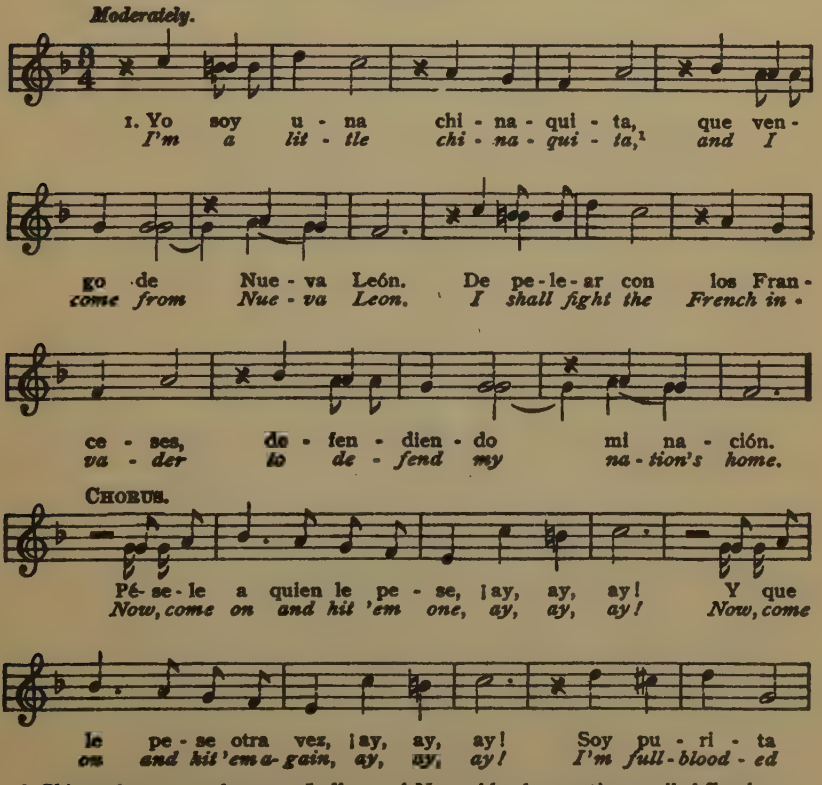

Moderately.
¿Quieres que te pon - ga mi som - bre - ro blan - co?
¿Quie - res que te pon - ga mi som - bre - ro a - zul?
¿Quieres que te sien - te, mi vi - da, en un tro - no,

[1] This song is supposed to have had some political meaning during the period of the transfer of California from Mexico to the United States. Possibly the blue hat and the white hat symbolized different political parties. On its surface the song makes so little real sense, that it does not bear translating.

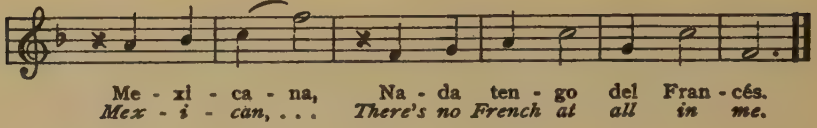

Pa - ra que te can - te mí tu - run - tún, tu - run - tún,
FIN.
tu - run- tún - tún? Si . . . quieres que yo . . , te quie - ra,
Ha de ser con con - di - ción, Y el mí - o
First section to be sung again to point marked Fin.
ha de ser tu - yo, y el tu - yo, mí - o, ¡no!

93. YO SOY UNA CHINAQUITA.

(From Mexico. Song dating from the Maximilian period. Very familiar.)


Moderately.
1. Yo soy u - na chi - na - qui - ta, que ven -
I'm a lit - tle chi - na - qui - ta,[1] *and I*
go de Nue - va León. De pe - le - ar con los Fran -
come from Nue - va Leon. I shall fight the French in -
ce - ses, de - fen - dien - do mi na - ción.
va - der to de - fend my na - tion's home.
CHORUS.
Pé - se - le a quien le pe - se, ¡ay, ay, ay! Y que
Now, come on and hit 'em one, ay, ay, ay! Now, come
le pe - se otra vez, ¡ay, ay, ay! Soy pu - ri - ta
on and hit 'em a - gain, ay, ay, ay! I'm full - blood - ed

[1] *Chinaquita*, a cross between Indian and Negro blood, sometimes called Zambo.



2. Mi padre es de Zacatecas,
Mi madre es de Nueva León.
Por herencia me dejaron
La nueva constitución.

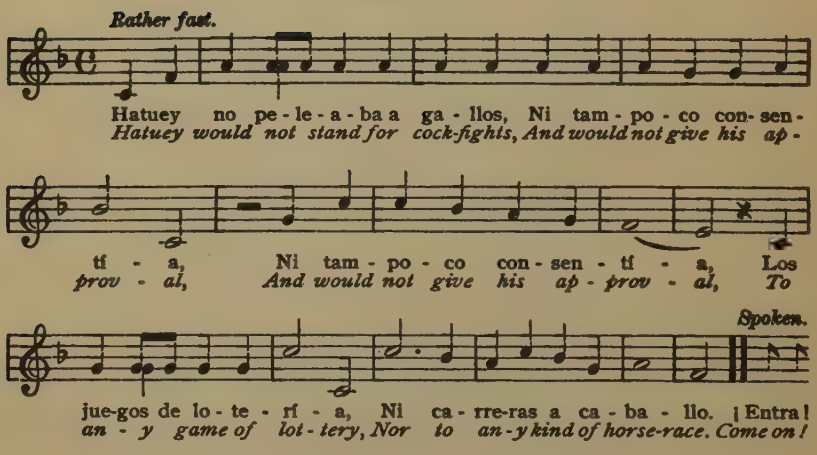
Pésele a quien le pese, etc.

2. My father comes from Zacatecas,
My mother comes from Nueva Leon,
For inheritance they left me
The new constitution.

Now, come on and hit 'em one, etc.

94. HATUEY.[1]

(From Cuba.)

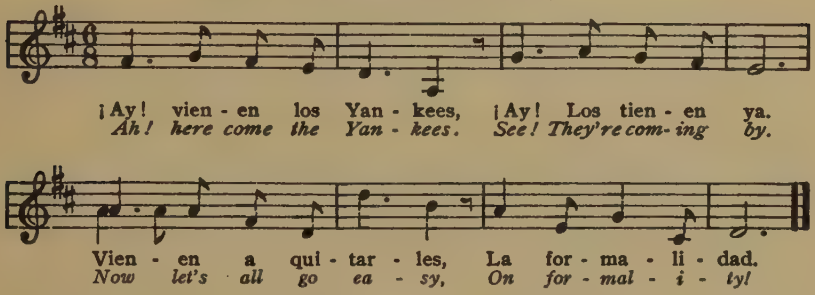

Rather fast.
Hatuey no pe - le - a - ba a ga - llos, Ni tam - po - co con - sen -
Hatuey would not stand for cock-fights, And would not give his ap -
ti - a, Ni tam - po - co con - sen - ti - a, Los
prov - al, And would not give his ap - prov - al, To
Spoken.
jue-gos de lo - te - rí - a, Ni ca - rre-ras a ca - ba - llo. ¡Entra!
an - y game of lot - tery, Nor to an - y kind of horse-race. Come on!

2. Cuando yo me meto en fuego,
Es porque tengo el poder,
Es porque tengo el poder,
A tornar hasta caer
Y no ofender donde llego.

[1] Hatuey was a native of Hispaniola who emigrated to the east end of Cuba when he wanted to escape from the Spanish conquerors. After the Spaniards reached Cuba, he was finally conquered and burned alive.

95. ¡AY! VIENEN LOS YANKEES.

(From southern California. Variant of tune of Las Margaritas as sung in Mexico. Words date from 1848 or about that time.)


¡Ay! vien - en los Yan - kees, ¡Ay! Los tien - en ya.
Ah! here come the Yan - kees. See! They're com- ing by.
Vien - en a qui - tar - les, La for - ma - li - dad.
Now let's all go ea - sy, On for - mal - i - ty!

2. Ya las señoritas
Que hablan el inglés,
Los Yankees dicen, "Kiss me!"
Y ellas dicen, "Yes."

2. See how the young ladies
Rush English to learn!
"Kiss me!" say the Yankees.
The ladies answer, "Yes."

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Historical Works.

Andrews, Joseph. Journey from Buenos Ayres, through the provinces of Cordova, Tucuman, and Salta, to Potosi, etc. London, 1827. 2 vols.

Blackmar, F. W. Spanish Colonization in the Southwest. Baltimore, Johns Hopkins University, 1890.

Bolton, H. E. Spanish Exploration in the Southwest. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916.

Bourne, E. G. Spain in America. New York, Harper Brothers, 1904.

Bryce, J. South America, Observations and Impressions. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1912.

Calderon de la Barca, Mme. Life in Mexico. London, 1843.

Coreal, F. Voyages aux Indes Occidentales. Paris, 1722.

Dana, R. H. Two Years Before the Mast. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (reprinted), 1911.

Gage, Friar Thomas. The English American, or a New Survey of the West Indies. London, 1648.

Garcia Icazbalceta, J. Colección de Documentos para la Historia de Mexico. Andrade, Mexico, 1858.

Hall, Capt. Basil. Extracts from a Journal Written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico. Edinburgh, Constable & Co., 1824.

Helps, A. The Spanish Conquest in America. London, Parker & Sons, 1855.

Humboldt, A. von. Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain. London, 1911.

Kotzebue, O. von. Voyage of Discovery in the South Sea and Behring Strait. London, 1830.

Lopez de Velasco, J. Geografia y Descripción Universal de las Indias (reprinted). Madrid, 1894.

Lowery, W. The Spanish Settlements within the Borders of the United States. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1901.

Lummis, C. F. The Land of Poco Tiempo. New York, Scribner's, 1906.

Morelet, A. Travels in Central America. New York, 1871.

Moses, B. The Establishment of Spanish Rule in America. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898.

North, A. W. The Mother of California. San Francisco, P. Elder & Co., 1908.

Remesal, A de. Historia de la Provincia de San Vicente, de Chiapa y Guatemala. Madrid, 1619.

Richman, I. B. California Under Spain and Mexico. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1911.

Ruschenberger, Wm. S. Narrative of a Voyage Around the World, 1835–7. Philadelphia.

SPENCE. The Myths of Mexico and Peru. New York, Crowell & Co., 1913.

TERNAUX-COMPANS. Voyages, Relations, et Memoires Originaux. Paris, 1837.

SPANISH MUSIC.

ALIÓ, F. Cansons Populars Catalanas. Madrid, Casa Dotesio.

FRIEDENTHAL, A. Stimmen der Völker. Berlin, Schlesinger.

FUENTES, E. Souvenir de Sevilla, Cantos y Bailes de Andalucia. Lerate. Sevilla.

HERNANDEZ, I. Flores de España. Madrid, Casa Dotesio.

HURTADO, J. 100 Cantos Populares Asturianos. Madrid, Casa Romero, 1889.

INZENGA, J. Cantos y Bailes Populares de España. Madrid, Casa Romero, 1888.

Cantos y Bailes de Galicia. Madrid, Casa Romero, 1888.

Cantos y Bailes de Valencia. Madrid, Casa Romero, 1888.

LEDESMA, D. Folk-Lore ó Cancionero Salmantino. Imprenta Alemana. Madrid, 1907.

LACOME et PUIG Y ALSUBIDE. Echos d'Espagne. Paris, Durand et Fils.

OLMEDA, F. Folk-Lore de Castilla ó Cancionero Popular de Burgos. Sevilla, Libreria Auxiliadora, 1903.

STURGIS AND BLAKE. Songs of the Pyrenees. Boston and New York, A. P. Schmidt.

VILLAR, I. M. Album de Cantos Vascongadas.

Also many songs published singly as sheet music.

Subscribers

TO THE

Publication Fund

OF THE

American Folk-Lore Society.

Dr. I. Adler, New York, N.Y.
Mr. F. N. Balch, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Phillips Barry, Cambridge, Mass.
Professor H. M. Belden, Columbia, Mo.
Mr. Eugene F. Bliss, Cincinnati, O.
Mr. Charles P. Bowditch, Boston, Mass.
Professor H. C. G. Brandt, Clinton, N.Y.
Mr. Philip Greely Brown, Portland, Me.
Mr. John Caldwell, Edgewood Park, Pa.
Miss Mary Chapman, Springfield, Mass.
Miss Ellen Chase, Brookline, Mass.
Mrs. Alice M. Childs, Boston, Mass.
Mr. C. H. Clarke, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Otto B. Cole, Boston, Mass.
Mr. William G. Davies, New York, N.Y.
Mr. Charles F. Daymond, New York, N.Y.
Mr. George E. Dimock, Elizabeth, N.J.
Professor R. B. Dixon, Cambridge, Mass.
Mr. Edward B. Drew, Cambridge, Mass.
Mr. F. P. Fish, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Fletcher Gardner, Bloomington, Ind.
Mr. S. W. Gisriel, Baltimore, Md.
Mr. Marshall H. Gould, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. J. M. Graham, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. John C. Gray, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Stansbury Hagar, New York, N.Y.
Miss Eleanor Hague, New York, N.Y.
E. Sidney Hartland, Esq., Gloucester, England.
Mrs. D. B. Heard, Phoenix, Ariz.
Miss A. B. Hollenback, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dr. George P. Howe, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Clarence M. Hyde, New York, N.Y.
Dr. A. Jacobi, New York, N.Y.
Mr. A. Marshall Jones, Boston, Mass.
Miss Louise Kennedy, Concord, Mass.
Mrs. D. P. Kimball, Boston, Mass.
Professor G. L. Kittredge, Cambridge, Mass.
Mr. Edward Lindsey, Warren, Pa.
Mr. C. A. Loveland, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. John Lloyd McNeil, Durango, Col.
Mr. Mark Mason, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Albert Matthews, Boston, Mass.
Miss S. E. Miller, Brookline, Mass.
Miss Sophie Moen, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. J. N. Moore, Cambridge, Mass.
Professor W. A. Neilson, Cambridge, Mass.
Rev. Dr. James B. Nies, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Dr. Charles Peabody, Cambridge, Mass.
Mr. Harold Peirce, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. J. F. Perry, Boston, Mass.
Mr. E. K. Putnam, Davenport, Io.
Mrs. F. W. Putnam, Wellesley Farms, Mass.
Miss Helen Leah Reed, Cambridge, Mass.
Mr. D. M. Riordan, Tucson, Ariz.
Mrs. Thomas Roberts, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, New York, N.Y.
Mr. J. B. Shea, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mr. E. Ruel Smith, New York, N.Y.
Mr. Leon B. Smith, San Francisco, Cal.
Mr. S. G. Stein, Muscatine, Io.
Mr. J. B. Stetson, Ashbourne, Pa.
Dr. Brandreth Symonds, New York, N.Y.
Mr. Benjamin Thaw, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mr. Henry N. Vail, New York, N.Y.
Mr. A. C. Vroman, Pasadena, Cal.
Mr. Paul Warburg, New York, N.Y.
Professor K. G. T. Webster, Cambridge, Mass.

Publications

OF THE

American Folk-Lore Society.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE, Vols. I–XXX (1888–1917).

MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY:

Vol. I. Heli Chatelain, Folk-Tales of Angola. Fifty Tales with Ki-mbundu text, literal English Translation, Introduction, and Notes. 1894. xii + 315 p. (With two maps.)

II. Alcée Fortier, Louisiana Folk-Tales. In French Dialect and English Translation. 1895. xi + 122 p.

III Charles L. Edwards, Bahama Songs and Stories. With Music, Introduction, Appendix, and Notes. Six Illustrations. 1895. xiii + 111 p.

IV. Fanny D. Bergen, Current Superstitions. Collected from the Oral Tradition of English-Speaking Folk. With Notes, and an Introduction by William Wells Newell. 1896. vi + 161 p.

V. Washington Matthews, Navaho Legends. With Introduction, Notes, Illustrations, Texts, Interlinear Translations, and Melodies. 1897. viii + 299 p.

VI. James Teit, Traditions of the Thompson River Indians of British Columbia. With Introduction by Franz Boas, and Notes. 1898. x + 137 p.

VII. Fanny D. Bergen, Animal and Plant Lore. Collected from the Oral Tradition of English-Speaking Folk. With Introduction by J. Y. Bergen. 1899. 180 p. (Second Part to Vol. IV., with common Index.)

VIII. George A. Dorsey, Traditions of the Skidi Pawnee. With Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations. 1904. xxvi + 366 p.

IX. M. R. Cole, Los Pastores. A Mexican Miracle Play. Translation, Introduction, and Notes. With Illustrations and Music. 1907. xxxiv + 234 p.

X. Eleanor Hague, Spanish-American Folk-Songs. Text and Music. 1917. 115 p.

XI. James A. Teit, Marian K. Gould, Livingston Farrand, Herbert J. Spinden, Folk-Tales of Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes. Edited by Franz Boas. 1917. x + 205 p.

XII. Filipino Popular Tales. Collected and edited, with Comparative Notes, by Dean S. Fansler. *In preparation.*

XIII. Elsie Clews Parsons, The Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas. *In preparation.*

XIV. Mercie L. Taylor, Index to Volumes I–XXV (1888–1912) of the Journal of American Folk-Lore. William Wells Newell Memorial Volume. *In preparation.*

XAVIER UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
3 1303 00072 1572

784.498 43693
H147s Hague

Spanish-American folk-songs

T3-CBR-389